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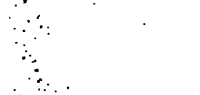
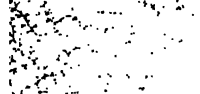
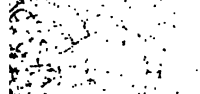
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THE
Beauties
OF
PETER PINDAR ESQ.

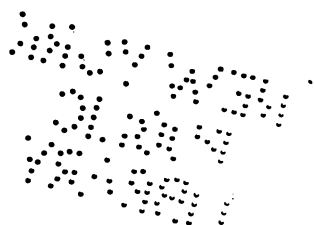
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THE
BEAUTIES

OF

Pindar; pseud of

BEING

SELECTIONS FROM THE VARIOUS WORKS

OF THAT

ECCENTRIC AUTHOR;

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF HIS

LIFE AND WRITINGS.

"Abundat dulcibus vitiis."

QUINTILLIAN.

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SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
JOHN WALCOTT, M.D.

Known by the Name of

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

DR. WALCOTT was born at Dabrook, near Kingsbridge, in that part of Devonshire which has been so justly called, The Garden of England. His education was first conducted by a quaker, in the vicinity of the place where he was born. He was then sent to France, and there his studies were completed.

The uncle of our bard living at Fowey, in Cornwall, as surgeon and apothecary, trained up his nephew to succeed him in business. His medical knowledge of course was at this time acquired. He conducted himself in a manner which did him credit, and cultivated a propensity for drawing, to which he had been addicted.

Sir William Trelawney, a relation and friend of the family, being appointed governor of Jamaica, in the year 1769, Dr. Walcott felt an inclination to

accompany him. His uncle was not pleased with the measure, but his remonstrances were not attended with success. He at last complied; and the nephew having received a medical degree, set sail for that distant part of the world. It was, however, a disappointment to the uncle, and therefore his consent was a matter of gratification.

In the prosecution of the voyage, the ship in which he had embarked touched at *Madeira*, a cluster of islands which, in such voyages, are often frequented. The scenery of this sequestered spot has been often celebrated; Here, therefore, he penned some exquisite sonnets, which are admired for their beauty and simplicity.

On his arrival at Jamaica he practised as physician, and was, in length of time, appointed physician-general of the island. How long he continued in this situation we cannot precisely say, but from his experience and industry, we are assured that he acquitted himself with ability.

The incumbent of a living in Jamaica dying, the physician officiated for some time in that capacity. He, however, returned to England, and finally settled at Truro, in Cornwall, where he again resumed the medical character, and practised with success. During the present period of his practice in this remote part of England, the Doctor discovered that satirical vein by which he has been since distinguished. It is confidently said, that his natural

propensity was the means of occasioning some trouble to him. He ridiculed pomposity, and lashed it with a becoming severity.

At this time it was that Dr. Walcott had it in his power, and embraced the opportunity, of bringing forward MR. JOHN OPIE, who, as a painter, has attained to eminence in his profession. He was only a sign-painter; being actually a parish apprentice to one Wheeler, a house-carpenter!

This celebrated painter received his first instructions from Dr. Walcott; he furnished him with materials, and gave him lessons. Having made a rapid progress, Opie went to Exeter, where, by sketching the likenesses of some of its citizens, he obtained both reputation and money. From this place he removed to London, where he has reached to a distinguished reputation.

We are not sure that Dr. Walcott at this period wrote much; his translation of a Latin epigram, however, was admirable; he produced it in a few minutes—it is as follows:—

Come, gentle sleep, attend thy vot'ry's prayer,
And tho' death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet tho' lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And without dying, O how sweet to die!

These lines are happy—they express what we all feel—they hold up the sensations which we cannot fail of experiencing every time we resign ourselves to the soothing influence of oblivion.

Our author's first literary production, at least that which attracted public notice, was his *Epistle to the Reviewers*, in the year 1782; this piece was fraught with so much humour, that the public were instantly struck with it; its circulation was great, and some of the sentiments are truly laughable.

In 1785 his *Lyric Ode to the Royal Academicians*, appeared, which, though possessed of considerable merit, was marked by too much severity. Mr. West, the historic painter, is treated most cavalierly; for this we see no good reason; the artist has produced several pieces which will go down with admiration to posterity.

But it was about this time he wrote and published his chief satirical production, called the *LOUSIAD*, a mock heroic poem.—One of his biographers states the origin of this lively piece in the following words: “His majesty, one afternoon at dinner, actually observed the insect, from which the poem is named, upon his plate among some green peas. This offensive object occasioned a decree to issue forth, that all the cooks, scullions, &c. in the royal kitchen, should have their heads shaved. Great murmurings were excited by this mandate, but the law, like that of the Medes and Persians, was irrevocable. On this incident Peter formed his exquisite production, and it was the *truth* of it alone that exempted him from prosecution.” There are several parts, or cantos, in the *Lousiad*, and they were pub-

lished at different times, so that it was by no means at once completed.

His next publication was an Epistle to James Boswell, Esq. the biographer of Johnson, occasioned by his attending the great Colossus of Modern Literature to the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland. It was followed soon by his very humorous piece, entitled, *Bozzi any Piozzi*, in which he exposes *tittle-tattle* biographers with an uncommon degree of felicity.

Besides these there were a great many other publications fell from his fruitful pen, particularly his *Majesty's Visit to Whitbread's Brewhouse*, replete with wit and humour; and his *Emperor of Morocco*, addressed to Sir Joseph Banks, a truly laughable story; the zeal of the naturalist in pursuing a butterfly over the glasses of cucumber-beds, &c. is ridiculed after a manner which possesses a striking originality.

Never did any satirist enjoy more success. Those who reprobated his political sentiments, could not read his effusions with an unruffled gravity. At the same time we must protest against the abuse of such talents; his writings, we are sorry to say, are by no means free, either from profanity or obscenity.

Dr. Walcott, it is said, is at present in easy circumstances, owing to the success of his works, and he even still practises with success in asthmatic complaints. He also has, as we have already related,

a taste for painting, in which he indulges himself. In conversation, we are assured, he is not striking, though his productions are characterised with such an extraordinary degree of archness and vivacity.

The Doctor has lately quitted town for his residence in the west of England, nor is it believed that he ever will return to the metropolis. Satisfied with the fame he has already acquired, and few have mounted higher on the Pegasus-crowned hill, he seems to have taken leave of all future productions, in the title of his last performance, ominously designated *Tristia, or the Sorrows of Peter*.—Many ages may elapse, before the Palace will encounter such a severe satirist of *great* littlenesses, folly of every kind be more roughly exposed, or the looser passions meet with a better or more seductive advocate. There, in the bosom of country retirement, and surrounded by the allurements of the pencil, and the benevolent practice of the healing art, the career of his life will terminate with regret to the admirers of genius and utility.

BEAUTIES

OF

PINDAR.

ABSENCE, (1.)

FROM her whom ev'ry heart must love,
And ev'ry eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove—
Ah! were she fair alone for me!

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form still dwells on mem'ry's eye,
And roots it's beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheek's pure blush appear:
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis Julia's voice salutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around,
Whatever beauty's charm can boast,
Or soothe the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the idol I have lost.

ABSENCE, (2.)

She is dead, who gave life to the groves,
And covers our valley with gloom!
She who led all the Pleasures and Loves,
Now joins the pale band of the tomb.

Yet silent was she on the Swain,
Whose cruelty doom'd her to mourn;
In secret her soul would complain,
In secret her anguish would burn.
She would sit near yon willow and sigh,
And pant in the shade of the trees:
"Sweet Zephyr, bring health," she would cry;
But Health never came with the breeze.
And oft she would drink of the brook,
But Health never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights she would look,
But Health never came to the hill.
On her Dog she look'd down with a tear,
And sigh'd as she patted his head,
"Poor Fidelle! thou wilt suffer, I fear,
"When thy Mistress, who loves thee, is dead.
"Thou hast ever been constant and kind;
"My fondness ne'er met with a *slight*:
"In thee a firm friendship I find;
"How unhappy when out of my sight!
Thus she spoke to her Fav'rite, whose eye
Was fix'd upon those of the Maid:
Then he lick'd her fond hand at her sigh,
As if conscious of all she had said!
Sweet Nymph! what a sudden decay!
Now her limbs she could scarcely sustain;
Now her head would sink feebly away,
Like the lily press'd down by the rain.
At length on her pillow she fell;
In silence we watch'd her last breath;
When she bade us for ever farewell,
How divine, tho' the whisper of Death!
No struggle in dying she knew,
Life pass'd with such sweetness away!
So calm from the world she withdrew,
Her last sigh seem'd the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* stone she is laid,
 For needless of *praise* is the tale;
 Since the virtues that shone in the Maid,
 May be seen in the tears of the Vale.

ADDRESS OF AN AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

Child of my love, go forth, and try thy fate:
 Few are thy friends, and manifold thy foes!
 Whether or long or short will be thy date,
 Futurity's dark volume only knows.
 By some indeed will Nitre's fuming spirit,
 Be o'er thy form so sweet, so tender, thrown;
 Perchance a *Master* hand may try thy merit;
 Perchance an Imp by Folly only know.
 Now, now I fancy thee a timid hare,
 Started for beagles, hounds, and curs, to chace!
 A mongrel dog may snap thee up unfair;
 For Spite and Hunger boast but little grace.
 And now a Lamb!—What devils now-a-days
 The butch'ring Shop of Criticism employs!
 Each beardless villain now cuts up, and flays;
 A gang of wanton, brutal, 'prentice boys!
 Ah me! how hard to reach the dome of Fame!
 Knock'd down before she gets half way, poor Muse!
 For many a Lout that cannot gain a name,
 (Rebus and riddle-maker) now *reviews*!
 Poor jealous Eunuchs in the land of Taste,
 Too *weak* to reap a harvest of fair praise;
 Malicious, lo! they lay the region waste,
 Fire all they can, and triumph at the blaze!
 Too oft, with talents blest, the cruel Few
 Fix on poor Merit's throat, to stop her breath:
 How like the *beauteous* (the *Manchineel* tree) Fruit
 that turns of Dew
 The life ambrosial, into drops of Death!

ADULATION.

When Flatt'ry sings, Age opes his eyes so clear,
 And claps so brisk the trumpet to his ear,
 So *wondrously* inspir'd he lists, and sees!
 When Flatt'ry sings, pale Colic's pains are off;
 Consumption pants not, but forgets his cough;
 And Asthma's loaded lungs forbear to wheeze.

Sweet on the list'ning ear of stilly Night,
 As warbling dyeth Philomela's song;
 So on the ear of man, with rich delight,
 The lulling music flows from Flatt'ry's tongue.

Flatt'ry's a perfect mistress of her art;
 With picklock keys to open ev'ry heart.

What mortal can withstand the fire of Flatt'ry?
 No one! 'tis such a most successful batt'ry,
 No head, however thick, resists its shot;
 Yet each pretends to mock it!—what a sot!

ADULATION, OR SUSAN AND THE SPIDER.

"Come down, you toad," cry'd Susan to a Spider,
 High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
 And wanton, swinging by his silken rope;
 "I'll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room;
 "You're now upon some murder, I presume—
 "I'll *bless* thee—if I don't, say I'm no Pope."

Then Susan brandish'd her long brush,
 Determin'd on a fatal push,
 To bring the rope-daneer to ground,
 And all his schemes of death confound.

The Spider, blest with oratory grace;
 Slipp'd down, and, staring Susan in the face,
 "Fie, Susan! lurks there murder in *that* heart,
 "O barb'rous, lovely Susan! I'm amaz'd!
 "O! can that form, on which so oft I've gaz'd,
 "Possess of cruelty the slightest part?

- " Ah ! can that swelling bosom of delight,
 " On which I've peep'd with wonder many a night,
 " Nay, with these fingers *touch'd* too, let me say,
 " Contain a heart of cruelty?—no, no !
 " That bosom, which exceeds the new-fall'n snow,
 " All softness, sweetness, one eternal May."
 " How !" Susan screech'd, as with disorder'd brain,
 " How, Impudence ! repeat those words again :
 " Come, come, confess with honesty—speak, speak,
 " Say, did you *really* crawl upon my neck?"
 " Susan, by all thy heav'nly charms, I did ;
 " I saw thee sleeping by the taper's light ;
 " Thy cheek, so blushful, and thy breast so white :
 " I could not stand it, and so down I slid."
 " You did, sweet Mr. Spider ? so you *saw* !"
 " Yes, Susan ! Nature is a pow'rful law."
 " Arn't you a murd'rer ?" gravely Susan cries ;
 " Arn't you for ever busy with that claw,
 " Killing poor unoffending little flies,
 " Merely to satisfy your nasty maw ?"
 " But, Susan, don't you feed on gentle *lamb* ?
 " Don't you on pretty little *pigeons* cram ?
 " Don't you on harmless *fishes* often dine ?"
 " That's very true," quoth Susan, " true indeed ;
 " Lord ! with what eloquence these Spiders plead !
 " This little rascal beats a grave Divine.
 " It was no snake, I verily believe,
 " But a sly *spider* that seduc'd poor Eve.
 " But then you are so *ugly*."—" Ah ! sweet Sue,
 " I did not make myself, you know too well :
 " Could I have made *myself*, I had been *you*,
 " And kill'd with envy ev'ry beauteous Belle."
 " Heav'ns ! to this Spider ! what a 'witching tongue !
 " Well ! go about thy bus'ness—go along ;

" All animals, indeed, their food must get :
 " And hear me, shouldst thou look with longing eyes,
 " At any time, on young, fat, luscious flies,
 " I'll drive the little rascals to thy net.
 " Lord ! then how blind I've been to form and feature !
 " I think a Spider, *now*, a comely creature !"

ADULATION IN COURTS.

Behold the manners of a Court :
 There (thanks to Education for't)
 Submission cowering creeps, with fearful eye,
 Unceasing bends the willowy neck to ground,
 In reverence abject and profound,
 Too humbly modest to behold the sky :
 There Adulation, with her silver tongue,
 Sweeter than Philomela's sweetest song,
 Says unto Majesty *such things* !
 Tells him that Cæsar won not half *his* fame ;
 That Alexander was a childish name,
 Compar'd to *his*—the King of Kings !
 Now smiling, staring huge surprise,
 With such a brace of wonder-looking eyes,
 On all the words from Majesty that dart ;
 As if bright gems, as large as eggs of pullet,
 Flow'd from the King's Golconda gullet,
 Enough, indeed, to load a cart :
 Her mouth so pleas'd the treasures to devour !
 Wide as the port-hole of a Seventy-four !
 Such is the picture of a Palace scene,
 Drawn by an *amateur*, I ween :
 The outline chaste, and easy flowing ;
 The colouring not a whit too glowing.
 Such, such is Adulation, charming maid !
 Whose conduct does the servile few degrade.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN; OR, THE ROSE AND THE
STRAWBERRY.

A Rose in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Her form to public notice pushing,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a Strawberry below,
Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

- "Miss Strawberry," exclaim'd the Rose,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?"
"What is a charm, if never seen?"
"You really are a pretty creature:"
"Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?"
"Come up, and shew your modest mien."
"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
"I never did possess a pride
That wish'd to *dash* the public eye:
"Indeed I own that I'm *afraid*—
"I think there's safety in the *shade*;
"Ambition causes many a sigh."
"Go, simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,
"See how *I* wanton in the wind:
"I feel no danger's dread alarms:
"And then observe the God of Day,
"How amorous with his golden ray,
"To pay his visits to my charms!"

No sooner said, but with a scream
She started from her fav'rite theme—
A clown had on her fix'd his *pat*,
In vain she screech'd—Hob did but smile;
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

AFFECTION.

Yet for *myself* I wish'd not wealth alone—
For thee, Narcissa, was the wish, in part;

I thought thy beauties once would be my own—
 And sigh'd to give thee *more* than my poor heart.
 With *thee* I hop'd to live in rural ease,
 Far from the tumults of the world withdrawn,
 Where Health would meet us with her fragrant
 breeze,
 Lead to the hills, and join us on the lawn.
 With thee to tread the dews at early day,
 And meet young Morning on the orient hill;
 Pleas'd, as the brooks in murmurs wind away,
 And learn some moral lesson from the rill.
 With thee I hop'd, in Summer's golden hour,
 To wander, arm in arm, the glade along!
 To touch the lyre of love amid the bow'r—
 And thou the blushing subject of the song.
 When Winter ravag'd in his stormy rage,
 With thee I hop'd t'enjoy the cheerful fire;
 With thee converse, or read th' instructive page,
 Or mingle with thy sweeter voice the lyre.
 And when, at midnight, through the vast of shade,
 The tempest whelm'd the world with wild alarms;
 Then to my bosom press a timid Maid,
 And lose its thunder in Narcissa's arms.
 Such were my wishes! yet thou still art *fair*;
 And I, tho' lost some blushes of my cheek,
 By Time's rude hand, would Fortune grant my
 pray'r,
 With Love's sweet whispers, would thy cottage seek
 But grant that beauty were no longer thine—
 Narcissa's converse would the hours *beguile*—
 Ev'n in old age would happiness be mine;
 Time leaves a treasure if he leaves thy *smile*.

AFFECTATION, ODE TO.

Nymph of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
 And lisp'ing tongue so soft, and head awry,
 And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aspin made;

Who were thy parents, blushful Virgin! say—
Perchance Dame Folly gave thee to the day,
With Gaffer Ignorance's aid.

Great is thy delicacy, dainty Maid;
At slightest things, thy cheek with crimson glows:
Say, art thou not asham'd, abash'd, afraid,
When'er thou stealest forth to *pluck a rose*?

'Tis said, when wag-tails thou behold'st, and doves,
And sparrows busy with their feather'd loves;
Lord! thou hast trembled at their wick'd tricks;
And, snatching up thy blush-concealing fan,
As if it were a lady and a man,

Hast only peep'd upon them through the *sticks*.
And yet so variously thou'rt said to act,
That I have heard it utter'd for a fact,

That often on old 'Thames's sunny banks,
Where striplings swim, with wanton pranks,
On bladders some outstretch'd and some on corks;
Thou squinting, most *indiff'rent* girl, art seen,
In contemplation of each youthful skin,
Admiring God Almighty's handy-works.

Some men have got *strangenames*, that raise thy *blush*
(Pity a *name* should so disturb thy cheek!)
Then dost thou, simpering, beat about the bush,
When to those men thou art inclin'd to speak.

At length thou biddest Susan (with sweet shame)
"Go fetch the fellow with the *filthy name*."

I've heard, that breeches, petticoats, and smock,
Give to thy modest mind a grievous shock;
And that thy brain (so lucky its device)
Christ'peth them *inexpressibles*, so nice!

No novels readest thou, O Nymph, *in sight*;
And yet again I'm told that ev'ry night,
In *secret*, thou art much inclin'd to doat
On rhymes that Rochester so warmly wrote.

Of dost thou wonder how thy sex, so sweet,
 Can fellows, those great two-legg'd monsters, meet
 And swoon not at each Caliban ;
 And wonder how thy sex can fancy blisses
 Contain'd within the black rough-bearded kisses
 Of such a horrid bear-like thing as man.

Inform me, is it so, most dainty maid ?
 Are thy two lips of kisses thus afraid ?

And yet 'tis said, again, O Nymph so bright,
 Thousleep'st with John the coachman ev'ry night—

Vile tales ! invented to destroy thy fame ;
 For, wert thou, fearful Lass, this instant married,
 At night, thy modest cheek would burn with shame,
 Nor wouldst thou *go*, but to the bed be *carried*.

There, when thy Strephon rush'd, in white array'd,
 To clasp with kisses sweet his white-stol'd maid,

And riot in the luxury of charms ;
 Flat as a flounder, seeing, hearing gone—
 Mute as a fish, and fairly turn'd to stone—

O Damsel ! thou wouldst *die* within his arms.

AFFIRMATION AND NEGATION, A SONG.

When William first woo'd, I said *yes* to the swain,
 And made him as blest as a Lord—

For ye Virgins around, in my speech to be plain,
 That *No* is a dangerous word !

The girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
 Is doom'd by her Planet to die an Old Maid.

The Gentlemen seem one and all to agree,

That we're made of materials for kissing—

And if so, for I really believe it, good me !

What joys through one *no* might be missing !
 Since the Girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
 Is doom'd by her Planet to die an Old Maid.

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the toil—

Whole mountains at once ye remove—

You brighten the eyes of the Swain by a *smile*,
For smiles are the sunshine of Love!
Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you of *art*,
Since the *Tongue* will not *then* give the lie to the
Heart.

AGITATION OF THE HEART.

Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,
(A very apt allusion, to my mind)
Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then bustles 'midst the tempest of the pot :
In vain !—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

AGITATION OF THE SOUL.

Huge thoughts of diff'rent sizes swell'd his soul ;
Now mounting high, now sinking low they roll ;
Bustling here, there, up, down, and round about,
So wild the mob, so terrible the rout !
How like a Leg of Mutton in the pot,
With turnips thick surrounded all so hot !
Amid the gulph of broth, sublime, profound,
Tumultuous, jostling, how they rush around !
Now up the turnips mount with skins of snow,
While restless lab'ring Mutton dives below—
Now lofty soaring, climbs the leg of sheep,
While Turnip downward plunges 'mid the deep !

ALARM.

Thus on a bank, upon a summer's day,
Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
When puppies join in wanton play,
Free from the slightest fear of being skinn'd ;
If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
A sly old alligator pokes his nose ;
Wishing, *perchance*, to take a slice of cur ;
At once the dogs are off upon the spur ;

Nor once behind them cast a courtly look,
To compliment the monarch of the brook.

AMBITION, (1.)

What diff'rent roads to Fame Ambition takes !
What hubbub in this under-world she makes !
Ambition, the Queen-passion of the soul—
Ev'n Love, sweet Love, indeed, has less controul.
Ambition makes the *wise* a *fool* at Court ;
Ambition drowns an Alderman in port :
Ambition bids the man of ropes, or figs,
Or fish, or brass, or foolscap, peas, or pigs,
Sigh for the golden chain, and coach so fair,
In short, to shine the City's sun—Lord May'r !

AMBITION, (2.)

An Owl, a bachelor of no great soul,
Nor intellect, but very, very proud,
The tenant of a little dirty hole,
Wish'd from obscurity to clear the cloud :
Yes, Owl must have his sails unfurl'd,
And mount majestic on the world.
Close to his ivy-house liv'd Crow,
Who on his errands us'd to go.
" Crow," said the Owl, upon a day,
" I'm sick of solitude and gloom :
" A bird of my deep sense and plume,
" Should *mount* amid the blaze of day.
" In short, dear Crow, I wish to *wed*,
" And, mind me, take unto my bed
" A Bird of *birth*, the Eagle's daughter,
" Miss Eaglet."—" Ah," replied the Crow,
Ready to split his sides with laughter,
" Indeed ! and are things really *so* ?
" Right, Sir, to alter your condition—
" O Lord there's nothing like *ambition* !"
" Well, Crow, you'll quickly seek the realms above,
" With my proposals to the Bird of Jove."

Crow takes his leave, ascends the skies,
And to the Eagle's palace flies
The black Ambassador from Owl;
Delivers his credentials to his Grace,
With Auckland's diplomatic face,
Conceiving, like a *penetrating* fowl,
How politics would go *above*;
What answer leave the Bird of Jove.
Thus spake the Royal Bird :—"Sir Crow,
" To my Lord Owl be pleas'd to go,
" And tell him that I like the match :
" I'm much oblig'd to him, indeed,
" For honouring the Eagle breed :
" I've been a good while on the watch
" To throw a *little lustre* round my house :
" Commend me to the Thunderbolt of Mouse.
" Miss Eaglet is at his command—
" Shall join his Lordship in the straw ;
" Who such alliance cannot well withstand ;
" Happy to take him by the *claw*.
" Bid him ascend *sans cérémonie—free*,
" And *pick his mouse* to-day with *me*."
Off flew at once the sable fowl,
And quickly reach'd the house of Owl,
And told him all that he had seen and heard.
Owl instant comb'd, and wash'd his face,
Cut all his claws to *such* a grace,
Trim'm'd all his feathers nicely—clipp'd his beard ;
Bid to his humble hole good-night,
And rose amid the realms of light.
Mounted a mile or two, behold,
The sun's bright blaze of burnish'd gold
Flash'd on the Owl's poor weak and watering eyes:
Just like a paper-kite, whose string,
Deserting, leaves him on the wing,
To totter, dip, mount, fall agen, and rise ;

So shuffled Owl, lost, reeling blind,
 The sport of every gust of wind,
 Till down he fell with phiz of woe,
 The jest of every bird below.

ANGER, (1.)

Thus water, all so simple, cool, and mild,
 So soft, it would not injure e'en a child,
 Yet, goaded by the fire, how warm it grows,
 Displaying symptoms of disturb'd repose!
 Sudden it swells, and, o'er the cauldron's side,
 Foams the fierce cataract's tumultuous tide,
 And, in a twinkling, see the foolish fire,
 Whelm'd by the water, with a whiz expire.

ANGER, (2.)

To bend a piece of iron to your will,
 You always make that iron hot;
 For then it asks but little force and skill—
 Its sturdiness is quite forgot:
 But, lo! it is quite otherwise with man!
 Make *him* red-hot, and bend him as you can:
 So widely diff'rent are the metals,
 Composing man, or kings indeed, and kettles!

ANTIQUARIES,—RIDICULED.

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
 In antiquarians eyes surpassing riches:
 Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
 That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish:
 Rare are the talismans that drove the Devil,
 And rare the bottles that contain'd old snivel,
 Owls' heads, and snoring frogs, preserved in spirits,
 Most certainly are not without their merits.

ANXIETY.

Far from my Julia's arms I lonely sigh,
 And wish to clasp thy beauties, but in vain;

The surly winds my only wish deny,
Yet would I dare the dangers of the main.

Ye wind and waves, how cruel to combine !
O let my pray'rs your rude, rude pity prove ;
Think of the gloomy moments that are mine !
Alas ! ye know not what it is to *love* !

Oft as I mark the tribes of air, I cry,
"How with your pinions would I mount the wind !
"Oh ! with what rapture lifted, cleave the sky,
"And, turn'd to Britain, leave my cares behind !"

In wishes thus, I daily waste my breath,
Chain'd by the tempest to this hated shore ;
When shall I leave, alas ! this land of death,
For life and thee, to part, my Love, no more ?

ASS PETER, AN ODE TO.

O thou, my solemn friend, of man despis'd,
But not by *me* despis'd—respected long !
To prove how much thy qualities are priz'd,
Accept, old fellow-traveller, a song.

Ah, Peter, I remember, oft, when tir'd
And most unpleasantly at times bemir'd,
Bold hast thou said, "I'll budge not one inch further ;
"And now, young Master, you may kick or murder."

Then have I cudgell'd thee—a fruitless matter !
For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.
Though, Balaam-like, I curs'd thee with a smack ;
Sturdy thou dropp'dst thine ears upon thy back,
And trotting retrograde, with wriggling tail,
In vain did I thy running rump assail :
For, lo, between thy legs thou putt'dst thine head,
And gavest me a puddle for a bed.

O Peter, little didst thou think, Iween,
When I a schoolboy on thy back was seen,
Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth ;
For bridle, an old garter in thy mouth ;

Jogging and whistling wild o'er hill and dale,
On sloes, or nuts, or strawb'ries to regale—

I say, O Peter, little didst thou think,
That *I*, thy namesake, in immortal ink
Should dip my pen, and rise a *wond'rous Bard*,
And gain such praise, Sublimity's reward;

But, lo, of *thee* I'll speak, my long-ear'd friend!

Great were the wonders of thy heels of yore;
Victorious, for lac'd hats didst thou contend;

And ribbons grac'd thy ears—a gaudy store.

Buff breeches too have crown'd a proud, proud day,
Not *thou*, but which thy *rider* wore away;
Triumphant strutting through the world he strode,
Great soul! deserving an Olympic Ode.

Yet shalt Thou flourish in immortal song,
To *me* if immortality belong;

For stranger things than *this* have come to pass—

Posterity thine hist'ry shall devour,

And read with pleasure *how*, when vernal show'r

In gay profusion rais'd the dewy grass,

I led thee forth thine appetite to please,

And 'mid the verdure saw thee up to knees!

How oft I pluck'd the tender blade;

And, happy, *how* thou cam'st at my command,

And wantoning around, as though afraid,

With poking neck didst pull it from my hand,

Then scamper, kicking, frolicksome, away,

With such a fascinating bray!

Where oft I paid thee visits, and where thou

Didst cock with happiness thy kingly ears,

And grin so 'witchingly, I can't tell how,

And dart at me such friendly leers;

With such a smiling head, and laughing tail;

And when I mov'd, *how* griev'd thou seem'dst to say,

"Dear Master, let your humble Ass prevail;

"Pray, Master, do not go away"—

And *how* (for what than friendship can be sweeter ?)
I gave thee grass again, O pleasant Peter.

And *how*, when Winter bade the herbage die,
And Nature mourn'd beneath the stormy sky ;
When waving trees, surcharg'd with chilling rain,
Dropp'd seeming tears upon the harrass'd plain,
I gave thee a good stable, warm as wool,
With oats to grind, and hay to pull :
Thus, whilst *abroad* December rul'd the day,
How plenty shew'd *within*, the blooming May !

And lo, to future times it shall be known,
How, twice a day, to comb and rub thee down,
And be thy bed-maker at night,
Thy groom attended, both with hay and oat,
By which thy back could boast a handsome coat,
And laugh at many a fine Court Lord and Knight,
Whose strutting coats belong p'rhaps to the tailor,
And probably their bodies to the jailor !

What though no dimples thou hast got ;
Black sparkling eyes (the fashion) are thy lot,
And oft a 'witching smile and cheerful laugh ;
And then thy *cleanliness* !—'tis strange to utter !
Like sin, thy heels avoid a pool, or gutter ;
And then the stream so *daintily* doth quaff !
Unlike a country alderman, who blows,
And in the mug baptizeth mouth and nose !

What though I've heard some voices sweeter ;
Yet exquisite thy hearing, gentle Peter !
Some people think thy tones are *rather* coarse ;
Ev'n love-sick tones, address'd to Lady Asses—
Octaves indeed of wond'rous force ;
And yet thy voice full many a voice surpasses.

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of yore :
But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
Tied to a thievish miller's dusty door,
I mark thy fall'n and disregarded race.

To chimney-sweepers now a common hack ;
 Now with a brace of sand-bags on your back !
 No gorgeous saddle your's—no iv'ry cribs ;
 No silken girts surround your ribs ;

No Royal hands your cheeks with pleasure pat ;
 Cheeks by a roguish halter prest—
 Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest ;
 Dragg'd, kick'd, and pummell'd, by a beggar's brat.

Thus, as I've said, your race is much degraded !
 And much too is the Poet's glory faded !

ASSIDUITY.

People must mount by slow degrees to glory—
 'Tis stairs must lead us to the attic story—
 Thus thought my great old Name-sake, Peter Czar ;
 Who bound himself, in Holland, to a trade ;
 A very pretty carpenter he made ;
 And then went home, and built a man of war.

The lad who would a 'pothecary shine,
 Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine ;
 Keep the shop clean, and watch it like a porter ;
 Learn to boil glysters—nay, to give them too,
 If blinking nurses can't the business do ;
 Write well the labels, and wipe well the mortar.

Before that boys can rise to master-tanners, [ners ;
 Humble those boys must be, and mind their man-
 Despising Pride, whose wish it is to wreck 'em ;
 And mornings, with a bucket and a stick,
 Should never once disdain to bend and pick,
 From street to street, rich lumps of *Album Græcum*.

Thus should young limning lads themselves de-
 mean ;

Learn how to keep their masters's brushes clean,
 And learn to squeeze the colours from their bladders ;

Furbish up rags; the shining pallet set;
 Keep the knives bright, and eke the easel neat—
 Such arts, to Fame's high temple are the ladders.

ASSIGNATION.

When dew-clad Evening's modest blushes fade,
 And Nature sinks amid the deep'ning shade,
 And Labour pauses on the fainting light;
 When beetles hum, and bats in circles skim,
 When hills and hamlets, trees and tow'rs, grow dim,
 And Silence steals upon the gloom of night;
 With joy I tread the secret grove,
 To meet the idol of my love.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A *Christian* Bard may give a *Hoy* an Ode,
 So oft with valuable people stow'd,
 That, thick as rats or maggots, from Wool Quay
 Crawl down the ladder to their wat'ry way!
 Who, fond of travel, unto Margate roam,
 To gain that consequence they want at home.
 At Margate how like Quality they strut!
 Nothing is good enough to greet their jaws;
 Yet, when at home, are often forc'd, God wot,
 To suck like bears a dinner from their paws—
 Forc'd on an old joint stool their tea to take,
 With treacle 'stead of sugar for their gums;
 Butt'ring their hungry loaf, or oaten cake,
 Like mighty Charles of Sweden, with their
 thumbs.

AVARICE (I.)

"Perdition seize the Miser who denies
 "A pittance to the helpless pining poor;
 "Who, millions owning, still with watchful eyes,
 "Hawks at *fresh* bags of gold, and screams for
more.

" May curates *eat*, and *rear* their infant brood ;
 " Nay put a little *fat* about their bones ;
 " Cast from their wounded jaws the curb of blood,
 " And dash their *lawn-sleev'd* riders on the
 stones !

" And may those Lawnmen, born to happier fate,
 " Chace not the Curate from their grand abode :
 " But gravely *think* of *Heav'n* as well as *prate*,
 " And give a *leg of mutton* to their God !"

How base to preach of God's *exhaustless* store ;
 Of treasures that to mortals will be given ;
 Yet sooner trust (as though they thought it *poor*)
 The Bank of England than the Bank of Heav'n !

How vile to preach of Heav'n *large int'rest*, too,
 Seeming to place dependence on its word ;
 Yet on *sky-credit* look so very blue,
 As though 'twere *dang'rous lending* to the Lord !

AVARICE, (2.)

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
 Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
 In imitation of th' ambitious great,
 High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
 He fell all plump into the pit,
 Dead in a minute as a nit :

In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck ;
 Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck !
 The mother was distracted, raving, wild ; [child ;
 Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her
 Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around.

Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
 And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
 She cast about her-eyes in thought profound ;
 And being with a saving knowledge bless'd,
 She thus the playhouse manager address'd ;

" Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
" Dat meet misfartin here so bad—
" Sher, I must haf de shilling back, you know,
" Ass Moses haf nat see de show."

AVARICE, (3.)

Forth crawl'd an ancient Dame,
Sharp-nos'd, half-starv'd, and Avarice her name;
With wrinkl'd neck, and parchment-like to view,
That e'en the coarsest 'kerchief seldom knew.
With hawk-like eyes that glisten'd o'er her gold,
And, raptur'd, ev'ry hour her treasure told;
Who of her fingers form'd a comb so fair,
And with a garter filleted her hair;
Who fiercely snatch'd, with wild devouring eyes,
An atom of brown sugar, from the flies;
Made a sad candle from a dab of fat,
And stole a stinking fish-head from a cat;
Sav'd of the mustiest bread the crumbs, and sees
A dinner in the *scrapings* of a cheese:
Whiffing a stump of pipe, a frequent treat,
That gives the stomach smoke, poor thing! for
meat:—

Forth hobbled this old Dame, with shaking head,
Like, in her crooked form, the letter *zed*—
The Palace-watch, and guardian most severe
Of drops of dying and of dead small beer:
A Dame who hated idle dogs and cats,
And trembled at a rompus of the rats;
Nay listen'd, jealous scratching of a mouse,
Afraid the imp might swallow the whole house:
The careful province her's to sell old shoes,
Old hats, old coats, and breeches, to the Jews;
And drive, with dog-like fury, from the door,
The plaintive murmurs of the famish'd Poor.—

AVARICE, (4.)

Economy's a very useful broom ;
 Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
 To catch each straggling pin to make a plum.
 Too oft Economy's an iron vice,
 That squeezes ev'n the little guts of mice,
 That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.
 Proper Economy's a comely thing ;
 Good in a subject—better in a King ;
 Yet, push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling,
 Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean ;
 Inclines them, too, to villany to lean,
 To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

AUTHORS, (1.)

Yes, (as I've said) we Bards are mostly poor,
 Can scarcely drive gaunt Famine from the door !
 That Helicon's a hellish stream, God knows !
 Ah, me ! most rarely it *Pactolian* flows :
 Though sharp as hawks, and hungry too, and thick,
 Few are the golden grains that Poets pick ;
 And yet each new advent'rer of the Nine
 Deems all Parnassus one mere golden mine.

AUTHORS, (2.)

In general, authors are such coward things,
 They fear to speak their sentiments of Kings ;
 Till those same Kings are dead ; and then the
 crowd,
 (Just like a pack of hounds) historian, bard,
 With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
 And try to tear him piecemeal from his shroud.
 Now, if we wish a Monarch to reclaim,
 In God's name let us speak before he's dead ;
 Or else 'tis ten to one we miss our aim,
 By staying till the Fates have cut his thread :

After this operation of their knife,
I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

Alas! what is the greatest King when dead,
When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread,
And low he lies beneath the stone?
The man who millions call'd his own,
Howe'er his spectre may be willing,
Cannot give change t'ye for a *shilling*!

BABBLERS OF NEWS.—

Reader, didst ever see a water-spout?
'Tis possible that thou wilt answer, "No."
Well then! he makes a most infernal rout;
Sucks, like an elephant, the waves below,
With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,
As if he meant to drink the ocean dry;
At length so full he can't hold one drop more—
He bursts—down rush the waters with a roar.

BARN, ODE TO.*

Swift haunt of solitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls, and purring cats,
Who, whilst we mortals sleep, the gloom pervade,
And wish not for the fun's all-seeing eye,
Your mousing mysteries to spy;
Blest, like philosophers, amidst the shade;
When Persecution, with an iron hand,
Dar'd drive the moral-menders from the land,
Call'd Players—friendly to the wand'ring crew,
Thine eyes with tears survey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms receiv'd the mournful throng—
Kings without shirts, and Queens with half a shoe.
Alas! what dangers gloom'd of late around!
Monarchs and Queen's with halters nearly bound—
Duke, Dukeling, Princess, Prince, consign'd to
jail!

* Upon the admission of some persecuted Players to it.

And, what the very soul of Pity shocks,
The poor old Lear was threaten'd with the stocks,
Cordelia with the cart's unfeeling tail.

Still cherish such rare royalty forlorn—

A Garrick in thy bosom may be born ;

A Siddons too, of future fair renown :

For Love is not a squeamish God, they say ;

As pleas'd to see his rites perform'd on hay,

As on the goose's soft and yielding down.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Welcome, thou Man of Sorrows, to my door !

A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find ;

And, lo ! thy guiding Dog my cares implore ;

O haste, and shelter from th' unfeeling wind !

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow :

Bend not to me, because I mourn distress ;

I am *thy* debtor—much to *thee* I owe ;

For learn—the greatest blessing is to *bless*.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,

And quiv'ring lip, to fancy seem to say,

“ A more than *common* Beggar we bespeak ;

“ A form that once has known a happier day.”

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard,

And press'd, by weight of years, thy palsi'd head,

Though silent, speak with tongues that *must* be
heard,

Nay, must *command*, if Virtue be not dead.

Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind,

Strews with *some* flow'rs the road of life for *me*,

Ah ! can humanity desert my mind ?

Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee ?

Then welcome, Beggar, from the rains and snow,

And warring elements, to warmth and peace ;

Nay, thy companion, too, shall comfort know,
 Who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.
 And, lo! he lays him by the fire, elate;
 Now on his Master turns his gladden'd eyes;
 Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
 Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.
 A hut is mine, amidst a shelt'ring grove:
 A Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise;
 There shall the village children shew their love,
 And hear from thee the tales of other days.
 There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
 Charm thee with orisons to opening day;
 And there the red-breast, on the leafless thorn,
 At eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.
 When Fate shall call thee from a world of woe,
 Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes;
 With tears, behold thy gentle spirit go,
 And wish to join its passage to the skies.

BASHFULNESS AND BOLDNESS.

O Virgins! tell me how to choose,
 For I'm a novice on it—
 Poor Colin at a *distance* woos,
 And sends his soul in *sonnet*;
 While Lubin to no forms a slave,
 Won't stay to *write* for blisses;
 But prints upon my mouth, the knave,
 His wishes with his kisses.
 If Lubin seize a rude embrace,
 And I begin to clatter;
 The rogue stares gravely in my face,
 And asks me what's the matter?
 Poor Colin turns, if I but frown,
 All white as any fleece is!
 Lubin would give me a green gown,
 And rummage me to pieces.

The one, so meek and complaisant,
 All silence, awe, and wonder;
The other, impudence and rant,
 And boist'rous as the thunder.

This begs to press my fingers tip,
 So bashful is my lover;
That savage bounces on my lip,
 And kisses it all over.

O Modesty, thou art so sweet!
 Not wild, and bold, and teasing;
 And yet each Sister Nymph I meet
 Thinks boldness *not unpleasing*.

This is a wicked world—O dear!
 And wickedness is in me—
 Though Modesty's so sweet, I fear
 That Impudence will *win me*.

BUTTERFLY, ODE TO.

Sweet child of summer, who from flow'r to flow'r,
 To sip each odour, sport'st on silken wing;
 I greet thy presence 'mid the golden hour,
 Whilst with the birds the vales of Serdi ring.

I see thee perching on each rose's bloom;
 From fragrance thus to fragrance wont to glide;
 Now from the tender vi'let waft perfume;
 Now fix'd upon the lily's snowy pride.

Though blest art thou—my bliss is greater still;
 I kiss the bosom of the brightest Fair!
 The charms of Adel all my senses fill;
 And whilst those charms I press, her love I share.

CANDLE, AN ADDRESS TO.

Thou lone companion of the spectred night,
 I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
 To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
 Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
 Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
 And swells the thund'ring horrors of the deep.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,

I own I labour for the voice of praise—

For who would sink in dull Oblivion's stream?

Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er Shakspeare's
page,

I mark, in visions of delight, the Sage,

High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;

A Column in the melancholy Waste,

(Its cities humbled, and its glories past)

Majestic, 'mid the solitude of Time.

Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—

Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,

A form, that wakes my deepest sigh;

A form, that feels of Death the leaden sleep—

Descending to the realms of shade,

I view a pale ey'd panting Maid:

I see the Virtues o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the Muse's simple pray'r

Command the envied trump of Fame,

Oblivion should Eliza spare;

A world should echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?

Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?

Yes, on thy frame Fate too shall fix her seal—

O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;

How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!

How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!

Ah! falling, falling, ready to expire!

In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—

At life thou snatchest with an eager leap :
 Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep, [more !
 Faint, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no
 Thus shall the suns of Science sink away,
 And thus of Beauty fade the fairest flow'r—
 For where's the Giant who to Time shall say,
 “ Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy pow'r ? ”

CAPTIVATION.

I own I am fickle : to Phillida's ear
 I first told the story of Love : [sincere !
 Kiss'd her hand, press'd her lip with what ardour
 And declar'd that I never would rove.

But my sighs were scarce breath'd when Chloe
 tripp'd by,
 The Nymph was no longer my boast ;
 From Phillida's beauty away went the sigh,
 And my heart to sweet Chloe was lost.

Could I dream of a change, when Chloe was mine ;
 “ No, no,” I a thousand times swore ;
 “ My heart cannot rove from a girl so divine ;
 “ No, no, it will wander no more.”

But Fate, who delighted to laugh at the Swain,
 Presented a damsel more fair ;
 My heart ! the sad rogue, turn'd inconstant again,
 And sigh'd to Corinna his pray'r.

With Corinna I swore, “ Ev'ry hour *must* be blest ;
 “ These eyes shall no other pursue ; ”
 When agen, to alarm with new tumults my breast,
 Thou, Sylvia, beam'st full on my view.

But, Sylvia, I'm sure thou hast *nothing* to fear,
 That my heart for another can pine ;
 Since, to make it a traitor, a Girl must appear
 Whose beauty is *equal* to *thine*.

CAPTIVE NEGRO.

Poor Mora eye be wet wid tear,
And heart like lead sink down wid woe;
She seem her mournful friends to hear,
And see der eye like fountain flow.

No more she give me song to gay,
But sigh, "Adieu, dear Domahay."

But why do Azid live a slave,
And see a slave his Mora dear?
Come, let we seek at once de grave—
No chain, no tyrant den we fear.

Ah, me! I hear a spirit say,
Come, Azid, come to Domahay."

Den gold I find for thee once more,
For thee to fields for flow'r depart:
To please de idol I adore,
And give wid gold and flow'r my heart.
Den let we die and haste away,
And live in groves of Domahay.

CELIBACY.

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast
A stranger to their charm, the Loves detest?—
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
Ne'er knew the triumph of one soften'd hour?
To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye!
In vain, for thee, of beauty blooms the rose:
In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows—
A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive;
Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!

CENSURE.

I own the voice of Censure, very proper;
Greatly resembling a tobacco-stopper;

Confining all the seeds of fire so stout,
 And quick in growth, when left to run about :
 Thus when an earthquake bids Jamaica tremble ;
 On Sunday all the folks to church assemble ;
 To sooth Jehovah, so devoutly studying—
 Prostrate they vow to keep his holy laws :
 Returning home, they smite their hungry craws,
 And scarce indulge them with a slice of pud-
 ding—

Deeming, in earthquake time, a dainty board,
 A sad abomination to the Lord !

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover ;
 The tempest of their fears blown over,
 Fled ev'ry terror of the burning lake,
 They think they have no business now with church ;
 So, calmly leave th' Almighty in the lurch,
 And sin it—till it gives a *second* shake.

CHICANERY.

Some years ago, I saw a female race ;
 The prize a *shift*—a Holland shift I ween :
 Ten Damsels, nearly all in *naked grace*,
 Rush'd for the precious prize along the green.

Sylvia, a charming lass (who, if an *air*
 And *face* had been permitted to contend,
 Had carried all before her) luckless Fair !
 Was to her Sister Racers forc'd to bend.

When Orson mounted on a goodly Mule,
 Whose love for Sylvia to her cause inclin'd him,
 In spite, ye Gods, of ev'ry racing rule,
 Whipp'd up the Damsel on the Beast behind him.

Then off he gallop'd, pass'd each panting Maid,
 Who mark'd the cheat with disappointed eyes ;
 -Soon brought her in, unblushing at his aid,
 And for his Fav'rite boldly claim'd the Prize.

CHLOE, LINES TO.

Dear Chloe, well I know the swain,
 Who gladly would embrace thy chain;
 And who, alas! can blame him?
 Affect not, Chloe, a surprise;
 Look but a moment on *these* eyes,
 Thou'lt ask me not to *name* him.

TO CHLOE, (2.)

Chloe, a thousand charms are thine,
 That give my heart the constant sigh!
 Ah! wherefore let thy Poet pine,
 Who canst with ease his wants supply;
 Oh, haste, thy charity display;
 With *little* I'll contented be:
 The kisses which thou throw'st away
 Upon thy *dog*, will do for *me*.

CHOLER.

A little Welchman, Welchman-like indeed,
 Hot as a Chian, that is to say,
 A Batchelor—and therefore ev'ry Need,
 Was, for subsistence, forc'd to *him* to pray:

This Batchelor, to satisfy withall
 His gullet,
 Put into a small pot—indeed *too small*,
 A Pullet.

The Pullet's legs were not to be confin'd;
 So out they pok'd themselves, so sleek and white:
 The Welchman curs'd her legs with wicked mind,
 And push'd them in again, with monstrous spite.
 The Pullet liking not the Pot's embrace,
 So *very warm*—indeed a nat'ral case,
 Pok'd forth her shrinking legs *again*, so fair;
 With seeming much uneasiness, in troth,
 Objecting to her element of broth,
 And wishing much to take a little air.

The Cambro-Briton waxing red and hot,
 And highly *foaming* too, just like the pot,
 Ran to the legs, and shov'd them in once more;
 But, lo! his oaths and labour all were in vain;
 Out pok'd the Pullet's boiling legs again;
 Which put the Welchman's passions in a *roar*!
 What will not mortals, urg'd by rage and sin, do?
 Mad at defeat, and with a dev'lish scowl,
 He seizes with ferocity the fowl,
 And, full of vengeance, whirls her out at window.

CHURCH BRIEFS.

Thus reads a parish-clerk in church a brief,
 That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—
 Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
 The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches;
 But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
 To fat churchwardens and fat overseers;
 Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,
 And adds new spirits to the smutty tale.

CHURCHWARDEN, THE; OR, THE FEAST ON A CHILD,
A TALE.

At Knightsbridge, at a tavern call'd the Swan,
 Churchwardens, Overseers, a jolly clan,
 Order'd a dinner for themselves and friends—
 A very handsome dinner, of the best:
 Lo! to a turn, the diff'rent joints were drest—
 Their lips, wild licking, ev'ry man commends.
 As soon as all were cramm'd unto the chin,
 And ev'ry one with wine had swell'd his skin,
 In came the Landlord with a cherub smile:
 Around to ev'ry one he lowly bow'd,
 Was vastly *happy*—*honour'd*—vastly *proud*—
 And then he bow'd again in *such* a style:
 “Hop'd *Gemmen* lik'd the dinner, and the wine:
 To whom the *Gemmen* answer'd, “Very fine!
 “ A glorious dinner, Larder, to be sure.”—

To which the Landlord, laden deep with bliss,
Did with his bows so humble almost kiss
The floor.

Now in an *alter'd* tone—a tone of gravity,
Unto the Landlord full of smiles of suavity,
Did Mister Guttle the Churchwarden call—
“Come, hither, Larder,” said soft Mister Guttle,
With solemn voice and fox-like face ~~so~~ subtle—
“Larder, a little word or two, that’s all.”
Forth ran the bowing Landlord with good will,
Thinking most nat’rally upon the bill.

“Landlord,” (quoth Guttle, in a small sly sound,
Not to be heard by any in the room,
Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound)
“Do you know any thing of Betty Broom?”

“Sir?” answer’d Larder, stamm’ring—“Sir? what
“Sir? [“Larder;

“Yes, Sir, yes—yes—she liv’d with Mistress

“But may I never move, nor never stir,

“If but for *impudence* we discard her!

“No, *Mister Guttle*—Betty was too brassy—

“We never keep a *servant* that is saucy.”

“But, Landlord—Betty says she is with child.”—

“What’s that to *me*?” quoth Larder, starting wild—

“I never kiss’d the hussy in my life, [cheek;

“Nor hugg’d her round the waist, nor pinch’d her

“Never once put my hand upon her neck—

“Lord, Sir, you know that I have got a *wife*.

“Lord! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—

“I would not touch her with a pair of tongs:

“A little pulling chit, as white as paste;

“Besides! she never suited with *my* taste.

-
- " But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*
 " I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,
 " My wife hath got the curs'd'st keenest nose,
 " Why zounds, she would have catch'd me in a—
 " crack;
 " Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—
 " Curs'd her! she always watch'd me like a cat.
 " Then, as I say, Bet did not hit my *taste*,
 " It was *impossible* to be unchaste:—
 " Therefore it never can be true, you see—
 " And Mistress Larder's *full enough* for me.
 " I kiss the maid! why, Lord! the thing I scorn—
 " Sir, I'm as innocent's the child unborn."
 " Well," answer'd Guttle, " Man, I'll tell ye what;
 " Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting:
 " Whether Miss Betty hit your *taste* or not,
 " There's good *round* proof enough that you've been
 " *tasting*.
 " And, Larder, you've a wife, 'tis very true,
 " Perhaps a little somewhat of a shrew;
 " But Betty *was not* a bad piece of stuff."—
 " Well, Mister Guttle, may I drop down dead,
 " If ever once I crept to Betty's bed!
 " And that, I'm sure, is swearing strong enough."
 " But, Larder, all *your* swearing will not *do*,
 " If Betty *swears* she is with child by *you*:
 " Now Betty came and said she'd *swear* at once—
 " But *you* know best—yet mind, if Betty 'll *swear*,
 " And then again! should Mistress Larder *hear*,
 " The Lord have mercy, Larder, on thy *sconce*.
 " Why, man, were this affair of Betty told her,
 " I really think, not *hell itself* could hold her.
 " Then for your modest stiff-rump'd neighbours
 " all—
 " There'd be a pretty kick-up—what a squall!

"Thou couldst not put thy nose into a *shop*.
 "There's greasy Mistress Wick, the chandler's
 "wife,
 "And Mistress Bull, the butcher's imp of strife,
 "With Mistress Bobbin, Salmon, Muff, and Slop,
 "With fifty others of such old *compeers*—
 "Zounds, what a hornet's nest about thy ears!"

From cheerful smiles, and looks like Sol so bright,
 Poor Larder fell to scowls as black as night;

And now his head he scratch'd, importing guilt—
 For people who are innocent *indeed*,
 Never look down, so black, and scratch the head;
 But tipp'd with confidence, their noses tilt,
 Replying with an unembarrass'd front;
 Bold to the charge, and fix'd to stand the brunt.

"Well, Sir," said Larder, whisp'ring, hemming,
 ha-ing,
 Each word so heavy, like a cart-horse drawing—
 "This is a damn'd affair, I can't but say—
 "Sir, please t' accept a note of twenty pound;
 "Contrive *another* father may be found;
 "And, Sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay."

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty; [rather:
 Peace, ev'ry man desires—than war, much
 Guttle next morning went and talk'd to Betty,
 When Betty quickly found *another father*!

CLERICAL CONSCIENCE.

A certain Hostler willing to be master,
 And rise in this good world a little faster,
 Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Roar;
 Meaning by *pars'ning* to support a table,
 Lo, of Divines he kept a liv'ry stable;
 A pretty stud, indeed—about score.
 But, lo! to dying persons of nobility,
 He sent his parsons of *gentility*,
 To give the necessary pray'r:

To parting people of a *mean* condition,
Wanting a soul physician,

He suited them with blackguards to a hair.

It happen'd on a day when Fate was raging,
Crimp-like, for other regions, troops engaging,

When clergymen were busy all as bees,

A poor old dying woman sent

To this *same* parson-monger, compliment,

Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but *one* was in the stall,

And *he* the very best of all.—

What should be done?

Necessitas non habet leges—

So to the priest he goes, and begs

That he would visit the old crone.

"Sir," quoth the parson, "I agreed

"To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,

"But not to ev'ry poor old lousy soul."—

"True," cry'd the patron; "to be sure 'tis true;

"But parson, do oblige me—prithee do—

"Let's put her decently into the hole.

"All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad—

"I'd do it, if I could *myself*, by God;

"Then what a dickens can I do or say?"

"Go, mumble, man, about a pray'r and half;

"Tell the old b—ch her soul is safe;

"Then take your fee, and come away!!!"

COFFEE, ODE TO.

Delicious Berry, but, ah! best

When from the Eastern Ind, not West;

Nought richer is, I think, than *thee* :

Into a roaster, with my hand,

I put thee, and then o'er thee stand,

And then I catch thy smell with glee.

And now I shake thee round about ;
And, when turn'd brown, I take thee out,
And then I put thee in a mill ;
And, when to powder thou art crush'd,
Into a tin pot thou art push'd,
To feel the boiling smoking rill.

And now from my tin pot's long nose
The fragrant fluid sweetly flows ;

And now I put the lily cream,
And sugar too, the best of brown ;
And, happy, now I gulp thee down,
Keeping my nose upon the steam.

On Hastings now my senses work ;
And now on virtuous Edmund Burke,
Who calmly let Sir Thomas 'scape :

And then unto myself I say,
" Is honour dead ? ah, well-a-day !"
And then my mouth begins to gape.

Now on Sir Joseph Banks I ponder,
And now at his rare merit wonder,
In flies and tadpoles deep ;

And now to many a drowsy head,
I hear the drowsy Blagdon * read,
And then I fall asleep.

COLDNESS.

The smile of the maid I adore,
I have sought, but have sought it in vain ;
Hope, lull me with flatt'ry no more—
Fate dooms me to sigh and complain.

O Venus ! how cruel thine art,
That bids us such beauty behold !
In thee, how unkind to impart,
To such beauty, a heart that is *cold*.

* Sir Joseph's right hand, and secretary to the Royal Society ;
who has very often read the very respectable meetings of the
Royal Society to slumber.

COMMISERATION OF ANIMALS.

How can the eye, in Nature's softness drest,
 So harden'd, see the diff'rent tribes around;
 Behold the grazing cattle all so blest, [sound;
 And lambkins mingling sport, with sweetest

Then glist'ning, in a train of triumph cry,
 "Your throats, young gentlefolks, will soon be
 cut—

"You, sweet Miss Lamb, most speedily shall die—
 "Soon on the spit, you, Master Calf, be put!"

I cannot meet the lambkin's asking eye,

Pat her soft neck, and fill her mouth with food,
 Then say, "Ere evening cometh, thou shalt die,
 "And drench the knives of butchers with thy
 blood."

I cannot fling with lib'ral hand the grain,

And tell the feather'd race so blest around,
 "For me, ere night, ye feel of death the pain;
 "With broken necks ye flutter on the ground.

"How vile!—Go, creatures of th' Almighty's hand;
 "Enjoy the fruits that bounteous Nature yields;
 "Graze at your ease along the sunny land;
 "Skim the free air, and search the fruitful fields:

"Go, and be happy in your mutual loves;
 "No violence shall shake your shelter'd home;
 "'Tis life and liberty shall glad my groves;
 "The cry of murder shall not damn my dome;"

Thus should I say, were mine a house and land—

And, lo! to me a parent should ye fly,
 And run, and lick, and peck with love my hand,
 And crowd around me with a fearless eye.

And you, O wild inhabitants of air,

To bless, and to be blest, at Peter's call,
 Invited by his kindness, should repair;
 Chirp on his roof, and hop amidst his hall.

No schoolboy's hand should dare your nests invade,
And bear to close captivity your young;
Pleas'd would I see them flutter from the shade,
And to my window call the sons of song.

And you, O natives of the flood, should play
Unhurt amid your chrystal realms, and sleep;
No hook should tear you from your loves away;
No net surrounding from its fatal sweep.

Pleas'd should I gaze upon your gliding throng,
To sport invited by the summer beam;
Now moving in most solemn march along,
Now darting, leaping from the dimpled stream.

How far more grateful to the soul the joy,
Thus daily, like a set of friends, to treat ye,
Than like the bloated epicure, to cry,
"Zounds! what rare dinners!—God! how I
could eat ye!"

COMPLIANCE.

Amidst thy walks, should bullies meet thine eye,
Compos'dly let those bullies pass thee by.
To bustling bravoës, for my ease and pride,
I give the wall, and smiling turn aside.
Thus, if a rock or log the stream oppose,
That sweetly lambent from its fountain flows,
No foamy turbulence the rills betray,
But, easy yielding, wind in peace away.

CONCEIT.

Alas! who has not fondness for a name?
Lo, Nature wove it in our infant frame!
From ear-*delighters*, down to ear-*confounders*,
Each vainly fancies he possesses killing tones;
Ev'n from the Maras and the Billingtons,
Down to the wide-mouth rascals crying flounders:
Nay, watchmen deem their merits no ways small,
Proud of a loud, clear, melancholy bawl;

Nay, proud too of that instrument the *rattle*,
That draws the hobbling brotherhood to battle.

Yes, yes! much vanity's in human nature—
Like mad dogs, that abhor the water,

Most people hate to hear their faults display'd;
And though I sing them in the sweetest rhymes,
Such are the reformation-cursing times,
The foolish fellows wish the Poet dead!

CONFESSION.

When love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain;
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Betrays the sweetly-anxious pain!

Dear youth! a mutual flame I own:
The sorrows of thy breast are mine;
Thy virtues all my heart have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn—
I trust the drop that dims thine eye;
I see fair *Truth* thy lips adorn,
And hear her voice in ev'ry *sigh*.

CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

Sweet is the song of wedded Love,
The echo of the turtle-dove;
Then who would turn that song to sounds of woe?
Bright are the skies, and calm the scene
Where Hymen holds his halcyon reign;
Then who would bid the howling tempest blow?
What but a Ruffian would the spot invade,
To dash the beam of bliss with hellish shade?

CONJUGAL TENDERNESS.

Lo, to the cruel hand of Fate,
My poor dear Grizzle, meek-soul'd mate,
Resigns her tuneful breath—

Though dropp'd her jaw, her lip though pale,
And blue each harmless finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to smite—

To lift his dart to hit her ;
For as she was so great a woman,
And car'd a single fig for no man,
I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
Shall Fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,
And loud instructive lungs?

O Death, in her, though only one,
Are lost a thousand charms unknown,
At least a thousand tongues.

Why do I groan in deep despair,
Since she'll be soon an angel fair?

Ah ! why my bosom smite ?
Could grief my Grizzle's life restore !—
But let me give such ravings o'er—
Whatever is, is right.

Oh, Doctor ! you are come too late ;
No more of physic's virtues prate,
That could not save my lamb :

Not one more bolus shall be giv'n—
You shall not ope her mouth, by heav'n,
And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of boluses, poor heart,
And pills, she took, to load a cart,
Before she clos'd her eyes ;
But now my word is here a law,
Zounds ! with a bolus in her jaw,
She shall not seek the skies,

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away ;
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure :

I thank you for your pains and skill;
 When next you come, pray bring your bill;
 I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
 For God's sake gently tread the room,
 Nor call her from the blest:
 In softest silence drop the tear,
 In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r
 To bid her spirit rest.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
 Of stoutest oak her coffin make—
 I'd not be stingy, sure:
 Procure of steel the strongest screws;
 For who would paltry pence refuse,
 To lodge his wife secure?

CONSTANCY, TO DELIA.

Forlorn I seek the silent scene,
 To keep the image of my fair;
 Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
 And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget its woe?
 The virgin would have mourn'd for me—
 O nymph, th' eternal tear shall flow;
 The sigh unceasing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of the parted maid,
 Too many an unfeeling swain
 Forsakes of solitude the shade,
 For Pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!
 Their easy hearts their tongues belie—
 Who loves, reveres the fair-one's ghost,
 And seeks a pleasure in a sigh.

CONSTANCY.

Now, Joan, we are *married*—and now, let me say,
Though both are in youth, yet that youth will decay:
In our journey through life, my dear Joan, I suppose,
We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes a rose.

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away;
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,
To chase it the labour and triumph be mine.

Let us wish not for wealth, to devour and consume;
For luxury's but a short road to the tomb,
Let us sigh not for grandeur, for trust me, my Joan,
The keenest of cares owes its birth to a *throne*.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat our good neighbour at eve with our ale;
For, Joan, who would wish for *self only* to live?
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to *give*.

E'en the red-breast and wren shall not seek us in vain,
Whilst thou hast a crumb, or thy Corin a grain;
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love.

Though thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll
remember;

That thy *May* was my own, when thou shewest
December;

And when Age to my *head* shall his winter impart,
The summer of *Love* shall reside in my *heart*.

CONSCIENCE.

O Conscience! thou straight jacket of the soul,
The madding sallies of the bard controul;
Conscience, thou terrifying little sprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;
Who, when the lightnings flash, and thunders crack,
Makes our hair bristle like a hedgehog's back;

Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion ;
 Uplifts our saint-like eyes with dread devotion ;
 Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with
 Heav'n,

And promise miracles to be forgiv'n ;
 Bids spectres rise, not very like the Graces ;
 With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces ;
 With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,
 Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
 For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing
 The Soul, that sad offending little *Being* ;
 That stubborn stuff, of salamander make,
 Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

CONTENT, (1.)

Few are the wishes of the constant Pair :

What tho' no gold their humble cot displays ?

Content, their guest, thus cries with careless air,

“ Go, leave us, Wealth, and palaces emblaze.”

In *rural* bowers Content delights to dwell ;

To cull the sweets of Nature's simple vale ;

To join the *hermit* in the mossy cell,

And join the *nymphs* and *shepherds* of the dale.

CONTENT, (2.)

What's life, if life has not a bliss to give ?

And, if unhappy, who would wish to live ?

Content can visit the poor spider'd room ;

Pleas'd with the coarse rush mat and birchen broom ;

Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,

With cheeks as round as apples, and as red ; hams,

Where Health with vigour nerves their backs and

Sweet souls, tho' ragged as young colts or rams ;

Content, mild maid ! delights in *simple* things,

And envies not the state of Queens or Kings ;

Can dine on sheep's head, or a dish of broth,

Without a table or a table-cloth :

Nor wishes, with the fashionable group,
 To visit Birch's shop for turtle soup;
 Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,
 And sit upon a chair without a back:
 Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
 And use a wooden skewer for a fork. [ing,
 Sweet maid! who thinks not shoes of leather shock-
 Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking;
 Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,
 Though for her lovely limbs it forms a smock.
 Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that shade,
 No graves are robb'd for hair to form a braid:
 Her breast of native plumpness ne'er aspires
 To swelling *merrythoughts* of gauze and wires.
 To look like crops of ducks (with labour borne)
 Stretch'd by a superfluity of corn.
 With Nature's hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*,
 And scorns the pride of finching stays or jumps;
 But, pleas'd from whalebone prisons to escape,
 She trusts to simple nature for a shape;
 Without a warming-pan can go to bed,
 And wrap her petticoat about her head;
 Nor sigh for cobweb caps of Mechlin lace,
 That shade of Quality the varnish'd face: [nest,
 Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her straw-built
 And in a pair of minutes is undrest;
 Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,
 Undressing, seem unloading caravans,
 No matter from what source contentment springs;
 'Tis just the same in Subjects, as in Kings.

CONTINENCE.

Blest is the simple man by virtue sway'd,
 Who wishful burns not for the blooming maid;
 Whose pulses calm as sleeping puppies lie;
 Who rusheth not to prey upon her charms,
 Full of Love's mad emotions, mad alarms,
 Just like a famish'd spider on a fly.

That in the tyrant's claws resigns its breath,
 Unhappy humming till it sleeps in death.
 Blest is the man who marks the cherry lip,
 And sigheth not the nectar'd sweets to sip,
 Nor press the heaving hills of purest snow;
 Who marks the love-alluring waist so taper,
 Without one wish, or pulse's single caper,
 And to his hurrying passions cries out, "No!
 " Stop, if you please, young imps, your hot career,
 " And shun the precipice of fate so near;
 " Draw in, or, with the horses of the Sun,
 " You drive, like Phaëton, to be undone."

COQUETRY.

Dear Phillis! thou know'st not thy charms;
 That thy cheek boasts the bloom of the rose;
 That thine eye, by its lustre, alarms;
 That thy bosom surpasses the snow's.
 Not safely a swain can pass by,
 Thou art ready his steps to beguile;
 Some lure is thrown out from thine eye,
 Some lure from a song or a smile.
 O learn from the Minstrel of night
 A lesson to govern the Maid!
 Tho' he fills every ear with delight,
 He sings amid silence and shade.

CORNISH LASSES, A STORY.

Walking one afternoon along the Strand,
 My wond'ring eyes did suddenly expand
 Upon a pretty leash of Cornish lasses.—
 "Heav'ns! my dear beauteous angels, how d'ye do?
 " Upon my soul I'm monstrous glad to see ye."
 "Swinge! Peter, we are glad to meet with you;
 " We're just to London come—well, pray how
 be ye?
 " We're just a going while 'tis light,
 " To see St. Paul's before 'tis dark.—

" Lord ! come, for once, be so polite,
 " And condescend to be our spark."

" With all my heart, my cherubs."—On we walk'd
 And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd ;
 Now did I hug myself to think

How much that glorious structure would surprise,
 How from its awful grandeur they would shrink
 With open mouths, and marv'ling eyes !

As near to Ludgate-hill we drew,
 St. Paul's just opening on our view ;
 Behold, my lovely strangers, one and all,
 Gave a most diabolic squall,
 As if they had been tumbled on the stones,
 And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
 And sticking to a ribbon-shop their eyes,
 They all rush'd in, and swift to patterns ran,
 And, imitating Babel, thus began :—

" Swinge ! here are colours then, to please !

" Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n !

" Why ! not to see such things as these,

" We never should have been forgiv'n.—

" Here, here, are clever things—good Lord !

" And, sister, here, upon my word—

" Here, here !—look ! here are beauties to delight :

" Why ! how a body's heels might dance

" Along from Launceston to Penzance,

" Before that one might meet with such a sight !"

" Come, ladies, 'twill be dark," said I, " I fear :

" Pray let us view St. Paul's, 'tis now so near."—

" Lord ! Peter, (cried the girls) don't mind St.
 Paul !—

" Sure ! you're a most *incurious* soul—

" Why—we can see the church another day ;

" Don't be afraid—St. Paul's can't *run away*."

CREDULITY.

Credulity's a pretty sand
 To blind the people of the land :
 O yes, it blinds weak women, and weak men,
 Much like the sand that boys, in fun,
 Fire from an engine called a *gun*,
 To knock down a poor humming-bird, or wren.

CURIOSITY. (1.)

—All Exeter town
 Was gapin, rennin up and down,
 Vath, just leek vokes bewitch'd !
 Lord ! how they lang'd to zee the King ;
 To hear un zay zom *marv'lous thing* !
 Leek mangy dogs they itch'd ;
 Leek bullocks sting'd by appledranes,
 Currantin it about the lanes,
 Vokes theese way drea'd and that ;
 Zom hootin, heavin, soalin, hawlin !
 Zom in the mucks, and pellum sprawlin ;
 Leek paucakes all zo flat.
 Hosses and mares, assnegers, moyles,
 Leaping the hedges, ditches, stiles,
 Hundreds comm'd in at least ;
 Gallopin, trattin, spurrin, vallin,
 Halloin, laugin, cryin, squawlin,
 Your mounted 'pot one beast.
 The Ladies vrom the windors all
 Pok'd vorth their powls, both gert and small ;
 Ecod, there were a power :
 Their hair zo white I'd zexpence stake,
 That from their powls I'd fairly shake
 A dozen sacks o'vlower.
 Vull az an egg was all the Charch,
 Vor vokes were mad az hares in March ;
 And fath it was dam quare,

To zee ould Dames wey leathern chacks,
Hoisted upon the fellows' backs—
A penny for a starc.

CURIOSITY, (2.)

Thus have I seen amaggie in the street,
A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known;
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

DAISIE,* TO THE.

O modest flower! thou tellest of the Springe!
Welcome unto this little field of myne!
With joy I see thee from the green earth springe,
And smiling in thy silvery vesture shine!
Ah! nought disturbeth thy fayre tender frame;
Zephyrus kisseth thee, and tastes thy sweet:
Thou dost not chide the wanton rogue—no blame,
Nor biddest him sighe lowly at thy feet.
Agayne he whispereth love; and now agayne
He tasteth of thy honey'd leaves, and sighs!
And though he wantons, thou dost not complayne;
Thy little snowy bosom nought denies.
O gentle Daisie! speak to her I love
When she doth come, and casteth looks on thee;
Persuade her my pure passion to approve,
And not with coldness from her shepheard flee:
But imitate thy ways, and learne thy smyle,
When I, like Zephyrus, doe press her cheke,
Then may no tempest rude thy form defyle,
And of thy snowy beauties make a wreck!

* Several pieces have been written by the author in this manner, as innocent deceptions of the style used in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

DANGER OF THE PASSIONS.

The Passions are all prone to sad disorders,
Whose Objects never should approach their *borders!*

“ O lead us not into temptation,”

Is a choice pray’r, and which I much admire—

So many things are dangerous to Desire

So ripe for soul-assassination !

No harm is in the Passions, to be sure ;

But then they must not gallop wild to door :—

Close keep them, just like hounds that long for hare ;

Or muzzle them, indeed, like ferrets ;

And thus suppress their wanton spirits,

That lawless wish to be as free as air.

The Passions, as I’ve said, are far from *evil* ;

But if not well confin’d, they play the devil.

Learn from *that* Candle—mark its *govern’d* flame,

How in its lustre, gentle, steady, tame,

So mild, such trembling modesty, so quiet !

But let him touch your curtains, or your bed,

Who on such stuff delighteth to be fed,

Lo, in a brace of minutes, what a riot !

He pulls, (for nought th’ unbridled Rogue reveres)

Like Sampson, an old house about his ears !

DECAY OF BEAUTY,

O say not with the voice of scorn,

“ The lilies of thy neck are fled,

“ Thine eyes their vanish’d radiance mourn,

“ The roses of thy cheek are dead.”

Too cruel Youth, with tears I own,

The rose and lily’s sad decay ;

And sorrowing wish for *thee alone*,

Their transient bloom a longer day.

Yet though thine eyes no longer trace

The healthful blush of former charms ;

Remember that each luckless grace,

O Colin, faded in *thy arms* !

DECAY OF TASTE, &c.

How is fair Art, and Science, in disgrace !
 What Patron meets them with a smiling face ?
 See, like a shadow, Genius, limping, poor,
 In supplication at a Great Man's door !—
 And see with insolence his *lacquey* treat him ;
 And were he *fat enough*, the *Dog* would eat him.
 O Taste, O Reason, to our Isle return !
 Behold our Great for *littlenesses* burn !

DELIA, LINES TO.

While poets your their happiest lays,
 And call thee ev'ry thing divine ;
 Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
 To *censure* be the province mine.
 Though born with talents to surprise,
 Thou seldom dost those pow'rs display :
 Thus seem they trifling in thine eyes !
 Thus heav'n's best gifts are thrown away !
 Though rich in charms, thou know'st it not ;
 Such is thine ignorance profound :
 And then such cruelty thy lot,
 Thy *sweetest* smile inflicts a *wound*.

DELICACY, A SIMILE.

Thus when the virgin Morn her blushes spreads,
 And paints with purest ray the mountain heads ;
 Behold, those blushes so divine to shroud,
 The surly Boreas gathers ev'ry cloud ;
 Bids the huge phalanx seek the smiling East,
 And blot the lustre of her crimson vest ;
 From pole to pole extends the black'ning band :
 Cloud pressing cloud, obeys his rude command :
 In tears she moves away, the heav'nly Maid,
 And leaves him Monarch of the mighty shade.

DELIGHTS OF THE TOWN.

Sweet Helen ! the dews of the morn
 Our steps to the valley invite ;
 The linnet, the thrush on the thorn,
 Are preparing to yield thee delight.
 Then haste from the town and its noise,
 Health is ready to yield thee her treasure ;
 Then from tumult, repair to our joys,
 To the region of silence and pleasure.
 Yet, what folly to think one so fair,
 Would bless with her smile a poor swain,
 Be sooth'd, and be won by his pray'r,
 Who can rivet a *world* in her chain !

DEVIL, ODE TO THE.

Prince of the dark abodes ! I ween,
 Your Highness ne'er till now hath seen
 Yourself in metre shine ;
 Ne'er hear a song with praise sincere,
 Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,
 Before this ode of mine.
 Perhaps the reason is too plain,
 Thou try'st to starve the tuneful train,
 Of potent verse afraid ;
 And yet I vow, in all my time,
 I've not beheld a single rhyme
 That ever spoil'd thy trade.
 What thousands, hourly bent on sin,
 With supplication call thee in,
 To aid them to pursue it !
 Yet, when detected, with a lie
 Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
 " The Devil *made* me do it."
 As to thy company, I'm sure,
 No man can shun thee on that score ;
 The very best is thine :

With Kings, Queens, Ministers of State,
Lords, Ladies, I have seen thee great,
And many a grave Divine.

I'm sorely griev'd at times to find,
The very instant thou art kind,
Some people so uncivil;
When aught offends, with face awry,
With base ingratitude I cry,
"I wish it to the devil."

Should Heav'n their pray'rs so ardent grant,
Thou never company wouldst want
To make thee downright mad;
For mind me, in their wishing mood,
They never offer thee what's good,
But ev'ry thing that's bad.

My honest anger boils to view
A snuffing, long-fac'd, canting crew,
So much thy humble debtors,
Rushing, on Sundays, one and all,
With desp'rate pray'rs thy head to maul,
And thus abuse their betters.

Yet when a child—good Lord! I thought
That thou a pair of horns hadst got,
With eyes like saucers staring!
And then a pair of ears so stout,
A monstrous tail and hairy snout,
With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
By day I us'd to dread the Devil;
And trembling when 'twas night,
Methought I saw thy horns and ears,
Then sung or whistled to my fears,
And ran to chase my fright.

A haberdasher's shop is thine,
With sins of all sorts, coarse and fine,
To suit both man and maid;

Thy wares they buy, with open eyes;
How cruel then, with constant cries,
To vilify thy trade!

© Satan, whatsoever geer
Thy Proteus form shall choose to wear,
Black, red, or blue, or yellow;
Whatever hypocrites may say,
They think thee (trust my honest lay),
A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears, alas!)
To praise the bridge o'er which we pass;
Yet often I discover
A numerous band who daily make
An easy bridge of thy poor back,
And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then, with cap in hand,
Obsequious to a graceless band,
Whose souls are scarce worth taking?
© Prince, pursue but my advice,
I'll teach your Highness in a trice
To set them all a quaking.

Plays, op'ras, masquerades, destroy,
Lock up each charming *fille de joie*;
Give race-horses the glander—
The dice-box break, and burn each card—
Let virtue be its own reward,
And gag the mouth of slander:

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,
That will not glad agree,
If thou wilt charm 'em as before,
To show their nose at church no more,
But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my Ode should end;
And now I tell thee like a friend,
Howe'er the world may scout thee,

Thy ways are all so wondrous winning,
 And folks so very fond of sinning,
 They cannot do without thee.

DIAMOND PIN AND FARTHING CANDLE.

Upon a Lady's toilet, full of lustre,
 A Di'mond Pin one night began to bluster :
 Highly disgusted at a Farthing Candle,
 Left by the Lady of the broom,
 Nam'd Susan, slipp'd into another room,
 Something of consequence to handle—

" You nasty tallow thing," exclaim'd Miss Pin,
 " Pray keep your distance—don't stay here, and
 wink ;

" I loath ye—you and all your greasy kin—
 " Good heav'ns ! how horribly you look and
 stink !"

" Good Lord ! Miss Pin," Miss Candle quick re-
 " Soften a little that ungrateful pride : [pli'd,

" You *shine* indeed—to this I must agree :

" Yes, *Miss*, you make a very pretty blaze ;

" But let me tell ye, that your wondrous rays

" Owe all your boasted brilliancy to *me*."

" How ! *Madam* Impudence !" rejoin'd Miss Pin,
 First with a frown, and then a scornful grin ;

" I should not, sure, have dreamt of *that*,

" Miss Fat !"

" Susan," Miss Candle bawl'd, " Susan, come here ;

" Such saucy language I'll no longer bear :

" Susan, come, satisfy the *Lady's* doubt—

" Take me away, I say, or blow me out."

Susan, who, list'ning, heard the great dispute,
 By no means could refuse Miss Candle's suit ;
 So into darkness Susan blew her beam :

“ *Now*,” with a sharp sarcastic sneer,
 “ *Now*,” quoth Miss Candle, *now*, my dear,
 “ Where is of radiance *now* your boasted stream?

DINAH, OR MY LADY'S HOUSEKEEPER.

Just forty-five was Mistress Dinah's age,
 My Lady's House-keeper—stiff, dry, and sage,
 Quoting old proverbs oft, with much formality :
 A pair of flannel cheeks compos'd her face ;
 Red were her eyes, her nose of snipe-bill race,
 Which took a deal of snuff of Scottish quality.
 Upon her head a small mob-cap she plac'd,
 Of lawn so stiff, with large flow'r'd ribbon grac'd,
Yclept a knot and bridle, in a bow
 Of scarlet flaming, her long chin below.
 A goodly formal handkerchief of lawn,
 Around her scraggy neck, with parchment skin,
 Was fair and smooth, with starch precision drawn,
 So that no prying eye might peep within.
 Yet *had* it peep'd, it had espied no swell,
 No lovely swell—no more than on a cat :
 For, lo ! was Dinah's neck (I grieve to tell)
 As any tombstone, or a flounder, flat.
 Now on this handkerchief so starch and white,
 Was pinn'd a Barcelona, black and tight.
 Long, very long, was Mistress Dinah's waist ;
 The stiff stay high before, for *reasons chaste*.
 A scarlet petticoat she gave to view—
 With a broad plaited back she wore a gown,
 Of stuff, of yellow oft, and oft of brown,
 And oft a damask, well beflower'd with blue,
 Moreover, this same damask gown, or stuff,
 Had a large sleeve and a long ruffle cuff.
 Black worsted stockings on her legs she wore ;
 Black leather shoes too, which small buckles bore,

Compos'd of shining silver, also square,
Holding a pretty antiquated air.

Shrill was her voice that whistled through her beard;
And tunes, at times, were most discordant heard;

Harsh grating on poor John the Footman's ear:

Harsh grating on the ears of House-maids too,

Postillion *eke*, who curs'd her for a shrew,

And Kitchen-wench, whom Mis'ry taught to swear.

All, all but Jehu, felt her pow'rful tongue,
Whose happier ear was sooth'd by *sweeter* song.

No company but Jehu's did she keep,

In horse-flesh, and a coach, profoundly deep;

My Lady's coachman, stout, and young, and ruddy;

Great friends were they!—full oft indeed together

They walk'd, regardless of the wind and weather,

So pleas'd each other's happiness to study.

Greatly in sentences did she delight,

So pious! putting people in the right;

And often in the pray'r-book would she look—

Where *matrimony* was much thumb'd indeed,

Because she oft'nest here God's word did read,

The sweetest page in all the blessed book.

So modest was she, she got turn'd away

Susan the kitchen-wench, for harmless play

With Dick the Driver—likewise harmless Dick,

Because he took from Susan's lips a kiss,

Because too, Susan gave him up the bliss,

Without a scream, a faint-fit, or a kick.

If'er she heard of some forsaken Lass,

Who lost, by dire mishap, her maiden fame,

At once she call'd her trollop, minx of brass,

Strumpet, and every coarse, opprobrious name.

So modest Dinah! if she saw two cats

Ogling and pawing with their pretty pats,

Kissing and squinting love, with frisking hops;

Fir'd at the action, what would Dinah do?
 Slip down her hand, and slyly take her shoe,
 Then launch in thunder at their am'rous chops.

It happen'd on a day, that grievous cries,
 By Dinah pour'd, created great surprise—
 Ill, very ill, in bed, alas! she lay:
 A dreadful Colic—her good Lady wept,
 Gave her rich cordials—to her bedside crept,
 When Dinah begg'd that she would go away.

Down went my Lady to the parlour strait,
 Fearful that Dinah soon would yield to fate;
 And full of sorrow as my Lady went,
 Sighs for her Maid's recov'ry back she sent.

Lo! Doctor Pestle comes to yield relief—
 He feels her pulse—is solemn, sage, and brief;

Prescribeth for the Colic—nought avails;
 On Dinah, lo! the dire disorder gains;
 Stronger and faster flow the colic pains,
 Fear, trembling, paleness, ev'ry soul assails.

"Poor Dinah!" sighs each mouth around the room,
 Join'd to a length'ning face of dread and gloom.

At last, poor Dinah pours a death-like groan—
 A ghostly terror seizeth ev'ry one:

My Lady hears the cry, alas! below—
 She sends for Doctor Pestle—Pestle strait
 Runs to my Lady—"Doctor, what's her fate?"

"Speak, is it death, dear Doctor, yes, or no?"

"Not *death*, but *life*, (cries Pestle) forc'd that
 squawl;

"A little Jehu's come to light, that's all."

DISAPPOINTMENT, (1.)

O summer, thy presence gives warmth to the vale:
 The song of the warbler enlivens the groves;
 The pipe of the shepherd, too, gladdens the gale:
 Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array ;
To the vallies the woodbines a fragrance impart ;
The roses the pride of their blushes display ;
Alas ! but I meet not the nymph of my heart.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the swains ;
Go, zephyr, and whisper this truth in her ear,
That the Pleasures with Julia are fled from the plains,

If thus to the maid thou my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return ;
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than *another's* should mourn.

DISAPPOINTMENT, (2.)

Faint as the lustre of a lonely star,
That sheds through night's abyss his distant fire,
Hope feebly glimmer'd on my heart's despair :
Behold, behold, at length her lamp expire !

Know, lovely Virgin, thy deluding art
Hath lodg'd a thousand scorpions in my breast,
Oh, say what happier rival wins thy heart ?
Say, am I there no more a welcome guest ?

Nymphs of the vale, for *me* your pity spare ;
Let not my fate, ye Swains, your pity draw :
Alas ! for faithless beauty drop the tear,
And grieve so fair a diamond holds a flaw.

Can Falsehood's stain that dove-like heart defile ?
Ah, see the tear by blushing Honour shed !
Lurks perfidy beneath that heavenly smile ?
See Love with horror mark the guilty maid !

Yet, yet the tyrant of my breast she reigns :
Restless for *her* it heaves with constant sighs ;
My wounded heart of *cruelty* complains,
Yet softly pleads her pardon while it dies.

DISCONTENT.

Nature at times makes wretched wares ;
 (Amongst the smiling corn-like tares)
 Men with such miserable souls !
 Nought pleases from the moment of their birth ;
 With horror for a while they blot the earth,
 Then crab-like, crawl into their burying-holes.
 How like a dreary dull December Day,
 That shows his muddy discontented head,
 Low'rs on the world awhile, then moves away
 In gloom and sullenness to bed !
 Have not our Revolution host a few
 Of souls of this same Æthiop hue ?

DISCONTENT, AN ODE TO.

" Man may be happy if he will : "
 I've said it often, and I think so still :
 Doctrines to make the million stare ;
 Know then, each mortal is an actual Jove ;
 Can brew what weather he shall most approve,
 Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.
 Who told him that he must be curs'd on earth ?—
 The God of Nature ?—No such thing !
 Heav'n whisper'd him, the moment of his birth,
 " Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing ;
 " Don't be too wise, and be an ape :
 " In colours let thy soul be dress'd, not crape.
 " Roses shall smooth Life's journey, and adorn ;
 " Yet, mind me— if, through want of grace,
 " Thou mean'st to fling the blessing in my face,
 " Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn."
 Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,
 Poor imps ! unhappy, if they can't be curs'd—
 For ever brooding over Mis'ry's eggs,
 As though Life's pleasure were a deadly sin ;
 Mousing for ever for a gin
 To catch their happinesses by the legs.

Ev'n at dinner, some will be unblest'd,
 However good the viands, and well dress'd :
 They always come to table with a scowl,
 Squint with a face of verjuice o'er each dish,
 Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,
 Curse cook and wife, and loathing, eat and growl.
 A cart-load, lo ! their stomachs steal,
 Yet swear they cannot make a meal.
 I like not the blue-devil-hunting-crew !
 I hate to drop the discontented jaw !
 O let me Nature's simple smile pursue,
 And pick ev'n pleasure from a straw !

DISCORD.

Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
 With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
 Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supply'd,
 Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
 As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
 Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin ;
 Discord, who, pleas'd a universe to sway,
 Is never half so bless'd as in a fray :
 Discord, to deeds, indeed, most daring giv'n,
 Who bade vile Satan raise a dust in Heav'n ;
 Stirr'd up the sweetest angels to rebel,
 And sunk the fairest forms to darkest Hell.

DOCTORS, THE, A TALE.

A Fellow troubled with the itch
 (Like Courtier-men) of getting rich,
 And learning that a Doctor, (not a Quack,)
 By means of a most potent pill,
 Did verily and truly fill
 Full many a time with gold his sack—
 Resolv'd, by pill, to make a fortune too,
 So set about it without more ado.
 Hoist but the standard, folks will come,
 With heads as empty as the drum.

The Quack puff's off his pill—none doubt him,
 And numbers quickly flock'd about him :
 A Bumpkin came among the rest,
 And thus the Man of Pill address :

“ Zur, hearing what is come to pass,
 “ That your fine pill hath cur'd the King,
 “ And able to do every thing, [Ass?
 “ D'ye think, Zur, that t'will make me vind my
 “ I've lost my ass, Zur, so should like to try it:
 “ If this be your opinion, Zur, I'll buy it.”
 “ Undoubtedly !” the Quack replied,
 “ Yes, Master Hob, it should be tried;”
 Then down Hob's gullet, cure or kill,
 The grand Impostor push'd the pill.
 Hob paid his fee, and off he went ;
 And trav'ling on about an hour,
 His bowels sore with pains were rent ;
 Such was the pill's *surprising* pow'r.

No longer able to contain,
 Hob, in a hurry, left the lane :
 How decent!—what can decency surpass ?
 And sought the grove—where Hob's two eyes
 Wide staring saw with huge surprise
 His long-eared servant Jack, his Ass !
 Ye Gods ! how happy was the meeting !
 Hob kissing Jack, and Jack, Hob greeting.

“ Adzooks ! a lucky pill !” quoth Hob ;
 “ Yes, yes, the pill hath done the job.”
 Pill grew the subject of the village tattle :
 At last it gain'd a heap of fame ;
 Not only good for *blind* and *lame*,
 But good, too, for recovering all *stray'd* cattle.

DUPPLICITY, (1.)

A Bishop, not a *British Bishop*,—no—
 (Our's are a sweeter set of *Saints*, I trow)
 Was by his *Sovereign* sent to rule abroad :

Immediately upon the news
 Of his arrival, came some Jews
 To compliment the mitred Man of God.
 "Jews!" bawl'd the Bishop, in the direst passion,
 "D'ye think *I'll* see that vile apostate Nation?
 "Run, Pierrot—drive them off—run faster, faster;
 "Tell them they crucified my Heavenly Master."
 "But Sir, but Sir," quoth Pierrot, stepping back,
 Devoutly whispering in the Bishop's ear—
 "These *Jews* bring presents! Lord! at least a sack."
 "Ah! ah!" replied the Bishop—*less austere*—
 "These people could know *nothing* of the *sin*—
 "Poor creatures! well, well, Pierrot, *let 'em in*."

DUPLICITY, (2.)

Who has not seen a kind old Mother Cat
 Deliver a dead bird, or mouse, or rat,
 To her young kitten, Miss Grimalkin?
 Miss catches it with raptur'd claws,
 Locks it at once within her jaws, [walking,
 Round with *cock'd tail*, and round triumphant
 So carefully her treasure holding, watching,
 And proudly purring "This is all *my catching*."

DRUNKEN FLY, A SONG.

Poor little reeling, thoughtless soul,
 To tumble drunk into the bowl!
 Death to thy thread had clapp'd his knife;
 Go, wipe thy nose and wings and thighs,
 And brighten up thy maudling eyes,
 And thank thy Saviour for thy life.
 In future, get not *quite* so drunk!
 Thy girl, perhaps a Lass of *spunk*,
 May wish thy amorous pow'rs to prove;
 And shouldest thou, drunk, the wanton chase,
Ebriety may bring *disgrace*;
 And *who* would look a *fool* in Love?

DRUNKENNESS.

How I hate Drunkenness, a nasty pig!
 With snuff-stain'd neckcloth, without hat or wig,
 Reeling, and belching wisdom in one's face!
 How I hate Bully Uproar from my soul,
 Whom nought but whips and prisons can controul,
 These necessary implements of Grace!
 Yet altars rise to Drunkenness and Riot—
 How few to mild Sobriety and Quiet!

ECONOMY IN LOVE.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
 Much like economy in worldly matter:
 We should be prudent, never live too fast;
 Profusion will not, cannot always last.
 Lovers are really spendthrifts—'tis a shame:
 Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame,
 Till pen'ry stares them in the face;
 And when they find an empty purse,
 Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,
 And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace
 Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
 Sunk to a humble hack that carries dung.
 Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose—
 Smell twenty times—and then, my dear, thy nose
 Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
 The twentieth drank less flavour than the *first*.
 Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows;
 Yet often should the little God retire—
 Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
 That keeps alive the sacred fire.

EIGHT CATS OF ISRAEL MENDEZ, A JEW, AN ODE TO.
 Singers of Israel, O ye singers sweet,
 Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,

Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
And to the sleepless wretch the night endear!

Lo! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks:
Your friskings, crawlings, squalls, I much ap-
prove;

Your spittings, pawings, high-rai'd rumps,
Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,
With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

Singers of Israel, ye no parsons want
To tie the matrimonial cord;
Ye call the matrimonial service, cant—
Like our first parents take each other's word:
On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix—
To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle;
No iron, pewter, copper, tin, nor brass;
No nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,
(Which custom for our *Christian* babes enjoins)
To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

No schools ye want for fine behaving;
No powdering, painting, washing, shaving;
No nightcaps snug—no trouble in undressing
Before ye seek your strawy nest,
Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest, [sing.
To feast on luscious Love, heav'n's greatest bles-

Good gods! yet sweet love-chanting rams
How nimble are ye with your hams
To mount a house, to scale a chimney-top;
And, peeping down that chimney's hole,
Pour, in a tuneful cry, th' impassion'd soul,
Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up.

Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,
Answers your invitation note with joy;
And scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope,

Lo! borne on Love's all-daring wing,
 She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
 Without th' assistance of a rope.
 Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—
 Singers of Israel, sweet, adieu, adieu!
 I do suppose you need not now be told
 How much I wish that I was one of *you*.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MUSICAL FRIEND.

How blest were the Nymphs and the Swains,
 When Lycidas join'd in the song;
 The chief and the pride of the plains,
 Who led all the Pleasures along!
Of late, not a valley was fair,
 Not a grove gave a musical sound;
 The breeze seem'd a sigh of despair,
 And Pity sat mute on the ground.
 But Nature (how sudden the change!)
 At the presence of Lycidas smil'd—
 Health was seen through the valley to range,
 And an Eden sprung up from the wild!
 But the Shepherd for ever is gone—
 Hark! his knell, how it saddens the gale!
 Joy dies, and our pastimes are flown:
 Fate envies the smiles of our vale.
 Now let Mirth from each hamlet retire
 To the region of silence and gloom:
 Sure his death must our sorrow inspire,
 Since the Virtues will weep at his tomb.

ELEGY TO DELIA.

Lo! the pride of the village is dead!
 Lo! the bloom of our vale is no more!
 Now Sorrow sits dumb in the shade,
 Where Rapture oft carol'd before.

Like the Morn, she enliven'd the groves;
 Like the Summer, gave life to the swain;
 For her smile was the seat of the Loves,
 And her voice the sweet song of the plain!
 O Delia, divine is thy name!
 Thy merits we all shall revere;
 We shall dwell with delight on thy fame,
 And think of thy loss with a tear.
 Though lodg'd in a Church-yard so drear,
 Which the yew-tree surrounds with its gloom;
 Thy virtue a *sun* shall appear,
 And thy graces be *flow'rs* on thy tomb.

ELEGY TO JULIA.

Friend of my bosom, all my joys are o'er—
 Peace, gentle Peace, alas! no longer mine:
 Since Julia, once my idol, lives no more,
 To gloom and solitude I steal to pine.
 Thou tellest me that Time a balm will bring,
 Soothe ev'ry sigh, and calm my keenest woes:
 Go, seek in winter's wild the blooms of spring?
 Go, whisper to the restless surge, repose!
 I thought that Grandeur with a liberal hand
 Could strew my path of life with sweetest flow'rs;
 That Wealth omnipotent could Time command,
 And from his pinions pluck his whitest hours.
 What now remains, my horrors to beguile?
 Away, ye dreams of grandeur, wealth, away!
 Who cannot give my cheek one little smile,
 Nor bribe a single moment to be *gay*.

ELEGY TO MY DYING ASS, PETER.

Friend of my youthful days, for ever past,
 When whim and harmless folly rul'd the hour;
 Ah! art thou stretch'd amid the straw at last!
 These eyes with tears thy dying looks devour!

Blest, would I soften thy hard bed of death,
 And with new floods the fount of life supply :
 Yes, Peter, blest would I prolong thy breath,
 Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.

But wherefore wish ? Thy lot is that of all ! [law—
 Thy friend who mourns, must yield to Nature's
 Like thee must sink, and, o'er each dark'ning ball,
 Will Death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,
 And mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu ;
 And thus amid thy hopeless looks I read,
 " Faint is thy servant, and his moments few.

" With thee no more the hills and vales I tread !
 " Those times, so happy, are for ever o'er !
 " Ah ! why should Fate so cruel cut our thread,
 " And part a friendship that must meet no more ?

" O, when these languid lids are shut by Fate ;
 " O, let in peace these aged limbs be laid
 " 'Mid that lov'd field which saw us oft of late,
 " Beneath our fav'rite willow's ample shade !

" And if my Master chance to wander nigh,
 " Beside the spot where Peter's bones repose ;
 " Let your poor servant claim one little sigh ;
 " Grant this—and, blest, these eyes for ever
 close."

Yes, thou poor Spirit, yes—*thy* wish is *mine*—
 Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow's gloom--
 There shall the sod, the greenest sod, be thine ;
 And there the brightest flow'r of Spring shall
 bloom.

Oft to the field as Health my footstep draws,
 Thy turf shall surely catch thy Master's eye ;
 There on thy sleep of death shall Friendship pause,
Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh.

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful hours,
 When Innocence upon our actions smil'd !
 What though Ambition scorn'd our humble pow'rs,
 Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild ?

Pleas'd will I tell how oft we us'd to roam ;
 How oft we wander'd at the peep of morn ;
 Till Night had wrapp'd the world in spectred gloom,
 And Silence listen'd to the beetle's horn.

Thy * victories will I recount with joy ;
 The various trophies by thy fleetness won ;
 And boast that I, thy playfellow, a boy,
 Beheld the feats by namesake Peter done.

Yes, yes, (for grief must yield at times to glee)
 Amidst my friends I oft will give our tale ;
 When, lo ! those friends will rush thy sod to see,
 And call thy peaceful region Peter's Vale !

ELEGY TO EURIPIDES.

O thou, whose deeply-pictur'd scenes of woe
 From Grecian eyes could force the pitying show'r !
 Permit a Stranger's sigh unfeign'd to flow—
 Indulge his hand to strew the sweetest flow'r.

Where is thy fame ? In Greece no more divine,
 It pours on Albion's isle the radiant day ;
 There, with a noon-tide lustre may it shine,
 And gild my country with unclouded ray :

Each night retiring, as I whisper peace,
 With each adieu the tear will steal away ;
 To think that Thou the song of gods shouldst cease,
 And, dying, mingle with the meanest clay.

* Peter's racing powers were truly great; and for size and strength he might justly have been called the *Hercules* of Jackasses. It would probably be too ludicrous *here* to affirm, that for a *sostenuto* he might, with equal justice, have been styled not only the *Marchen*, but the *Apollo*.

Though Greece forgets thee, yet on Fancy's wing
 From distant Albion will I oft return ;
 Crown thy cold sod with all the blooms of Spring,
 And envy the rich earth that holds thy *urn*.

ELEGIAC VERSES.—QUEEN ANTOINETTE TO HER
 CHILDREN, BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

From my prison with joy could I go,
 And with smiles meet the savage decree,
 Were it only to sleep from my woe,
 Since the grave holds no terrors for *me*.
 But from *you*, O my children, to part !
 Oh ! a coward I melt at my doom ;
 Ye draw me to earth, and my heart
 Sighs for life, and shrinks back from the tomb.
 In blessings, ah ! take my last breath !
 Dear babes of my bosom, adieu !
 May the cloud be dispers'd by my death,
 And open a sunshine for *you* !

ENVY.

Oh, for an ointment to destroy the scab
 Call'd Envy, which, alas ! too many know !
 The heart should be a medlar, not a crab ;
 Milk, and not verjuice, from its fount should flow :
 But Greatness, sun-like, from the muddy stream
 Draws the foul vapour that obscures its beam !

EPITAPH.

O thou, remov'd from this world's strife,
 Whose relics here below are laid,
 May Peace, who watch'd thy harmless life,
 In death protect thy gentle Shade !
 Yet not *alone* around thy bier,
 Thy Children's sighs unfeign ascend'd ;
 The mourner Pity drops a tear,
 And Virtue weeps a vanish'd friend.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Though here in *death* thy relics lie,
Thy worth shall live in Mem'ry's eye;
Who oft at Night's pale noon shall stray,
To bathe with tears thy lonely clay.

Here Pity too, in weeds forlorn,
Shall, mingling sighs, be heard to mourn;
With Genius drooping o'er thy tomb,
In sorrow for a Brother's doom..

EPITAPH ON A SPANIEL.

Here rests the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know :
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no sect, but calmly knew'd his bone;
Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way,—
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.

ERROR.

The light of Reason is a little ray,
But still it shows us the right way :
Indeed, the Gentlewoman makes no blaze,
No bonfire tempting a fool's eye to gaze—
A modest dame, remote, and calm, and coy,
And never playeth gambols, to destroy.
But Error, what a meretricious jade,
Amidst her trackless wilds immers'd in shade,
To tempt the silly and unwary !
Her meteor, lo ! she lights here, there,
Up, down, she dances it—now far, now near,
In mad and riotous vagary.

On the fools wander, in pursuit so stout,
And love of this same garish light ;
All on a sudden goes this meteor out ;
And caught, like badgers, in the sack of night,
Blund'ring, and trying to get back agen,
They roll about in vain, poor men.

EXAGGERATION OF TRAVELLERS RIDICULED.

Oh, had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
The Madeira isle, which glads the heart with richest wine!

Beneath its vines, with common clusters crown'd,
At eve my wand'ring steps a passage found,
Where rose the hut, and, neither rich nor poor,
The wife and husband, seated at the door,
Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
The wire of music to the setting sun;
Where, blest, a tender offspring, rang'd around,
Join'd their small voices to the silver sound.
But had *thine* eye this simple scene explor'd,
The man at once had sprung a sceptred lord;
Princes and princesses the *bearns* had been;
The hut a palace, and the wife a queen;
Their golden harps had ravish'd thy two ears,
And beggar'd all the music of the spheres.

EXAMPLE.

Thus as the Flocks amid the valley feed,
Behold! the Bellweather, the Rover,
Like mortals, fickle, takes it in his head
To taste a neighbouring field of clover!
He *dares* th' opposing hedge, he beats it *Hollow*—
Mounts, leaps, and all the tribes of fleeces follow!

EXPECTATION.

How expectation loads th' important hour!
Impatience wilder with each moment grows!
Thou loit'ring Fair one, bless th' appointed bow'r,
And snatch thy lover from a thousand woes.

From vale to vale my eager gaze I strain;
From glade to glade with wild emotion move;
Now turn and sigh, now move and turn again,
Devour each sound, and chide my ling'ring love.

Where is my love? alas! my transports die!
 My cheek, that redden'd with despair, turns pale;
 With disappointment drops my clouded eye,
 Each pining feature tells a mournfultale.
 See, see, the sun descends beneath the deep;
 Behold the melancholy bird of night!—
 In vain along the winding gloom I weep,
 And wish in vain to stay the parting light.

EXTREME MODESTY, A TRUE STORY.

A King of France upon a day,
 With a fair Lady of his Court,
 Was pleas'd at Battledore to play,—
 A very fashionable sport.

Into the *bosom* of this fair Court Dame, [shame;
 Whose whiteness did the snow's pure whiteness
 King Louis by an odd mischance did knock
 The Shuttlecock,

Thrice happy rogue, upon the down of Doves,
 To nestle with the pretty little Loves!

"Now, Sire, pray take it out"—quoth She,
 With an arch smile.—But what did he?

What? what to charming Modesty belongs!
 Obedient to her soft command,
 He rais'd it—but not with his *hand*!

No marv'ling Reader, but the *chimney tongs*!

What a chaste thought in this good King!

How clever!

When shall we hear agen of such a thing?

Lord! never.

Now were *our* Princes to be pray'd
 To such an act by some fair Maid,

I'll bet my life *not one* would mind it:

But *handy*, without more ado,

The Youths would search the bosom thro'

Although it took a *day* to find it!

FAME.

Steep is th' ascent, and narrow is the road,
 Ah me! that leads to Fame's divine abode:
 Yet thick (through lanes, like pilgrimaging rats,
 Unaw'd by mortals, and unscar'd by cats)
 What crawling hosts attempt her sacred fane,
 And dizzy, drunk-like, tumble back again;
 Fast as the swains, whose arms the damsels fill,
 Embrace of elegance! down Greenwich-Hill.

FASCINATION.

Thus when the wily Snake, beneath a tree,
 Darts his red eye upon his feather'd prey;
 Poor Bird! no more he swells the song of love,
 Waves the wild wing, and glides from grove to
 grove:
 With panting heart he tries to shun the foe;
 But, looking on the steady fiend below,
 In chains of fatal fascination bound,
 Captive he hops around him and around;
 Till nearer, nearer drawn, with hopeless cries,
 He drops upon the poison'd fang, and dies.

FASTS, ETC. SATIRIZED.

—— 'tis *Gentry* that must Heav'n implore;
 God never listens to the ragged Poor.
 When Ministers their blundering tricks betray,
 'Tis *Gentry* only that must starve and pray.
 Yet at their dread petition Heav'n will start,
 Nor, cruel, run a Frenchman through the heart,
 T' oblige a foolish Briton who shall cry,
 I'm fasting, Lord; so let thy vengeance fly:
 Indeed, whate'er the Bishops may pretend,
 In fast and pray'r we seldom find a friend:
 Fasts will not wet French powder; nor will words
 Of pious imprecation blunt French sword.

Nor sighs of *Saints* avert the flying ball :
 The Pope must run from Rome, and Mantua fall.
 How at each solemn phiz the Dev'l must grin !
 All sanctity without, and fraud *within* !
 Meat must be watch'd, and roasted in its prime ;—
 Pray'rs for the Lord keep cold for any time.

FEES.

Lo, many a little charming Phillis,
 For vending roses sweet, and lilies,
 And love-inspiring, luscious, balmy kisses ;
 Although the growth of *their own cheek* ;
 Although the growth of *their own neck* ;
 Although the growth of *their own lip*, sweet Misses ;
 Are forc'd to Bridewell's horrid fare,
 For dealing in *unlicens'd* ware—
 Spoil'd all their pretty hops, and skips, and
 Because the Justice had not got his *fee*.

FLATTEBY.

Soft is the voice of Flatt'ry ! sweet her song !
 Ah, much too sweet for man, vain man, I fear !
 Her oil of fool, too fluent, glides along,
 And winding, drops with *death*, into his ear.

FLY, TO A, TAKEN OUT OF A PUNCH BOWL.

Ah ! poor intoxicated little knave,
 Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave ;
 Why not content the cakes alone to munch ?
 Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl ;
 Lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipp'd soul—
 Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with
 Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralize.—
 Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
 For ever hankering after Pleasure's cup :

Though Fate, with all his legions, be had at hand,
The beasts, the draught of Circe can't withstand,
But in goes every nose—they *must, will sup.*

Mad are the Passions, as a colt untam'd!

When Prudence mounts their backs to ride them
mild,

They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflam'd,
Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud ! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead ;
The Fates, so kind, have not yet snipp'd thy thread ;
By heav'ns, thou mov'st a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo ! again thou mov'st another !

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose ;

And now thou feelest for thy little nose,

And, finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands ;

Much as to say, " I'm glad I'm here again."

And well mayst thou rejoice—'tis very plain,

That near wert thou to Death's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,

Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt—

Now turnest—on the table making rings ;

Now crawling, forming a wet track,

Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,

Now flutt'ring nectar from thy silken wings.

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,

And poking out thy small, long legs behind ;

And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply ;

Preparing now to leave me—farewell, Fly !

Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,

And rapture to thy family afford—

There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,

That saw thee, drunk, drop senseless in the stream ;

Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,

And now sits groaning for thy precious life.

Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
 And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.
 Let buns and sugar for the future charm;
 These will delight, and feed, and work no harm—
 Whilst Punch, the grinning merry imp of sin,
 Invites th' unwary wand'rer to a kiss,
 Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss,
 Then, like an alligator, drags him in.

FOLLY.

Would not one swear that Heav'n lov'd fools,
 There's such a number of them made;
 Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,
 No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade?
 Yet, gauge the pockets of those fellows breeches,
 We stare like congers at their riches.
 O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
 Who canst not keep a mare or cow,
 With all thy compliment of wit so frisky!
 Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
 Besides his compter, gold can find,
 And Sundays sport a strumpet and a whiskey!

FORGIVENESS.

—— but, *still* good-humour's in his soul;
 And now I mark it, stealing forth so sweet—
 Stream of forgiveness—what a treat!

I see his eye, with love rekindling, roll.
 Thus, when the Demon of the storm has driv'n,
 The Sun, that Youth of splendor, from his heav'n,
 Drown'd ev'ry vale, and blasted ev'ry bloom;
 Cast o'er poor Nature's smile a sable shroud,
 Each beauty blotted with his inkiest cloud,
 And giv'n a cheerful world to gloom.
 Lo! through the giant shade, a lonely ray
 Peeps from the op'ning west with timid air,
 (Till forc'd by shouldering clouds away)
 Informing man, "To-morrow will be fair."

FORTUNE—LOVE.

Where Fortune reigns in splendid pride,
 What madding thousands crowd her shrine!
 With sweet simplicity their guide,
 O Love, how few resort to *thine*!

Yet when of Fortune's smile possess'd,
 The sigh for *other* days they pour;
 Some secret sorrow stings the breast,
 And languor-loaded crawls each hour.

But Love's pure joys unsullied last;
His vot'ries taste a bliss sublime,
 Sigh to regain the moments past,
 And wish to clip the wings of Time.

FORTUNE, A SONG.

Yes, Fortune, I have sought thee long,
 Invok'd thee oft, in prose and song;
 Through half Old England woo'd thee;
 Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
 Through Afric's howling, burning sands:
 But, ah! in vain pursu'd thee!

Now, Fortune, thou wouldst fain be kind!
 And now I'll plainly speak my mind—
 I care not straws about thee:
 For Delia's hand alone I toid;
 Unbrib'd by wealth, the Nymph has smil'd;
 And bliss is our's without thee.

FRENCHMEN.

The columns of your Liberty, Death knows,
 Are cannon, swords, and bayonets, and spears;
 The *Angels* who this glorious pile compose,
 Hyænas, Tigers, Jackalls, Wolves, and Bears.
 What voice to reason can a *Frenchman* bring?
 Go, bid with lullaby the tiger sleep;
 Bind with a spider's web the whirlwind's wing;
 And with the wren's small plume keep down
 the deep.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship ! where art : in *books* and on the *tongue* ;
 Who mak'st, like Love, a *very pretty song* :
 Too much a stranger to the *heart*, I ween !
 Like Angels, *prais'd, admir'd*—but seldom *seen* !
 Besides *myself*, no Comforter have *I* !
 No hopes from parents, and no Friend to die.
 Sweet Friendship ev'n for animals I love—
 A dog, a cat, a monkey, parrot, dove ;
 With Alexander's spirit charm'd, of course,
 Who built a town in honour of his *horse*.

GENEROSITY.

Ah ! Generosity's a tender plant,
 Its root is weakly, and its bearings scant !
 Self-love, too near it, robs it of each ray,
 And thirsty, sucks the rills of life away.
 Vile weed ! (like docks in coarsest soil they start)
 That thriveth in the cold and flinty heart.—
 What diff'rent roads to Fame Ambition takes !
 What hubbub in this under-world she makes !

GENIUS, (1.)

Dearly I like to see a Genius spring,
 Mark his rich plumes, and eye his soaring wing ;
 But Death too soon arrests his eagle flight !
 Not long upon the meteor can we gaze—
 From the dark-element, the lightning's blaze,
 That breaks, and sudden shuts in pitchy night.

GENIUS, (2.)

Appear but Genius, Genius soon will find
 New matter to improve and charm mankind ;
 Teach on the wildest heath the rose to blow :
 Genius, the rod of Moses at the rock,
 Shall, by a magical and happy stroke,
 Bid the rich stream of wit and wisdom flow.

The brains of men, in general, are a *pool*,
 Wrapp'd in death-stillness, comfortably dull;
 Like motionless poor Lethe, void of spirit.
 But now and then (like Milton, for example,
 Or Shakespeare, each indeed a beauteous sample),
 Into existence pops a Wight of merit,
 An Ocean lo, his brave ideas rise, [skies!
 That mounts, and with its thunders shakes the

GLOW-WORM, ODE TO.

Bright stranger, welcome to my field,
 Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
 To me, oh, nightly be thy splendor giv'n!
 Oh, could a wish of mine the skies command,
 How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
 With ev'ry sweetest dew of Heav'n!
 Say, dost thou kindly light the Fairy train,
 Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
 Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade?
 What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
 Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
 And chase the horrors of the midnight shade!
 Queen of the insect world, what leaves delight?
 Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
 To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
 And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.
 Sweet Child of Stillness, 'midst the awful calm
 Of pausing Nature thou art pleas'd to dwell;
 In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
 And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.
 How diff'rent man, the imp of noise and strife,
 Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life;
 Blest when the passions wild the soul invade!
 How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease,
 To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
 And, silent, shine in solitude and shade!

GOLD.

Blest were the days when gold was yet unknown ;

The man who drew it from the secret earth,

Forc'd from its bosom an eternal groan ;

And, luckless, gave a fatal Demon birth.

I sigh not for a waggon load of gold ;

For wild Ambition never fir'd my wishes ;

Some modest little place I hope to hold,

And taste a morsel of the loaves and fishes.

Who court the glittering gems of Fortune's Mine,

Court frequent ruin—thus upon the thorn,

The spider spins by night his silken line,

That catch, and break beneath the drops of morn.

GOOD CHEER, INFLUENCE OF.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds—

A man's a *God* whose hogshead freely bleeds :

Champaigne can consecrate the damned'st evil :

A hungry Parasite adores a *Devil* ;

In radiant virtues his poor host arrays,

And smooths him with the gossimer of praise ;

Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,

And Gluttony's huge greasy wish expires ;

Apostate then, the knave denies his church,

And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

GRATITUDE.

Yes, Gratitude's a sentiment that springs

'Midst *Gentlefolks*, and *Nobles*, *Queens*, and *Kings* !

Like pine-apples whom soil the richest suits ;

For pine-apples ne'er grow on cold, raw clay,

But fat manure, amid the solar ray,

That darts its golden influence to their roots.

HEALTH, ODE TO.

Meet Nymph, of rosy cheek and sprightly mien,

Ho, vagrant, playful, on the hills art seen,

Ere *Sol* illumines the grey world below ;

Now, doe-like, skipping wild from vale to vale,
Enamour'd of the rills and fresh'ning gale, [flow.

From whose mild wing the streams of fragrance

O! 'midst those hills and vales contented stray—

Thou wilt be ruin'd if thou com'st away—

Doctors too much like man-traps lie in wait—

They'll tell thee, beauteous Nymph, ten thousand
lies,

That they can mend thy bloom, and sparkling eyes—

Avoid, avoid, my dear, the dangerous bait.

HODGE AND THE RAZOR, A TALE.

A fellow in a market town,

Most musical, cry'd razors up and down,

And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;

Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,

And for the money, quite a heap,

As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country Bumpkin the great offer heard:

Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,

That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:

With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,

And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,

"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,

"Provided that the razors *shave*;

"It certainly will be a monstrous prize."

So home the clown, with good his fortune went,

Smiling in heart and soul content,

And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,

Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze:

'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—

All were impostors—"Ah," Hodge sigh'd!

"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun :

“ P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,

“ That people flay themselves out of their lives :

“ You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,

“ Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,

“ With razors just like oyster-knives.

“ Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,

“ To cry up razors that can't *shave*.”

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I'm not a knave :

“ As for the razors you have bought,

“ Upon my soul I never thought

“ That they would *shave*.”

“ Not think they'd *shave* !” quoth Hodge, with won-
d'ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ; [cries.

“ What were they made for then, you dog ?” he

“ Made !” quoth the fellow, with a smile—

“ to *sell*.”

HOPELESS LOVE.

Night, who to *others* brings the balm of sleep,

And happy dreams to soothe the peaceful breast,

Pours on *my* wakeful eye far diff'rent guests ;

The foulest, darkest demons of despair.

Lorn, at the midnight hour, when all is hush'd,

I wander restless ; sadly now I sit,

My brimfull eyes for hours both motionless,

Swimming with woe, towards the passing Moon,

Who on me, as she lonely glides along,

Casts a pale beam of melancholy light,

That seems a ray of pity on my fate.

JEALOUSY, ODE TO.

Avaunt, thou squinting Hag, whose listening ear

Seizes on every *whisper*—whose owl's eye,

When Night's dark mantle wraps the silent sphere,

Stares watchful of each form that passeth by !

Thou Fiend, what bus'ness hast thou here on earth,
Dissention-breeder from thy very birth?

How much more of the *serpent* than the *dove*!
I cannot guess thine errand to this world—
By *thee* is Nature *topsy-turvy* hurl'd!
And nearly ruin'd the soft land of Love!

JEALOUSY, TO CYNTHIA.

O thou! whose love-inspiring air
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes;
My day declines in dark despair,
And night has lost her sweet repose.

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs:
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame a trembling wretch, who dies,
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is every winning art,
With Fortune's gifts, unknown to me!
I only boast a simple heart,
In love with Innocence and Thee.

JOHNSON, DR.

While Johnson sought (as Shakespeare says) that
From whence, alas! no travellers return; [bourn,
Parnassus mop'd for days, in business' slack,
And, like a hearse, the hill was hung with black;
Minerva, sighing for her fav'rite son,
Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world un-
Jove wip'd his eyes so red, and told his wife, [done;
He ne'er made Johnson's equal in his life;
And that 'twould be a long, long time, if ever
His art could form a fellow half so clever:
Venus, of all the little Loves the dam,
With all the Graces, sobb'd for brother Sam:
Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,
As if Dame Nature had resign'd her breath.

ILLIBERAL CRITICISM CONTEMNED.

Rake, if you please, the kennel of your brains,
And pour forth all the loaded head contains;

I shall not suffer by it, I am sure;—

Nay, my poetic plants will better thrive;

Exalt their heads and smile—be all alive;

As *mud* is very excellent manure.

Go, take a lesson from the glorious Sun,

Who, when the elements together run

In wild confusion—earth and wind and water,

Looks on the tumult down without dismay,

Nay, bright and smiling—seeming thus to say,

“Lord! bustling Gentlefolk, pray what’s the
matter?”

ILLUSION.

Young Corydon, betroth’d to Delia’s charms,
In fancy holds her ever in his arms:

In mad’ning fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips, devours;

Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow

In rich luxuriance o’er a breast of snow,

And on that breast the soul of rapture pours.

Night too entrances—Slumber brings the dream—

Gives to his lips his Idol’s sweetest kiss;

Bids the wild heart, high panting, swells its stream,

And deluge every nerve with bliss:

But if his Nymph unfortunately frowns,

Sad, chapfall’n, lo! he hangs himself, or drowns!

IMMODESTY.

How loose our Ladies in attire,

To set our peeping Youth on fire;

A hundred instances I soon could pick ye!

Without a cap we view the Fair,

The bosom heaving, heaving bare;

The *hips* asham’d, *forsooth*, to wear a dicky:*

* A term used in the *polite* circles for a flannel petticoat.

Quite antique statues—such the dress,
It nothing leaves for Fancy's guess!

Look at our Grannums, good old souls,
With caps and pinners, well mobb'd polls;
With warming dickies, high stiff stays,
To guard the neck from grasp and gaze.
How diff'rent from our modern Fair,
Whose ev'ry beauty *takes the air!*

IMPETUOSITY.

Thus the great Æol, when he rushes forth,
With all his winds, East, West, and South, and
North;

Flutter'd the leaves of trees, with woeful fright,
Shook by his rage, and bullied by his might;
Straws from the lanes dispers'd, and whirl'd in air,
The blustering wonders of his mouth declar'd.
Heav'd from their deep foundations, with dread
Barns and old houses thunder to the ground, [sound,
And bowing oaks, in ages rooted strong,
Roar through their branches as he sweeps along.

INCONSTANCY, (1.)

Farewell the beam of early day!
Cold on the eye the valley fades;
The riv'let mourns upon its way,
And spectres seem to haunt the shades.
These eyes, alas! no pleasure see,
Since Colin's love is chang'd from *me*.

Let nought by Daphne be possest—
The myrtle-wreath that binds my brow;
The knot of love he gave my breast,
Deep blushing for his broken vow.
These eyes, &c.

Let all his tokens meet his eye—
From Daphne all his gifts depart;

And let me send with these a *sigh*,
 To tell him of a broken heart.
 These eyes, &c.

INCONSTANCY, (2.)

Ah! who could from Phillida fly?
 Yet I sought other nymphs of the vale,
 Forgot both her blush and her sigh,
 Nay, forgot that I told her my tale.
 In sorrow I wish'd to return,
 And the tale of my passion renew;
 "False shepherd," she answer'd, with scorn,
 "False shepherd, for ever adieu!
 "For thee, no more tears will I shed,
 "To Truth and sweet Friendship I go;
 "The Bird by a wound that has bled
 "Is happy to fly from his foe."

INDIFFERENCE, TO VENUS.

O Venus, wherefore is my sigh
 To Delia's beauty breath'd in vain?
 Ah! why her cold and clouded eye,
 That sun-like shone upon her swain?
 A time there was, when Delia's breast
 At all my griefs with grief would glow,
 The Nymph would lull the storm to rest,
 And sooth with ev'ry charm my woe.
 Yet Venus, wheresoe'er she flies,
 To Delia all thy blisses give:
 In *me* a single shepherd dies,
 In *her*, behold, a thousand live!

INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

Farewell to the fragrance of morn;
 Farewell to the song of the grove—
 I go from my Delia forlorn;
 I go from the Daughter of Love!

I was told that I ought not to gaze
 On the Beauty by which I'm undone;
 But how could I hide from their rays?
 What mortals can fly from the *Sun*?

INFLUENCE OF LOVE.

Ev'n Age delighteth in an amorous tale;
 Love warms his inside like a pot of ale;
 Thaws his cold heart, and makes it beat so cheery!
 His eyes, that, owl-like, wink'd upon the day,
 Bursts open with a keen and twinkling ray,
 And, lo! he hugs and kisses his old deary.

INGRATITUDE.

Sweet Labourer! midst the Summer's golden hour,
 Full oft I trace thy little busy flight—
 With pleasure see thee perch from flow'r to flow'r;
 On Violets, Woodbines, Roses, Lillies light.
 Yet what to thee is Summer's golden smile?
 And what to thee the flow'r-enamell'd plain?
 Will gratitude reward thy daily toil?—
 No! No! thou workest for reward in vain.
 Not long the hive of treasure will be thine—
 Rapacity will force thy little door:
 Those treasures with thy life must thou resign,
 A breathless victim on the fragrant store.

INNOCENCE, ODE TO.

O Nymph of meek and blushful mien,
 Lone wand'rer of the rural scene,
 Who lovest not the city's bustling sound,
 But in the still and simple vale
 Art pleas'd to hear the turtle's tale,
 'Mid the gay minstrelsy that floats around!

Now on the bank, amid the sunny beam,
 I see thee mark the natives of the stream,
 That break the dimpling surface with delight;

Now see thee pitying a poor captive Fly,
Snapp'd from the lov'd companions of his joy,
And, swallow'd, sink beneath the gulph of *night*.

Now see thee, in the humming golden hour,
Observant of the Bee, from flow'r to flow'r,
That loads with varied balm his little thighs,
To guard against chill winter's famish'd day,
When rains descend, and clouds obscure the ray,
And tempests pour their thunder through the skies.

Now see thee playful chase the child of spring,
The winnowing Butterfly with painted wing,
That busy flickers on from bloom to bloom:
Pursuing wildly now a fav'rite Fair,
Circling amid the golden realm of air,
And leaving, all for *love*, the pea's perfume.

Now see thee peeping on the secret nest,
Where sits the parent Wren in patient rest;
While at her side her feather'd partner sings;
Chaunt's his short note, to charm her nursing day;
Now for his loves pursues his airy way,
And now with food returns on cheerful wings.

Pleas'd could I sit with thee, O nymph so sweet,
And hear the happy flocks around thee *bleat*;
And mark the skipping sports along the land;
Now hear thee to a fav'rite lambkin speak,
Who wanton stretches forth his woolly neck,
And plucks the fragrant herbage from thy hand.

INNOCENCE, (2.)

Dear Innocence, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
The Pleasures sport around thy simple cell;
The song of Nature melts from grove to grove;
Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
Content, and ruddy Health thy hamlet hail,
And Echo waits upon the voice of Love.

But where—but where is scowling Guilt's abode?
The spectred heath, and Danger's cavern'd road;

The shuffling monster treads with panting breath—
The cloud-wrapp'd storm insulting roars around,
Fear palls him at the thunder's awful sound,

He stares with horror on the flash of death.

He calls on Darkness with affright,
And bids her pour her deepest night;
Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him with her raven wing!

Are these the pictures? Then I need not muse,
Nor gape, nor ponder *which* to choose:
O Innocence, this instant I'm thy slave—
What but the greatest *fool* would be a *knave*!

INSECURITY.

Thus, at the solemn, still, and sunless hour,
When to their sports the insect nations pour,
In airy-tumult bless'd, the light-wing'd throng,

Thoughtless of enemies in ambuscade,
Hums to Night's list'ning ear the choral song,
And wantons thro' the boundless fields of shade;
When, lo! the mouse-fac'd Demon of the gloom,
Espying, hungry meditates their doom!

Bounce, from his hole so secret bursts the Bat,
To honour, mercy, moderation, lost!

Behold him sally on the humming host,
And murd'rous overturn the tribes of Gnat;
Nimble from right to left, like Tippoo, wheel,
And snap ten thousand pris'ners at a meal!

INSIGNIFICANT DISCOVERIES.

Thus have these eyes beheld a cock so stately,
(Indeed these lyric eyes beheld one lately)

Lab'ring upon a dunghill with each knuckle;
When, after many a peck, and scratch, and scrub,
This hunter did unkennel a poor grub,
On which the fellow did so strut and chuckle!

He peck'd and squinted—peck'd and kenn'd agen,
Hallooing lustily to *Madam Hen*;
To whom, with airs of triumph, he look'd round,
And told what noble treasure he had found.

INSOLENCE.

With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,
What sallow cheek and pity asking eyes,
A wretch by age and poverty decay'd,
For farthings lately to a Nabob pray'd;
The Nabob, turkey-like, began to swell,
And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.
“ Oh ! Sir,” the suppliant was heard to cry,
(The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye). [poor,
“ Though I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous
“ And *you* with gold and silver cover'd o'er,
“ There won't in heav'n such difference, Sir, take
“ place,
“ When we before the Lord come face to face.”—
“ *You* face to face with *me* !” the Nabob cry'd,
“ In all the insolence of upstart pride—
“ *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear !
“ I'll kick you back—de, if I catch ye there.”—

INSOLENCE OF GREATNESS.

Full many a time reluctantly, I own;
I view our mighty Rulers with a groan,
Who eat the labours of us *vulgar Crew*;
Bask on our shoulders in their lazy state;
And if we dare *look* up for ease, th' ingrate
Look down, and ask us, “ D-m'm'e, who are you ?”
Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant !
The man who doth receive a hare or pheasant,
Might *somewhat*, certainly, from manners spare,
And say, “ I thank ye for the bird or hare.”
The lofty Great must have the softest bed
To lay the *soft* luxurious head :
And from our bosoms we poor Geese, so tame,

Must pluck submissively, the tender feather ;
Ourselves expos'd to Nature's rudest weather,

Deny'd the liberty to cry out, " Shame !"
Thus, while *their* heads the pillow's down imprint,
Ours must be only bolster'd by a flint.

INVITATION.

Come, Cynthia, to thy shepherd's vale,
Though tyrant Winter shade the scene ;
The leafless grove has felt his gale,
And ev'ry warbler mourns his reign.

Yet, what to *me* the howling wind ?
Thy voice the linnet's song supplies,
Or what the cloud to *me*, who find
Eternal sunshine in thy eyes ?

IRONY, ODE TO.

O Thou, with mouth demure and solemn eye,
Who laughest not, thou Quaker-looking wight,
But makest others roaring laugh outright,
Thus chasing widow Sorrow, and her sigh—
There was a time, but not like our's so nice,
When thou couldst banish Folly, nay, and Vice—
Leagu'd with thy daughter Humour, damsel quaint,
And Wit, that could have tickled ev'n a Saint.

But times are alter'd ! *Certain Greybeards say,*
" Ye vagabonds, you've had indeed your day,
" But never dare to shew your face agen,
" To take vile liberties with lofty men.
" Grin if you please—with joke the world regale—
" Yet mind, a Critic hears you, call'd a Jail."

KISS, TO A.

Soft child of Love—thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious Kiss,
Why thou so suddenly art gone ?
Lost in the moment thou art won ?

Yet go—for wherefore should I sigh?
On Delia's lip, with raptur'd eye,
On Delia's blushing lip I see
A thousand full as sweet as *thee*.

KNIGHT, THE, AND THE RATS.

A Knight liv'd in the West not long ago,
Like Knights in general, not *o'er wise*, I trow—
This Knight's great barn was visited by rats,
In spite of poison, gins, and owls, and cats.
Lo! waxing wrath, that neither gins nor cats,
Nor owls, nor poison, could destroy the rats; [he:
“I'll nab them by a scheme, by heav'ns,” quoth
So of his neighbourhood he rous'd the mob,
Farmers and farmers' boys, to do this job;
His servants too of high and low degree;
And eke the tribes of Dog, by sound of horn,
To kill the rats that dar'd to taste the corn.
This done, the Knight, resolv'd with god-like ire,
Ran to his kitchen for a stick of fire,
From whence intrepid to the barn he ran:
Much like the Macedonian and fair Punck,
Who, at Persepolis so very drunk,
Did with their links the mighty ruin plan.
Now 'midst the dwelling flew the blazing stick:
Soon from the flames rush'd forth the rats so thick;
Men, dogs, and bats, in furious war unite—
The conquer'd rats lie sprawling on the ground;
The Knight, with eyes triumphant, stares around,
Surveys the carnage, and enjoys the sight.
Not ev'n Achilles saw, so blest, his blade,
Dismiss whole legions to th' infernal shade!
But, lo! at length by this rat-driving flame, [came:
Burnt was the corn—the walls down thund'ring;
The meaning of it was not far to learn—

When turning up those billiard-balls his eyes,
 That held a pretty portion of surprise, [barn"]
 "Zounds! what a blockhead! I have burnt the

LATENT QUALITIES.

"Observe a fat, black, greasy hump of coal;
 "Lo, to that most ungraceful piece of earth,
 "A warm and lively lustre owes its birth;
 "A flame in *this World*, pleasant to the soul!
 "To shapeless clouds, that, waggon-like, along
 "Move cumb'rous, scowling on the twilight hea-
 "At times, behold, the purest snows belong! [v'n,
 "To such, of rain the lucid drops are giv'n:
 "Nay, 'mid the mass so murky and forlorn,
 "Behold the lightening's vivid beam is born!"

LAURA, SONG TO.

O my heart! thou so lately wert blest,
 Those days I shall ever adore—
 When Pleasure alone was thy guest,
 But to meet thee, ah! meet thee no more.
 How dull was the grove and the bow'r,
 If the maid of thy love was not nigh?
 She gave bloom, she gave life to each flow'r,
 But with Laura, dear Laura, they die.
 Lo! the linnets, enlivening the shade,
 No longer give joy to my ear—
 But their carols, how sweet, when the maid,
 The pride of the valley, was near!
 To the gloom, near yon fount, let me go,
 Indulging of Fancy, the dream;
 I will listen to murmurs of woe,
 And hear my sad tale in the stream.

LIBERALITY.

Deeply from my soul the man I hate,
 Immers'd in mammon, and by mis'ry got;

Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,
And wishes to have ev'ry thing for *nought* :

Who, if he gam'd, the dice would meanly cog ;
Rob the blind beggar's scrip, and starve his dog :
And that there are such wretches near a throne,
Degraded Nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,
With hook-like fingers ever on the stretch,
Who, fighting, vents on Charity a curse,
That asks, for Want, a penny from his purse !

The heart that lodges in that miser's breast,
For money, feels the hunger of the shark ;
Resembling, too, the rusty iron chest
That holds his idol—close, and hard, and dark.

LIBERTY.

May Liberty sit *firm* upon her throne ;
And he who dares to shake her, vengeance meet ;
Nomatter what his grandeur—let him groan, [sweat !
And Hell's best brimstone the black miscreant

LIFE, ODE TO.

Parent of Pleasure, and of many a groan,
I should be loath to part with thee, I own,
I thank thee that thou brought'st me into *being* ;
The things of this our world are well *worth seeing*,
No, when it comes that thou and I must part,
Life, I shall leave thee with a sighing heart.

Some wish they never had been born, how odd !
To see the handy works of God,

In sun, and moon, and starry sky ;
Though last, not least, to see sweet Woman's charms,
Nay more, to clasp them in our arms,
And pour the soul in love's delicious sigh,

Is well worth coming for, I'm sure,
Supposing that thou gav'st us nothing more.

Before us Heav'n hath plac'd the tear and smile;
Each may be won with very trifling toil—

But if there be in nature such a mule,
Who, willing with misfortune to be curst,
Should, like an ideot, madly choose the first,
In God's name let him suffer like a fool.

Misfortunes are this lott'ry world's sad blanks;
Presents, in my opinion, not worth thanks :
The Pleasures are the twenty thousand prizes,
Which nothing but a downright ass despises.

LOVE, (1.)

Yes, Love's a cooing, sweet, persuasive pigeon,
Gains all the globe indeed to his religion :
Throughout the world his humble vot'ries pray,
And worship him exactly the same way,
Other religions kill—are torn by strife ;
Love *kisses*, and, what's sweeter still, gives *life* !

LOVE, (2.)

Love is a Butterfly that skims about
From hill to vale, and stops at ev'ry flow'r ;
Sucks all the honey with its little snout,
So pleas'd the rich ambrosia to devour ;
Then on wild wing, away it flies again,
The Sultan of the variegated plain.

True Love, my dear, is neither lame nor blind :
All energy—his life, eternal spring ;
Roams the wide world as wanton as the wind,
And scorns the fetters that would bind his *wing* :
Then, Chloe, learn to prize the varied kiss,
And prove of sweet Inconstancy the bliss.

LOVE, (3.)

Ere 'witching love my heart possess,
And bade my sighs the nymph pursue ;
Calm as the infant's smiling rest,
No anxious hope nor fear it knew.

But doom'd, ah ! doom'd at last to mourn,
 What tumults in that heart arose !
 An ocean tumbling wild, and torn
 By tempests from its deep repose.
 Yet let me not the virgin blame,
 As though *she* wish'd my heart despair ;
 How could the maid suspect a flame,
 Who never knew that she was *fair* ?

LOVE, (4)

Love is a pretty passion, to be sure ;
 And long, say I, indeed, may Love endure !
 Yet now and then to Prudence should it look—
 Yes, take a little leaf from Wisdom's book.

Love, though it deals in *sweets*, has many *scours* :
 It does not always furnish happy hours,
 Putting us oft in dismal situations ;
 The novelty sets people's souls a longing—
 What thousands to their ruin thus are thronging !
 Indeed we see the evil in all nations.

I fear Love does at times a deal of harm :
 It keeps the world alive, it is confess'd ;
 So far, indeed, I like the pleasing charm—
 Yet, through Love, what thousands are distress'd !

LOVE AND WEDLOCK CONTRASTED.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
 Where folks are very apt to scold and hate :
 Love keeps a *modest* distance, is divine,
 Obliging, and say's ev'ry thing that's fine.

Love wishes, in the vale or on the down,
 To give his dear, dear idol a green gown :
 Marriage, the brute, so snappish and ill-bred,
 Can kick his sighing turtle out of bed ;
 Turns bluffly from the charms that taste adores,
 Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock's a lock, however, large and thick,
Which ev'ry rascal has a *key* to pick.

O Love! for heav'n's sake, never leave my heart:
No! thou and I will never, never part:
Go, Wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety, and sigh for chains.

LOW LIFE, A SCENE IN.

Go, with your fellows crack the clumsy joke
'Midst beer and brandy, bread and cheese, and
Descend the ladder to the clouds below, [swoke;
Where *ordinary* men of two-pence go!
Where vagrant knives and forks are bound in chains,
And never tablecloth is spoil'd by stains;
Where, in the board's black hole (superb design!)
Pepper and salt in matrimony join;
And in another hole, with frown and smile,
Much too like marriage, vinegar and oil!—
Where for a towel (economic thought!)
A monstrous mastiff, after dinner brought,
Complacent waits on *Gentlemen's* commands,
And yields his back of shag to wipe their hands—
Such is the scene where thou shouldst ever sit,
Form'd to thy taste, and suited to thy wit.

LUTE, SONG TO A.

What shade and what stillness around!
Let us seek the lov'd cot of the Fair;
There soften her sleep with thy sound,
And banish each phantom of care.

The Virgin may wake to thy strain,
And be sooth'd, nay, be *pleas'd* with thy song:
Alas! she may *pity* the swain,
And fancy his sorrows too long.

Could thy voice give a smile to her cheek,
What a joy, what a rapture were mine!

Then for ever thy fame would I speak—
O my lute, what a triumph were thine!

Ah! whisper kind love in her ear,
And sweetly my wishes impart;
Say, the swain who adores her is near;
Say, thy sounds are the sighs of his heart.

LUXURY.

Chloe, a fav'rite of a rich old Dame,
Was vastly delicate in all her frame;
Could put down nought at last, but nice *tidbits*:
Say oft, with much solicitation too,
Her Mistress was oblig'd to kiss and woo,
For fear poor tender Chloe might have *fits*.

Fat was our Chloe—like a ball of grease;
So round, a foot-ball quite, and fair her fleece.
Oft on the Turkey carpet as she lay,
And sleep o'er Chloe's eye-lids did prevail;
'Twas very, very difficult to say
Which was her *head* indeed, and which her *tail*!

At length it came to pass, that Chloe
Did sullenness and sickness show.

The Coachman's call'd—"O Jehu, Chloe's ill;

"Quite lost her appetite—she has no will

"To move, or say, poor soul, a single thing:

"Jehu, what can the matter be—d'ye know?"

"I think, my Lady, I could *cure* Miss Chlo."

"Dear Jehu, what delicious news you bring!"

Now to his room the Coachman bore Miss Bitch,
Who, looking back all wistful, felt no itch
To go with Jehu—still he bears her on:—
Arriv'd, kind Jehu offers her a bone.

Miss Chloë in a passion seeks the door:

In vain—'tis shut—she lays her on the floor,
And whines—gets up, all restless—looks about.

Watches the door so sly, and cocks her ears ;
 So pleas'd and nimble at each sound she hears,
 In hopes (vain hopes, alas !) of getting out.

Chloe, like lightning, now resolves to pass,
 Bounce from her gaoler, through a pane of glass,
 And, by a leap, no more in prison groan :
 But, fearing she might spoil her pretty chops,
 Nay, break her neck, by chamber-window hops,
 Chloe most wisely lets the leap alone.

Jehu now offer'd her a piece of liver :

" Chloe, do you love liver ?" Jehu said—
 " The devil take," she seem'd to say, " the giver :"
 So hurt the dog appear'd—then turn'd her head.
 " Well, Chloe, well—heav'n mend your proud di-
 " gestion ;

" To-morrow I shall ask you the same question."

The morrow (ah ! a sulky morrow) came :
 Chloe scarce slept a single wink all night ;
 Whining and groaning, longing much to *bite* !
 Calling in vain upon my Lady's name.

Another morning came—a liver meal—

" Chloe, how stands your stomach ? how d'ye feel ?"

" Jehu, I will *not* eat."—Jehu goes out—
 What does Miss Chloe ?—With a nimble pace,
 Runs to the liver, without saying grace,
 Gobbling away, with appetite *so stout* ;

For now the liver seem'd to meet her wish,
 And, not half satisfy'd, she *lick'd the dish* !

Jehu returns, and smiles—Chloe grows good ;
 Takes civilly a slice of musty bread ;
 Rejects from Jehu's hand no kind of food ;
 Glad on a *rind of Cheshire* to be fed.

Jehu with Chloe to my Lady goes,
 And, triumphing, his little patient shows ;
 Not once discovering the coarse mode of cure—
 Jehu had lost his place then to be sure.

My Lady presses Chloe to her breast,
 Half crazy, hugging, kissing her—so blest
 To see her fav'rite Chloe's chang'd condition :
 " Thank ye, good Jehu—Heav'ns, what skill is in
 Then into Jehu's hand she slips a guinea, [ye!"]
 And Jehu's thought a very fine physician..

MADRIGAL..

When Love and Truth together play'd,
 So cheerful was the Shepherd's song!
 How happy, too, the rural Maid!
 How light the minutes wing'd along!
 But Love has left the sighing vale,
 And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Sly stealing, see, from scene to scene,
 The watchful Jealousy appear;
 And pale Distrust with troubl'd mien;
 The rolling eye, and list'ning ear!
 For Love has left the sighing vale,
 And Truth no longer tells her tale..

Ah! shall we see no more the hour,
 That wasted rapture on its wing?
 With murmurs shall the riv'let pour,
 That prattl'd from its crystal spring?
 Yes, yes, while Love forsakes the vale,
 And Truth no longer tells her tale.

MARGATE.

The Taylor here, the port of Mars assumes;
 Who cross-legg'd sat in silence on his board—
 Forgets his goose and rag besprinkled rooms,
 And thread and thimble, and now struts a Lord!

Here Crispin too forgets his end; and awl—
 Here Mistress Cleaver with importance looks!
 Forgets the beef, and mutton on her stall,
 And lights and livers dangling from the hooks.

Here Mistress Tap, from pewter pots withdrawn,
Walks forth in all the pride and paunch and geer;
Mounts her swoln heels on Dandelion's lawn,
And at the ball-room heaves her heavy rear.

Chang'd by their travels—mounted high in soul,
Here Suds forgets whate'er remembrance shocks;
And Mistress Suds forgetteth too the Pole,
Wigs, bob and pig-tail, basons, razors, blocks!

Here too the most important Dicky Dab
With puppy-pertness, pretty, pleasant Prig,
Forgets the narrow, fishy house of Crab,
And drives in Jehu-stile his whirling Gig!

And here 'midst all such consequence am I,
The Poet! *semper idem*—just the same—
Bidding old Satire's hawk at follies fly,
To fill the shops of Booksellers with game.

MARRIAGE.

Now love, now hate; now smile, now tear;
Now sun, now cloud, now mist, now clear;
Now music, now a stunning clap of thunder;
Now perfect ease, now spiteful strife,
Resembles matrimonial life!

Pray read the pretty little story under!

A tale well known:

'Tis John and Joan.

John married Joan—they frown'd, they smil'd;
Now parted, and now made a child:

One day they had a desperate quarrel
About a little small-beer barrel,
Without John's knowledge sliely tapp'd by Joan;
For Joan, t'*oblige* her *old friend* Hodge,
Thought asking leave of John was fudge;
And so she wisely left the leave alone.

It happ'd that John and Joan had not *two* beds
To rest their angry, frowning brace of heads;

Ergo, there was but *one*
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

"I'll have a *board* between us," cried the *Man*—
"With all *my* spirit, John," replied the *wife*;
A *board* was plac'd, according to their plan :
Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over—
Calm as a clock, too let me say,
Joan never squinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky Pair,
Like two still mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence sought repose ;
On the fifth morn, it chanc'd to please
John's nose to sneeze— [nose.
"God bless you, Dear!" quoth Joan at John's loud

At this John gave a sudden start,
And popping o'er the hedge, his head—
"Joan, did you say it from your *heart* ?"
"Yes, John, I *did*, indeed, indeed !"
"You *did* ?"—"Yes John, upon my word"—
"Zounds, Joan, then take away the *Board* !"

MATRIMONY.

There are, for wedded prey, who prowl,
And joy to hear the tempest howl ;
O'er Matrimony's smile to cast a cloud,
And put the modest Lady in her shroud !—
Such shall the Muse to infamy consign,
And crush with all the thunders of her line:

MAY-DAY.

The daisies peep from ev'ry field,
And vi'lets sweet their odour yield ;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is Nature's holiday.

Let lusty Labour drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail;
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest, the ploughs.

Behold the lark in either float,
While rapture swells the liquid note!
What warbles he, with merry cheer?
"Let Love and Pleasure rule the year."

The insect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiss with Zephyr ev'ry flow'r;
Shall *these* our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us we are foes to Love?

MAY AND SEPTEMBER.

O Nancy! wilt thou go with me,
And all the Poet's treasure see,
My garden-house, my temple-rooms?
There shall I dwell on those black eyes,
And pour my tuneful soul in sighs,
And catch thy panting breath's perfumes.

Ah! Nancy, now I hear thee say,
"Lord bless us! I'm the youthful May,
"And you are Autumn, Sir—September;
"And therefore we by no means suit."
Dear Nancy, that's the time for *fruit*,
Thou surely oughtest to remember.

Then blest together let us wing—
Love only *blossoms* in the *Spring*.

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

Since truth has left the shepherd's tongue,
Adieu the cheerful pipe and song;
Adieu the dance at closing day,
And, ah! the happy morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,
 And wove the garland for my hair !
 How oft for Marian cull'd the bow'r,
 And fill'd my lap with ev'ry flow'r !
 How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
 And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name !
 Blush, Colin, that the *wounded tree*
 Is all that will remember *me*.

MASCULINITY.

Love ! when I marry, give me not an ox—
 I hate a woman like a sentry box ;
 Nor can I deem that dame a charming creature,
 Whose hard face holds an *oath* in ev'ry feature.
 In woman, angel sweetness let me see :
 No galloping horse-godmothers for *me*.

How diff'rent, Cynthia, from thy form so fair,
 That triumphs in a love-inspiring air ;
 Superior beaming ev'n where thousands shine—
 Thy form !—where all the tender graces play,
 And, blushing, seem in ev'ry smile to say,
 " Behold we boast an origin divine !"

MEMORY INFERIOR TO SENSE.

O Genius ! thou fair flow'r of rich perfume,
 What stinking weeds have stol'n thy sacred name !
 Display'd their tawdry colours, for thy bloom,
 Till blushing Folly's self has cried out " shame !
 Possess'd of mem'ry, Nature's gift to fools, [others ;
 Thus coxcombs read and learn the thoughts of
 And swell'd with Lexicons and grammar rules,
 Scare with Greek-thunder their old aunts and
 mothers.

MERIT.

Mild is the mien of Merit—ah ! how meek—
 All diffidence, she looks with downcast eye—

A blush, a crimson blush o'erspreads her cheek—
 And fear of censure gives her soul a sigh.
 From tumult, far she loves to wander—far—
 A simple, pensive, silent, thoughtful maid,
 All lonely shining, like the evening star
 That sparkles on the solitary shade.
 She pants not for the splendor of a name,
 To praise, to flatt'ry, wishing to be deaf;
 Trembling, she steals herself away from Fame,—
 A blushing strawb'rry hid beneath a leaf.
 Sweet, tho' her song, she hopes not to be heard :
 In groves, the melting softness shuns the light—
 In secret warbling, like the tuneful bird
 That, shaded, charms the list'ning ear of night.

MERETRICIOUS EMBRACES.

To false delights the Youths of Britain fly,
 Who court for happiness the Wanton's arms;
 Who darts on *all* the fond inflaming eye,
 And *choiceless* yields to *all*, for gold, her charms.
 When in the Syren's fond embrace you sigh,
 And on her lips impress the burning kiss,
 Doth Friendship mingle with th' unhallow'd joy,
 Or Love's pure spirit swell the surge of bliss?
 When droops enjoyment, what is then the Fair?
 A *flow'r* that blooms, but quickly doom'd to fade;
 A *sun* that pours a momentary glare,
 And 'mid the tempest sinks o'erwhelm'd in shade.
 O swains, to Modesty's fair daughters turn :
 By *mental* beauty let your hearts be led :
 Bid by your flight the venal Fair-one mourn,
 And press in tears her solitary bed.
 When round your neck her fondling arms she glues,
 And, bent to please, exhausts each winning art;
 With false delights she shamefully subdues,
 And leads the Passions captive, not the *heart*.

MENTAL RESTIVENESS.

The mind of man is vastly like a hive ;
His thoughts so busy ever—all alive :

But here the *simile* will go no further !
For bees are making honey, one and all ;
Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,
Committing, as it were, self-murder.

But let the spirit that surrounds *my* frame
Sit easy on it, just like an old shoe—
When Disappointment sets my house in flame,
Let Reason all she can to quench it do :
Reason has engines plentiful and stout,
With water at command to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,
Themselves the fabricators of the strife ;
For ever hunting, with a hound-like nose,
That hornet's nest, the tribe of woes :
And when the woes invited greet 'em,
They wonder how the dev'l they meet 'em.

MIRTH.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt ;
And ev'ry grin, so merry, draws one out :
I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh ;
And think that risibility was giv'n
For human happiness, by gracious Heav'n,
And that we came not into life to cry :

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of Goodness, was an undertaker,
Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape, or bombasin.

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature say,
"Fools, how ye plague me ! go, be wise, be gay ;
"No tortures, penances, your God requires—

" Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,
 " And know that Heav'n hath not one angel more
 " In consequence of groaning nuns and friars.
 " Heav'n never took a pleasure or a pride
 " In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipp'd hide.
 " Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart:
 " Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things;
 " And if their follies happen to divert,
 " I shall not quarrel at a joke on *Kings*."

MISER, THE WEALTHY.

Griev'd that the Muse attack'd with scorn a *Man*,
 Unlucky form'd on Nature's hungry plan;
 Who lord of millions, trembles for his store,
 And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
 Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
 And, scowling, looks on charity with hate;
 Whose matchless avarice is meat and drink,
 That dreads to spill a single drop of ink;
 On each superfluous letter vents a sigh,
 And saves the little dot upon an *i*;
 Happy e'en Nature's tenderest ties to flight,
 And vilely rob an offspring of his right.

MISER, AND THE DERVISE.

The Miser Sherdi on his sick-bed lying,
 Affrighted, groaning, wheezing, praying, sighing,
 Expecting ev'ry hour to lose his breath—
 Enter Dervise—" Holy Father, say,
 " As life seems parting from this sinful clay,
 " What can preserve me from the jaws of death."
 " A sacrifice, dear son—good joints of meat,
 " Of lamb, and mutton, for the Priest and Poor;
 " Nay, from the *Koran* shouldst thou lines repeat,
 " Those lines may possibly thy health restore."

" Thank ye, dear Father ! you have said *enough*,
 " Your counsel has *already* giv'n me ease ;
 " Now as my sheep are all a great way off ;
 " I'll quote our holy *Koran*, if you please."

MISFORTUNE.

'Tis giv'n as gospel, both in prose and rhymes,
 That people should not be *for ever blest* ;
 Misfortune therefore must be good at times,
 A salutary, though satiric guest ;
 That goads to virtuous works the rump of Sloth ;
 Like gout, that bites us into health so fair ;
 Or like the needle, while it wounds the cloth,
 It puts the rag into repair.

MISFORTUNE—TO A CAPTIVE QUEEN.

With radiance rose thy morning sun,
 Fair promise of a happy day ;
 But, luckless, ere it reach'd its noon,
 The fiend of darkness dimm'd the ray.
 What though the brightest gifts are thine,
 And distant nations pour thy praise ;
 While, raptur'd, on thy form divine
 The eyes of Love and Wonder gaze ?
 Yet what is life, 'mid Horror's reign,
 Where Murder's triumph cleaves the sky ;
 Where heaves with death the groaning scene,
 And dungeons loud for vengeance cry ?
 Yet what is life to spotless fame ?
 And *thine* to latest time shall bloom—
 The blow that sinks that beauteous frame
 Gives all the Virtues to the tomb.

MODESTY, HYMN TO.

O ! Modesty, thou shy and blushful maid,
 Don't of a simple shepherd be afraid : [thee ;
 Wert thou *my* lamb, with sweetest grass I'd treat
 I am no wolf so savage that would eat thee :

Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy fragrant breast, like Alpine snows so white,
Where all the nestling Loves delight to lie ;
Thine eyes so soft, that shed the milder light
Of Night's pale wand'rer o'er her cloudless sky,
Thy luscious lips that heav'nly dreams inspire,
By beauty form'd, and loaded with desire ;
With sorrow, and with wonder, lo ! I see
(What melting treasures !) *thrown away on thee.*
Then haste with me O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thou knowest not that bosom's fair design ;
And for those two pouting lips divine,
Thou think'st them form'd alone for simple chat—
To bill so happy with thy fav'rite dove,
And playful force, with sweetly fondling love,
Their kisses on a lap-dog or a cat.
Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Oh ! fly from Impudence, the brazen rogue,
Whose flippant tongue hath got the Irish brogue :
Whose hands would pluck thee like the fairest
flow'r ;
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips and neck, devour :
Shun, shun that Caliban, and with me dwell :
Then come, and give a goddess to my cell,

The world, O simple maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Didst thou perceive but half the snares
The Dev'l for charms like thine prepares !
Then haste, O nymph, with me to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

MONODY ON A CELEBRATED MUSICIAN,

Adieu to the song of the grove!
Our Philomel warbles no more!
The loss of his carols of love,
The shepherds will ever deplore.
And sweet to the Nymphs of the Vale
Were his lays—what delight on the ear!
Whenever he melted the gale,
How the Virgins would hasten to hear!
Where is Echo, so fond of his voice,
So pleas'd on each accent to dwell?
Poor Echo no more will rejoice!
But silently sleep in his cell.
Though doom'd from the world to depart,
From remembrance he cannot remove;
While tenderness reigns in the heart,
For his song was the language of love.

MORALITY.

Morality may wear a ruffle short,
I really think, and not his conscience hurt—
Morality may also like nice picking;
For since the great All-wise has giv'n us fowls,
Mankind were certainly a set of owls,
To dare to place damnation in a chicken.
Morality, I ween, may go well-drest;
Keep a good fire, and live upon the *best*;
Throw by his wheel-barrow, and keep a carriage;
Visit the Op'ra, Masquerade, and Play;
Drink Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Tokay;
Get fifty thousand with a girl in marriage.
To eat from splendid plate, or homely manger,
Methinks the soul is just in *equal* danger.

MORNING.

Yes, Modesty, (by very few carest)
Oft condescends to be my guest:

From time to time the maid my rhyme reviews,
 And dictates sweet instructions to the Muse;
 Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
 Just like that blushful damsel call'd Miss Morn,
 Who, smiling from the dreary caves of night,
 Moves from her east with silent pace and slow
 O'er yonder shadowy mount's gigantic brow,
 And to my window steals with dewy light,
 Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
 Seems to ask liberty to enter in.

NARRATION OF TRAVELLERS SATIRIZED.

Lo! moon-ey'd Wonder opes her lap to thee:
 How niggardly, alas! to luckless me!
 Where'er through trackless woods thy luckier way,
 Marvels, like dew-drops, beam on ev'ry spray.
 Blest man! whate'er thou wishest to behold,
 Nature as strongly wishes to unfold;
 Of all her wardrobe offers ev'ry rag,
 Of which thy skill hath form'd a conj'r's bag.
 Thy deeds are giants, covering our's with shame!
 Poor wasted pigmies! skeletons of fame!
 To thee how kindly hath thy genius giv'n
 The massy keys of yonder star-clad heav'n;
 With leave, whene'r thou wishest to unlock it,
 To put a few eclipses in thy pocket!
 Nature, where'er thou treadest, exalts her form;
 The whisp'ring zephyr swells a howling storm;
 Where pebbles lay, and riv'lets purld before,
 Huge promontories rise, and oceans roar.
 Thrice-envy'd man (if truth each volume sings,)
 Thy life how happy! hand and glove with kings!
 'Mid those fair isles, (the Canaries) the happy
 isles of old,
 Plains that the ghosts of kings and chiefs patrol'd,
 These eyes have seen; but let me truth confess,
 No royal spectre came, these eyes to bless:

Whate'er I saw requir'd no witch's storm—
Slight deeds, that Nature could with ease perform?
Audacious, to purloin my flesh and fish,
No golden eagles hopp'd into my dish;
Nor crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
To mark my figure, left their oozy bed;
Nor loaded camels, to provoke my stare,
Sublimely whirl'd, like straws, amid the air;
Nor, happy in a stomach form'd of steel,
On roaring lions have I made a meal.
Oh, had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
The isle (Madeira) which glads the heart with
 richest wine!

Beneath its vines, with common clusters crown'd,
At eve my wand'ring steps a passage found,
Where rosé the hut, and, neither rich nor poor,
The wife and husband, seated at the door.
Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
The wire of music to the setting sun;
Where, blest, a tender offspring, rang'd around,
Join'd their small voices to the silver sound.
But had *thine* eye this simple scene explor'd,
The man at once had sprung a scepter'd lord;
Princes and princesses the *beams* had been;
The hut a palace, and the wife a queen;
Their golden harps had ravish'd thy two ears,
And beggar'd all the music of the spheres.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY; TO CHARLOTTE.

Behold another year succeed!
But, Charlotte, though hast nought to dread,
 Since Time will ev'ry beauty spare:
Time knows what's *perfect*, and well knows,
'Twould take him *ages* to compose
 Another Damsel *half so fair*.

NIGHTINGALE, SONG TO.

Lone Minstrel of the moonlight hour,
 Who charm'st the silent list'ning plain,
 A hapless Pilgrim treads thy bow'r,
 'To hear thy solitary strain.
 How soothing is the song of woe,
 'To *me*, whom Love hath doom'd to pine!
 For, 'mid those sounds that plaintive flow,
 I hear *my* sorrows mix with *thine*.

NIGHT.

Now Night, the negro reign'd—"Past one o'clock,"
 The drowsy watchman bawl'd—from murky vaults,
 The dough-fac'd spectres crowded forth—the eye,
 'The sunk, the wearied eye of Toil, was clos'd:
 Mute, Nature's busied voice, her brawl and hum;
 While Horror, creeping on the world of gloom,
 Breath'd her dark spirit through the death-like
 Now from her silver-fringed east the Moon [hour—
 Peep'd on the Vast of shade—up-mounting slow,
 In solemn stillness, till her lab'ring orb,
 Freed from the caves of Darkness, gain'd its sphere,
 And mov'd in splendid solitude along.

NOBLEMAN AND WIDOW.

A Dame near Goodwood own'd a sow, her all,
 Which nat'rally did into travail fall, [ter;
 And brought forth many a comely son and daugh-
 On which the widow wond'rously was glad,
 Caper'd and sung, as really she were mad—
 But tears oft hang upon the heels of Laughter.
 At Goodwood dwelt a duke's great dog, call'd
 Thunder,
 A dog, like courtiers, much inclin'd to plunder;
 Bounce! without "by your leave," or least ha-
 rangue,
 Upon this harmless litter, Thunder sprang,
 And murder'd brothers, sisters, quick as thought;

Then sneak'd away, his tail between his *rear*,
 Seeming asham'd—unlike great courtiers here,
 Who (Fame reporteth) are asham'd of *nought*.

Now to his Grace, the howling Widow goes,
 Wiping her eyes so red, and flowing nose.

“ Oh! please your Grace, your Grace's dev'lish
 “ Thunder's confounded wicked chops [dog,
 “ Have murder'd all my beauteous hopes—
 “ I hope your Grace will pay for ev'ry hog.”

What answer gave his Grace?—With placid brow,
 “ Don't cry,” quoth he, “ and make so much foul
 “ weather— [sow,
 “ Go home, Daine; and when Thunder eats the
 “ I'll pay for all the *family* together.”

NOVELTY.

Lo! Novelty's a barber's strap or hone,
 That keenness to the razor-passions gives;
 Use weareth out this barber's strap or stone;
 Thus 'tis by novelty, Enjoyment lives.

In *Love*, a sweet example let us seek:
 I have it—Cynthia's soft luxuriant neck— [dwell!
 Fix'd on the charm, how pleas'd the eye can
 How sighs the hand within the gauze to creep,
 Mouse-like, and on the snowy hills to sleep,
 Rais'd by the most delicious, gentle swell;
 Like gulls, those birds that rise, and now subside,
 Blest on the bosom of the wavy tide.

But let the breast be *common*—all's undone;
 Wishes, and sighs, and longings, all are gone!
 Away the hurrying palpitations fly!
 Desire lies dead upon the gazeless eye!
 Sunk into insipidity is rapture!
 Thus finisheth of Love the simple chapter!

Yes, Love's a cooing, sweet, persuasive pigeon,
 Gains all the globe indeed to his religion:

Throughout the world his humble vot'ries pray,
 And worship him exactly the same way.
 Other religions kill—are torn by strife;
 Love *kisses*, and, what's sweeter still, gives *life*!

NOVELTY, (2.)

Sweet is the tale, however strange its air,
 That bids the public eye *astonish'd* stare!
 Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
 That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder
 Behold, our infancies in tales delight, [gape!
 That bolt like hedge-hog-quills the hair upright.
 Of ghosts how pleas'd is ev'ry child to hear!
 To such is Jack the Giant-killer dear!
 Dread monsters, issuing from the flame or flood,
 Charm, tho' with horror cloth'd they chill the blood!
 What makes a tale so sleepy, languid, dull?
 Things as they happen'd—not of marvel full.
 What gives a zest, and keeps alive attention?
 A tale that wears the visage of invention;
 A tale of lions, spectres, shipwreck, thunder;
 A wonder, or first cousin to a wonder.
 Mysterious conduct! yet, 'tis Nature's plan
 To sow with wonder's seeds the soul of man,
 That every where in sweet profusion rise,
 And sprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes!
 What makes a girl the shops for novels rove?
 The sweet impossibilities of love;
 Quixotic deeds to catch the flying fair;
 To pant at dangers, and at marvels stare.
 What prompteth Chloe, conscious of the charms
 That crowd the souls of swains with wild alarms,
 To give the swelling bosom's milk-white skin
 A veil of gauze so marvellously thin?
 What but a kind intention of the fair
 To treat the eyes of shepherds with a stare?
 Behold! Religion's self, celestial dame,
 Finds on the rock of miracles her fame;

A sacred building, that defies decay,
That sin's wild waves can never wash away!

OLD AGE, SONG TO BELLA.

Ah! tell me not that I am old,
And bid me quit the billing dove;
Though many years have o'er me roll'd,
My heart is still alive to love.
Then tell me not that I am old.

When Beauty's blush delights no more,
And Beauty's smile and sparkling eye;
When these no longer I adore,
Then Pity yield the Bard *a sigh*.
I will not quarrel to be told,
Son of Apollo, thou art old.

OLD OLIVER, OR THE DYING SHEPHERD.

The Shepherd Oliver, grown white with years,
Like some old oak weigh'd down by winter snows,
Now drew the village sighs, and village tears,
His eye-lids sinking to their last repose.

Yet ere expir'd Life's trembling flame, and pale,
Thus to the bleating bands around his door,
That seem'd to mourn his absence from their vale,
The feeble Shepherd spoke, and spoke no more!

O my Flock! whose kind voices I hear,
Adieu! ah, for ever adieu!

No more on your hills I appear,
And together our pleasure pursue:

No more at the peep of the day,
From valley to valley we rove,
'Mid the stramlets, and verdure of May,
'Mid the zephyrs, and shade of the grove.

No more to my voice shall ye run,
And, bleating, your Shepherd surround;
And, while I repose in the sun,
Like a guard, watch my sleep on the ground.

When Winter, with tempest and cold,
 Dims the eye of pale Nature with woe,
 I lead you no more to the fold,
 With your fleeces all cover'd with snow.

Oh, mourn not at Oliver's death!

Unwept my last sand let it fall:

Ye too must resign your sweet breath,

For *who* his *past years* can recall?

Oh, take all your Shepherd can give

Receive my last thanks, and last sigh;

Whose simplicity taught me to *live*,

And whose innocence teaches to *die*!

OWL AND THE PARROT.

An Owl fell desp'rately in love, poor soul!

Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole—

A Parrot, the dear object of his wishes,

Who in her cage enjoy'd the loaves and fishes,

In short, had all she wanted—meat and drink,

Washing and lodging—full enough, I think.

'Squire Owl most musically tells his tale;

His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs, prevail:

Poll cannot bear, poor heart, to hear him grieve;

So opes her cage, without a "*By your leave*;"

Are married, go to bed with raptur'd faces,

Rich words, and so forth—usual in such cases.

A day or two pass'd amorously sweet;

Love, kissing, cooing, billing, all their meat:

At length they both felt hungry—"What's for

"dinner?"

[Poll.—

"Pray what have we to eat, my dear?" quoth

"Nothing! by all my wisdom," answer'd Owl;

"I never thought of that, as I'm a sinner;

"But, Poll, on something I shall put my pats—

"What say'st thou, Deary, to a dish of rats?"

"*Rats*, Mister Owl! d'ye think that I'll eat *rats*?

"*Eat them* yourself, or give them to the cats,"

- " Whines the poor bride, now bursting into tears.—
 " Well, Polly, would you rather dine on *mouse* ?
 " I'll catch a few, if any in the house ;
 " Thou shalt not starve, Love, so dispel thy fears."
 " I won't eat rats—I won't eat mice—I won't :
 " Don't tell me of such dirty vermin—don't :
 " O that within my cage I had but tarried !"
 " Polly," quoth Owl, " I'm sorry, I declare,
 " So delicate, you relish not our fare— [*married.*]"
 " You should have thought of that before you

PAINTERS, ADVICE TO:

Aw'd I approach, ye sov'reigns of the brush,
 With Modesty's companion sweet, a blush,
 And hesitation nat'ral to her tongue ;
 And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,
 Like Eve's when Adam on her beauty smil'd,
 And led her blushing, nothing loath, along,
 To give the lady a green gown so sweet,
 On beds of roses, Love's delicious seat.
 Ye landscape painters, may your gold streams
 sleep—
 Sleep, golden skies and bulls, and golden cows,
 And golden groves and vales, and golden sheep,
 And golden goats the golden grass that browse,
 Which with such golden lustre flame,
 As beat the very golden frame.

PANEGRIC.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange—
 The love of flatt'ry is the soul's rank mange,
 Which, though it gives such tickling joys,
 Instead of doing service it destroys :
 Just as the mange to lapdogs' skins apply'd,
 Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide.

PATIENCE, ODE TO:

Sweet daughter of Religion, modest fair,
 Thy hands upon thy bosom so tranquille,

With eyes to Heav'n, with so divine an air,
 So calmly smiling, so resign'd thy will ;
 Oh, sent to teach us, and our passions cool,
 I wish thou hadst a little larger school.

Lo, man, so great his want of grace,
 If he but cuts a pimple on his face

When shaving ;

Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
 Kicks up a most infernal rout,

And seemeth absolutely raving ;

And, lo ! all this for want of thy tuition :

Thus travel souls of people to perdition !

PERFIDY, TO JULIA.

Much-injur'd Maid, who lies pale below,

To *thee* a Pilgrim sad I steal away ;

In mournful silence steal, o'erpower'd with woe,

To bathe with floods of penitence thy clay.

Oh ! can thy gentle ghost the *wretch* forgive,

Who seeks thy sod at this lone hour of night—

A *wretch*, whose greatest hardship is to *live*,

Who, dead to pleasure, sickens at the light ?

Tir'd of the world, my heart no longer prays

(What others covet) for extended years :

For who would madly court a length of days,

To count (alas !) the moments by his tears ?

PERFIDY, (2.)

To false delights the Youth of Britain fly,

Who court for happiness the Wanton's arms ;

Who darts on *all* the fond inflaming eye,

And *choiceless* yields to *all*, for gold, her charms.

When in the Syren's fond embrace you sigh,

And on her lips impress the burning kiss,

Doth Friendship mingle with th' unhallow'd joy,

Or Love's pure spirit swell the surge of bliss ?

When droops enjoyment, what is then the Fair ?

A *flow'r* that blooms, but quickly doom'd to fade

A *sun* that pours a momentary glare,
And 'mid the tempest sinks o'erwhelm'd in shade.

O swains, to Modesty's fair daughters turn :

By *mental* beauty let your hearts be led :

Bid by your flight the venal Fair-one mourn,

And press in tears her solitary bed.

When round your neck her fondling arms she glues,

And, bent to please, exhausts each winning art ;

With false delights she shamefully subdues,

And leads the Passions captive, not the *heart*.

PERVERSION OF CHARMS, A SONG.

Chloe, a thousand charms are thine,

That give my heart the constant sigh !

Ah ! wherefore let thy Poet pine,

Who canst with ease his wants supply ?

Oh, haste, thy charity display ;

With *little* I'll contented be :

The kisses which thou throw'st away

Upon thy *dog*, will do for *me*.

PERSEVERANCE.

Thus went a Chambermaid a Flea espies,

How beats her heart ! what lightnings fill her eyes !

To seize him, lo ! her twinkling fingers spread,

And stop his travels through the realm of bed.

He hops—the eager damsel marks the jump ;

Now sudden falls in thunder on his rump—

She misses—off hops Bloodsucker again :

The nymph with wild alacrity pursues ;

Now loses sight of him, and now gets views,

Whilst all her trembling nerves with ardour strain.

Now fairly tir'd, with melancholy face,

Poor sighing Susan quits th' important chace :—

Once more resolv'd, she brightens up her wits,

And, furious, to her lovely fingers spits—

Thrice happy thought ! yet, not to flatter,

'Tis not the cleanliest trick in nature.

Now in the blanket deep she sees him hide,
 Who, winking, fancieth Susan cannot see;
 Now Susan drags him forth, with victor pride,
 The culprit crusheth; and thus falls the Flea!

PERSECUTION.

Then Persecution rais'd her Iron crow,
 And saw, with doting eye, her power display'd,
 Enjoy'd the flying brains at ev'ry blow, [flay'd.
 And bless'd the knives and hooks with which she
 Grill'd, roasted, carbonaded, fricaseed
 Men, women, children, for the slightest things!
 Burnt, strangled, glorying in the horrid deed;
 Nay, starv'd and flogg'd God's great Vicegerents, Kings!

But things are chang'd—assume a different tone.
 The teeth of Bishops are a *gentle* set;
 Content, if nought is near to pick a bone;
 So little pamper'd with delicious meat.
 No scorn now frowneth from a bishop's eye,
 No sounds of anger from his lips escape;
 Save on a *Curate's* importuning sigh,
 Save on the penury of *ragged crape*.

PETITION OF LOVERS.

Ah! say not "No," unto my pray'r,
 For I have loved thee full long;
 To these twin eyes thou art most fayre,
 Surpassing praise of sweetest song.
 Then say not "No" unto my prayer,
 But be so kynde as thou art fayre.
 Why art thou with rare beauty blest?
 Only to bless mankynde, I wiss;
 Not for to robbe the harte of rest,
 But fill it with a sea of blisse.
 Then say not "No" unto my pray'r,
 But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

The sunne was made to warme the harte,
 And plenty make, and kepe off blite;
 So should thy beauty's sunne give birthe
 To our soul's harvest of delyte.
 Then say not "No" unto my prayer,
 But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS, A TALE.

A brace of sinners for no good,
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
 Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
 And, in a curl'd white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.
 Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
 With something in their shoes much worse than
 In short, their toes, so gentle to amuse, [gravet;
 The priest had order'd peas into their shoes:
 The knaves set off on the same day,
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
 But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot;
 One of the sinners gallop'd on,
 Light as a bullet from a gun;
 The other limp'd as if he had been shot.
 In coming back, however, let me say,
 He met his brother rogue about half way; [knees;
 Hobbling with out-stretch'd bum and bending
 Damning the souls and bodies of the peas:
 His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
 Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.
 "How now!" the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim
 "You lazy lubber!"— [broke;
 "Odds curse it!" cried the t'other, "'tis no joke—
 "My feet, once hard as any rock,
 "Are now as soft as *blubber*.
 "How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
 "Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn
 ye!"

"Why," cry'd the other, grinning, "you must know,
 "That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
 "To walk a little more at ease,
 "I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

PITY.

When bleeding Nature droops to die,
 And begs from Heav'n th' eternal sleep,
 Hard is the heart that cannot sigh,
 And curs'd the eye that scorns to weep.
 How rich the tear by Pity shed!
 How sweet her sighs for human woes!
 They pierce the mansions of the dead,
 And sooth the spectre's pale repose.

PLEASURE.

Blushing, I own, I've been in love with Pleasure,
 Look'd on the Nymph's acquaintance as a treasure;
 Never pursued her once with scoff and *kisses*;
 But caught the little Hussey in my arms;
 Ran o'er the pretty garden of her charms,
 And pluck'd the cherries of her lips—call'd *Kisses*.

I never cast off Pleasure from me—no:
 But hugg'd her, when I met with her—and so:

For lo! a piece of velvet was *my* soul!

Black velvet, mind! which when the God of Day
 Doth visit with his all enlivening ray,
 Enjoys the radiance, and *devours* the *whole*.

Velvet, unlike the marble rock indeed,
 Devoid of gratitude and grace;
 Who, when the Sun would warm and gild his head,
 Flings back the blessing in his face.

PLYMOUTH CARPENTER AND THE COFFIN.

A carpenter, first cousin to the May'r,
Hight Master Screw, a man of reputation,
 Got leave, through borough int'rest, to prepare
 Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation;
 I mean, for luckless Frenchmen that were dead:
 And very well indeed Screw's contract sped.

For, lo! this man of economic sort
 Makes all his coffins much too short :
 Yet snugly he accommodates the dead—
 Cuts off, with much *sung-froid*, the head ;
 And then, to keep it safe as well as warm,
 He gravely puts it underneath the arm ;
 Making his dead man quite a Paris beau !
 Hugging his jowl *en chapeau bras*.

POETS.

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of yore ;
 But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
 Tied to a thievish miller's dusty door,
 I mark thy fall'n and diregarded race.
 To chimney-sweepers now a common back ;
 Now with a brace of sand-bags on your back !
 No gorgeous saddles your's—no iv'ry cribs ;
 No silken girts surround your ribs ;
 No Royal hands your cheeks with pleasure pat ;
 Cheeks by a roguish halter prest—
 Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest ;
 Dragg'd, kick'd, and pummell'd, by a beggar's brat.
 Thus, as I've said, your race is much degraded !
 And much too is the Poet's glory faced !

POOR TOM, A BALLAD.

Now the rage of Battle ended,
 And the French for mercy call ;
 Death no more in smoke and thunder
 Rode upon the vengeful ball.
 Yet, what brave and loyal Heroes
 Saw the Sun of morning bright—
 Ah! condemn'd by cruel Fortune
 Ne'er to see the Star of Night.
 From the main-deck to the quarter,
 Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood,
 Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
 Crawl'd where his brave Captain stood.

- " O, my noble Captain ! tell me,
" Ere I'm borne a corpse away;
" Have I done a Seaman's duty
" On this great and glorious day ?
" Tell a dying Sailor truly,
" For my life is fleeting fast ;
" Have I done a Seaman's duty ?
" Can there ought my mem'ry blast ?"
" Ah ! brave Tom !" the Captain answer'd,
" Thou a Sailor's part hast done !
" I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
" Wounds by which our glory's won."
" Thanks, my Captain ; life is ebbing
" Fast from this deep-wounded heart ;
" But, O grant one little favour,
" Ere I from the world depart :
" Bid some kind and trusty Sailor,
" When I'm number'd with the dead,
" For my dear and constant Catherine
" Cut a lock from this poor head !
" Bid him to my Catherine give it,
" Saying, Her's alone I die !
" Kate will keep the mournful present,
" And embalm it with a sigh.
" Bid him too this letter bear her,
" Which I've penn'd with panting breath :
" Kate may ponder on the writing,
" When the hand is cold in death."
" That I will," reply'd the Captain,
" And be ever Catherine's friend."
" Ah ! my good and kind Commander,
" Now my pains and sorrows end !"
Mute towards his Captain weeping,
Tom uprais'd a thankful eye—
Grateful then, his foot embracing,
Sunk, with Kate on his last sigh !

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
 Could without a tear depart?
 He must own a savage nature—
 Pity never warm'd his heart!
 Now in his white hammock shrouded,
 By the kind and pensive Crew,
 As he dropp'd into the Ocean,
 All burst out—"Poor Tom, adieu!"

POVERTY.

No gunpowder my modest garrets hold,
 Dark-lanterns, blunderbusses, masks, and matches;
 Few words my simple furniture unfold;
 A bed, a stool, a rusty coat in patches.
 Carpets, nor chandeliers so bright, are mine;
 Nor mirrors, ogling Vanity to please;
 Spaniels, nor lap-dogs, with their furs so fine:
 Alas! my little livestock are—my fleas!

POWER, (1.)

Dear as the voice of flatt'ry to the Proud;
 Dear as to hackney-coachmen signs of rain,
 Who count their shillings in a coming cloud,
 And, pious, pray for Noah's flood again;
 So dear to Monarchs is that idol Pow'r!
 So dear is prompt obedience to a King!
 Far, of resistance be the trying hour!
 God bless us! what a melancholy thing!

POWER OF GENIUS, (2.)

Thus when a Night of shade involves the pole,
 And clouds on clouds in murky masses roll;
 Sol through the darkness bids his radiance flow,
 And robes with golden light the world below.

POWER, (3.)

Pow'r in the hands of Virtue is heav'n's dew,
 That fost'ring feeds the flow'r of happiest hue:
 In Vice's grasp, it withers, wounds, and kills;

'Tis *then* the fang so fatal, form'd to make
A passage for the venom of the *snake*,
That Nature's *life* with *dissolution* fills.

POWER OF TIME, (4.)

Come hither—pry'thee haste, old Time,
And see what joys amongst us reign;
The bottle, Music, girls, and rhyme,
And Friendship's soul, delight the scene.

Then hither pr'thee Time, repair,
And taste the pleasures God should *share*.

The Tuscan juice profusely flows;
We sing of Love and Delia's charms;
When morning warns us to repose,
We clasp a fav'rite in our arms.

Then hither pr'ythee, Time, repair,
And taste the pleasures God should *share*.

Ah, could our joys *for ever* last!
But, Time, thy minutes fly too fast:
Yet wouldst thou pass *one* evening here,
Thou'dst make each *hour* a *thousand* year.

Then hither pr'ythee, Time, repair,
And taste the pleasures God should *share*.

POWER, OR THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE HORSE.

In sev'nteen hundred sev'nty-eight,
The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,
Whose ancestors sent forth their troops to smite
The peaceful natives of the western main,
With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,
To play the devil, to oblige the Lord!

I say, this King, in sev'nty-eight survey'd,
In tapestry so rich pourtray'd,

A horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle:
Within the stirrup, lo! the Monarch try'd
To fix his foot, the palfry to bestride;

In vain!—he could not o'er the palfry straddle!

Stiff as a Turk the beast of yarn remain'd,
And ev'ry effort of the King disdain'd,
Who 'midst his labours to the ground was tumbled,
And greatly mortified as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the struggle of the day :
The horse attempted not to run away ; [grin,
At which the poor chaf'd Monarch now 'gan
And swore by ev'ry saint and holy martyr,
He would not yield the traitor quarter,
Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's knight,
Hight Quixote, at a puppet show,
Did with more valour stoutly fight,
And terrify each little squeaking foe,
When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray ;
And broke their pasteboard bones, and stabb'd their
hearts of hay.

And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd ;
And now he kick'd and sore the palfry bruise'd ;
Yet, lo ! the horse seem'd patient at each kick,
And bore with Christian spirit whip and stick ;
And what excessively provok'd this Prince,
The horse so stubborn scorn'd ev'n once to wince.

Now rush'd the Monarch or a bow and arrow,
To shoot the rebel like a sparrow ;
And, lo ! with shafts well steel'd with all his force,
Just like a pincushion, he stuck the horse !

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boar,
With nails and teeth the wounded horse he tore ;
Now to the floor he brought the subborn beast ;

Now o'er the vanquish'd horse that dar'd rebel,
Most Indian-like, the Monarch gave a yell,

Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feast ;
Blest as Achilles, when with fatal wound
He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire !

Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
How dang'rous to resist the will of Kings.

PRAISE.

Sweet is the voice of Praise!—from eve to morn,
From blushing morn to darkling eve again,
My Muse the brows of Merit could adorn,
And, lark-like, swell the panegyric strain.

Praise, like the balm which evening's dewy star
Sheds on the dropping herb and fainting flow'r,
Lifts modest, pining Merit from despair,
And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

PRAISE AND CENSURE.

Sweet is the voice of Praise!—Oh, soft as silk!
I wish the world's rude veins could run with milk!
Praise is rich sunshine-weather—all enjoy it—
To catch it, ev'ry one is so alive—
Blest as the bees, that humming from their hive,
So advantageously employ it.

But Censure is a cloud so cold, that scowls
And spits—now souses us o'er head and ears,
Spoils our best clothes; and just like poor soak'd
Drooping, so foolish ev'ry man appears. [fowls,

Praise is a pretty woman's soft white hand,
That smoothing, tickles to our skin;
Censure, a currycomb we can't withstand,
Brings blood, and puts us quite upon the grin!

PRAISE AND FLATTERY.

Fair Praise is sterling gold—all should desire it—
Flatt'ry, base coin—a cheat upon the nation;
And yet, our vanity doth much admire it,
And really gives it all its circulation.

Flatt'ry's a sly insinuating screw;
The World—a bottle of Tokay so fine—

The engine always can its cork subdue,
 And make an easy conquest of the wine.
 Praise is a modest, unassuming maid,
 As simply as a Quaker beauty drest :
 No ostentation her's—no vain parade ;
 Sweet nymph ! and of few words possess ;
 Yet, heard with rev'rence when she silence breaks,
 And dignifies the man of whom she speaks.
 Flatt'ry's a pert French Milliner—a jade
 Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—
 Makes saucy love to ev'ry man she meets,
 And offers ev'n her favours in the streets.

PRETENSION.

A shabby fellow chanc'd, one day, to meet
 The British Roscius in the street,
 Garrick, on whom our nation justly brags ;
 The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace :
 " Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,"
 Quote Garrick—" No !" replied the man of rags.
 " The boards of Drury you and I have trod
 " Full many a time together, I am sure,"—
 " When ?" with an oath, cry'd Garrick—" for by
 " I never saw that face of your's before ! [G—
 " What characters, I pray,
 " Did *you* and *I* together play ?
 " Lord !" quoth the fellow, " think not that I
 mock :
 " When *you* play'd Hamlet, Sir, *I* play'd the
 Cock."*

PRIDE RIDICULED, OR THE OLD MAID.

A winking, hobbling, crabbed, proud Old Maid,
 Whose charms had felt a heavy cannonade
 From Time's strong batt'ry,—to whose lofty nose
 A rotten reputation was a rose,

* In the Ghost Scene.

Liv'd in a country town—there spit her spite,
And dwelt on Scandal's stories with delight.

Proud of her name (though poor) indeed was she;
In genealogies, and epicure;
Knew, to a hair, each person's pedigree,
From that of splendour to the most obscure.

Boasting a certain portion of that blood,
Not to be wash'd away by Noah's flood.

This Lady on a certain darksome night,
From cards returning by a lantern's light;
The lantern by her servant Betty held,
Who walk'd before this Dame, to shew the way;
When thus it happen'd *sadly* let me say,
Such is th' unhappiness of blinking *Eld*—

As her two eyes so dim could only *stare*,
And therefore wanted cleaning and repair;
Against *some* head, *her* poking head she *popp'd*—
Dash'd with confusion, suddenly she *stopp'd*,
Drew back, and bent for *once* her rusty knee—
“I beg your pardon, Sir,” said she.

Then follow'd Mistress Betty.—“Bless us, Bet,
“Tell me, who was the Gentleman I met;
“Whose face I bounce'd so hard against with
Bet could not for her soul the laugh resist—[mine?”
“A *Gentleman*!—a *Jack-ass*, Ma'am, you kiss'd;
“I hope you found Jack's kisses very fine.”

“An *Ass*!” with anger swelling, screech'd the
Dame—

“An *Ass*!—Lord! Betty, I shall die with *shame*!
“Give me a knife—I'll spoil the rascal's note;
“Give me a knife—I'll run and cut his throat.
“Betty, don't say a word on't—that, alas!
“I curtsied, and ask'd pardon of an *Ass*!”

PROLIFIC WIFE, A TALE.

A Man of some small fortune had a wife,
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;
 And pretty well they bore the yoke together:
 With little jarring liv'd the pair one year;
 Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear;
 At times 'twas dark, and dull, and hazy weather.
 Now came the time when mistress in the straw
 Did, for the world's support, her screams prepare;
 And Slop appear'd with fair obstetric paw,
 To introduce his pupil to our air;
 Whilst in a neighb'ring room the husband sat,
 Musing on this thing now, and now on that;
 Now sighing at the sorrows of his wife;
 Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain;
 But recollecting that such pray'rs were vain,
 He made no more an offer of his life.
 Alone, as thus he mus'd in solemn study,
 Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,
 In Betty rush'd with comfortable news:
 "Sir, Sir, I wish ye joy, I wish ye joy;
 "Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy,
 "As fine as ever stood in shoes."
 "I'm glad on't, Betty," cry'd the master:
 "I pray there may be no disaster;
 "All's with your mistress, *well*, I hope?"
 Quoth she, "All's well as heart can well desire
 "With Madam and the fine young 'Squire;
 "So likewise says old Doctor Slop."
 Soon happy Betty came again,
 Blowing with all her might and main;
 Just like a grampus, or a whale;
 In sounds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover:
 "Sir, Sir, more happy tidings; 'tis not over—
 "And Madam's brisker than a nightingale:

" A fine young lady to the world is come,
 " Squalling away just as I left the room :
 " Sir, this is better than a good estate." [his pate,
 " Humph," quoth the happy man, and scratch'd

Now gravely looking up—now looking down ;
 Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown—
 " Good God !" says he, " why was not I a cock,
 " Who never feels of burd'ning brats the shock ;
 " Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madams pick-
 " Whilst to the *hen* belongs the care [ing,
 " To carry them to eat, or take the air,
 " Or bed beneath her wing the chicken ?"

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
 He found affairs not greatly mended ;
 For in bounc'd Bet, her rump with rapture jigg-
 " Another daughter, Sir—a charming child." [ing :
 " Another !" cry'd the man, with wonder wild ;
 " Zounds ! Betty, ask your Mistress if she's pig-
 ging."

PRUDENCE.

Prudence ! for man the very best of wives,
 Whom Bards have seldom met with in their lives ;
 Prudence ! a sweet, obliging, courtying lass,
 Fit through this hypocritic world to pass !
 Who kept at first a little peddling shop,
 Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,
 Wash'd her own smocks, caught her own fleas,
 And rose to fame and fortune by degrees ;
 Who, when she enter'd other people's houses,
 Till spoke to was as silent as a mouse is ;
 And of opinions, though possess'd a store,
 She left them, with her pattens, at the door.

PRUDENCE AND PASSION.

Sweet child of summer, who from flow'r to flow'r,
 To sip each odour, sport'st on silken wing ;

I greet thy presence 'mid the golden hour,
Whilst with the birds the vales of Serdi ring.
I see thee perching on each rose's bloom;
From fragrance thus to fragrance wont to glide;
Now from the tender violet waft perfume;
Now fix'd upon the lily's snowy pride.
Though blest art thou—my bliss is greater still;
I kiss the bosom of the brightest Fair!
The charms of Adel all my senses fill;
And whilst those charms I press, her love I share.

PRUDERY, (1.)

Prudery, I hate the hag, whose breath would blight
The opening buds of gentle May and June;
Blest to spread darkness, like the cloud of night,
That hangs a dirty malkin, on the moon!
Oh, be the wounded *Prude* who dares *reprove*,
And furious charge the feeble Maid or Dame,
A Nymph, who, cautious of the Torch of Love,
Has never *singed her honour* at its flame.

PRUDERY, (2.)

To her grave will I follow the Fair,
Nor blush her pale corse to sustain;
Whose graces, alas! were her snare,
Which Prudery beheld with disdain.
So fair and unguarded a form
Drew the lightnings of danger around;
A victim she fell to the storm,
And blush'd a sweet wreck on the ground!
I have seen thee when lovers around,
In hope of thy favour, would stand;
And in sorrow depart, when they found
Not a smile, nor a kiss from thy hand.
And saw, when no more it inspir'd,
No longer our hearts to beguile,

From thy bosom, when Rapture retir'd,
 And the loves had withdrawn from thy smile.
 And, when conquest, alas! was no more,
 I heard thee in poverty moan,
 Asking alms, but in vain, at the door
 Of the mansion that once was thy own.
 Unwept shall poor Jessica lie,
 And neglected be scorn'd on the bier?
 Tho' hard Virtue refuse her a sigh,
 Yet Pity shall give her a tear.

RE-APPEARANCE OF THE SUN.

Thus oft it happens that the sky
 Throws horrid glooms upon the eye;
 Breeds clouds like malkins—old, black rags indeed!
 The lands below look dismal drear!
 When suddenly, see Sol appear!
 He pushes boldly through the Dark, his head!
 At once the shadows to his glories yield,
 And cheerful radiance flies from field to field.

REGRET.

Say, lonely maid, with down-cast eye,
 Oh Delia! say, with cheeks so pale,
 What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
 That tells the world a mournful tale?
 O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
 With virtue tir'd, thy beauty slight;
 And leave those thrones of love and truth,
 That lip, and bosom of delight?
 Perhaps to nymphs of other shades,
 He feigns the soft, impassion'd tear;
 With sighs their easy faith invades,
 That treach'rous won thy witless ear.
 Let not *those* maids thy envy move,
 For whom his heart may seem to pine;
 That heart will ne'er be blest by love,
 Whose guilt could force a pang from thine.

REITERATION, OR CÆSAR AND THE FOG.

Cæsar, upon a summer's golden day,
 Got early from his bed to smell his hay,
 And see if all his fowls were safe and sound ;
 And likewise see what traps had legs and feet
 Belonging unto men who wish'd to treat
 Their chaps with chicken on forbidden ground.

Enter a General (Carpenter) low bowing,
 Scraping, and, mandarin-like, nodding, ploughing,
 With nose of rev'rence sweet, the humble grass.

" Hæ, General, hæ? what news, what news in
 " town?"

" None, Sire."—" None, Gen'ral?—Gen'ral, hæ,
 " none, none?"

" Nothing, indeed, O King, is come to pass."

" Strange! strange!—what, what—see nothing on
 " the way?"

" Hæ, hæ?" cry'd Cæsar, all for news agog.

" Nothing, my Liege—no nothing, I may say,
 " Excepting upon Hounslow, Sir, a *fog*."

" Fog upon Hounslow, Gen'ral? *large fog*, hæ,
 " Or *small fog*, Gen'ral?"—" Large, an't please
 " you, Sire." [fog, pray?

" Strange, vastly strange!—what, *large fog*, *large*
 " Yes, yes, yes—*large fog*, that I much admire."

Cæsar and Carpenter now talk'd of wars,
 Of cannon, bullets, swords, and wounds, and scars :

When, in the middle of the fight, the King
 Sudden exclaim'd—" Fog upon Hounslow, hæ?"

" Large fog too, Gen'ral?—well, go on, on, pray—
 " Strange! very strange!—extr'ordinary thing!"

Now dwelt the Gen'ral on the battle's rage, [gage,
 Where muskets, muskets—guns, great guns, en-
 Redd'ning with blood the field, and stream, and
 bog;

When, rushing from the murd'rous scene of glory,
The Monarch sudden marr'd the Gen'ral's story—

“Fog upon Hounslow, Gen'ral—large, large fog!”

“Yes, Sir,” said Carpenter unto the King—

“Strange, very strange! extr'ordinary thing!”

At length the Gen'ral *finish'd*—lucky elf;—

With much politeness, and much sweat and pain.

“Thank God!” the Gen'ral whisper'd to himself—

“Curse me, if ever I find *fogs* again!”

REVENGE.

Revenge's company for ever shun :

Too much of danger frequently appears :

A kind of weak and overloaded gun,

Bursting with horrid crash about our ears.

Ridiculous the triumph will be found,

When, for a penny's worth we lose a pound.

We should not rage for trifling matters,

And blust'ring kick the world about ;

It shews the folly of our natures,

For a pin's head to make a rout.

Lord! grant a little *fungus* on the *vine*

And *olive*, yielding oil and juice and gladness ;

Who'd root up the whole tree for't? nought but

'Twere idiotism, stupidity, and madness. [swine,

REVENGE, OR THE PIG AND MAGPIE, A FABLE.

Cocking his tail, a saucy prig,

A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,

To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest ;

And with such ease began the hair-attack,

As thinking the fee-simple of the back

Was by *himself*, and not the *Pig*, possest.

The Boar look'd up, as thunder black, to Mag,

Who, squinting down on him, like an arch wag,

Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn ;

Then busy went to work, not nicely culling;
 Got a good handsome beakfull by good pulling,
 And flew, without a "Thank ye," to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling;
 Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
 Who, like a fool, had built it 'midst a bramble:
 In, manfully, he sallied, full of might,
 Determin'd to obtain his right,
 And 'midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,
 And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags:
 But ere he from the brambles came, alack!
 His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
 His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
 He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

REJECTION.

Sore troubled by the tooth-ach, Lubin ran
 To get the murd'rer of his quiet *drawn*;
 An Artist in an instant whips it out—
 "Well, Master Snag—hæ? what *has* to pay?"—
 "A shilling"—"Younds; a shilling do ye zay?"
 With a long staring face, replies the Lout.
 "Lord! why Ize did not *veel* it—'twas *nort* in it;
 "You *knows* ye wern't about it half a minute:
 "To gee *zo much* Ize cursedly unwilling—
 "Lord! vor a tooth, but yesterday old Slop
 "Did drag me by the head about his shop
 "Three times, poor man, and *only ax'd a shilling*."

RELAPSE.

Thus when an earthquake bids Jamaica tremble;
 On Sunday all the folks to church assemble;
 To soothe Jehovah, so devoutly studying—
 Prostrate they vow to keep his holy laws:
 Returning home, they smite their hungry craws,
 And scarce indulge them with a slice of pudding.

Deeming, in earthquake-time, a dainty board,
A sad abomination to the Lord !

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover ;
The tempest of their fears blown over.

Fled ev'ry terror of the burning lake,
They think they have no business now with church ;
So, calmly leave th' Almighty in the lurch ;
And sin it—till it gives a *second* shake.

RIGOUR, PARENTAL.

A cat is with her kittens much delighted ;
She licks so lovingly their mouths and chins :
At ev'ry danger, lord ! how puss is frightened !

She curls her back, and swells her tail, and grins,
Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs
Who smell too curious to her children's furs.

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs :
Plays with their twinkling tails, and licks their furs :
But when they beg her blessing and embraces,
Spits, like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,
She watches the dear babes with squinting eye ;
And if she spies them with a bit of meat,
Springs on their property, and steals their treat.

ROBIN-REDBREASTS, ODE TO SOME IN A CATHEDRAL.

Sweet Minstrels of the sounding choir,
Your ditties soothe, delight, inspire ;
That wake the echoes from their deep repose ;
Soft echoes dying through the Dome,
(As though from Spirits of the tomb)
Soon as your voices sink in plaintive close !

Again, O ! lull me with your lay,
And let it never die away.
How welcome rise your hymns to Heav'n,
In gratitude so simply giv'n !

Sweet Race, to you I turn again !

Now all the ear-distracting Train

Has left the dome, the cherub Peace restor'd.—

How different *your* delighting throats!

How different all *your* liquid notes!

How different too *your* merits with the Lord !

Yes! all is hush'd the vault along;

Resume, resume the choral song,

And make atonement for the horrid cry.

Lo! in her shroud, near yonder tomb,

A gentle Spectre breaks the gloom!

She listens! lo! she listens with a sigh!

Ah! bid your airs divinely flow,

And, soothing steal a tear from woe.

The deep'ning shades of Night prevail,

They wrap the hollow-sounding aisle,

And steal each column from the eye:

What solemn solitude around!

Here Nature's true Sublime is found,

Hence Thought should travel to the sky!

Mild tenants of the Fane, farewell!

At early dawn I quit my cell,

And haste, a Pilgrim, to these shrines again:

Simplicity will join my way,

And listen to your mingled lay,

And, list'ning, learn a lesson from *your strain*.

ROMISH PRIEST, A TALE.—

A Parson in the neighbourhood of Rome,

Some years ago—how many, I don't say—

Handled so well his heav'nly broom,

He brush'd, like cobwebs, sins away.

With shoulders, arms, and hands, this Priest de-

So well his evolutions did perform; [vout,

His pray'rs, those holy small-shot, flew about

So thick!—it seem'd like taking Heav'n by *storm*!

Well then ! this Parson was so much admir'd,
 So sought, so courted, so desir'd,
 Thousands with putrid souls, like putrid meat,
 Came for his holy pickle, to be sweet.

Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
 He always kept his flock *awake*—
 In *summer* too—hear, parsons, this strange news,
 Ye who so often preach to nodding pews !

A neighb'ring town, into whose people's souls,
 Sin, like a rat, had eat large holes,
 Begg'd him to be their tinker—their hole-stopper—
 For, gentle reader, sin of such a sort is,
 It souls corrodeth just as *aqua fortis*
 Corrodeth iron, brass, or copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,
 If he'd agree to change his quarters ;
 Protesting when his soul should leave its clay, [tyrs.
 To rank his bones with those of Saints and Mar-

This was a handsome bribe, all Papists know !
 But stop—his parish would not let him go :
 Then surly did the *other* parish look,
 And swore to have the man by *hook* or *crook*.

Now in the fire was all the fat :
 Just as two bulldogs pull a cat,
 Both parishes with furious zeal contended—
 So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
 So much from place to place his limbs were lugg'd,
 That very fatally the battle ended !
 In short, by hugging, lugging, and kind squeezes,
 The man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces !

SAPPHO, SONG TO.

At length, O fairest Nymph, farewell !
 Let sighs alone my passion tell ;
 With tears I quit thy arms :

Adieu each eve of pure delight;
Adieu each morn with rapture bright;
Adieu thy *brighter* charms!

Where'er by Fate condemn'd to stray,
Where Phœbus pours the golden day,
Or sleeps beneath the wave,
Thine image will my path pursue,
And ever present on my view,
Detain me still a slave.

In vain I roam—I strive in vain
To break, O beauteous Maid, thy chain!
Yet why my fetters part?
Ev'n now thy sighs, my sighs approve;
Ev'n now thy love, returns my love,
And yields me heart for heart!

SATIRISTS.

Upon me what a host I've got!
Who by their black abuses boil their pot.
Ay, that's the reason—wide-mouth'd Hunger calls;
And from the hollows of each stomach bawls!

Thus the poor silk-worms, born to bless mankind,
Whilst for the shiv'ring world the robe they spin,
In ev'ry ring a thousand insects find,
Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the lambs, whose useful fleeces treat
With coats and blankets people of all stations,
By preying maggots are beset,
Harb'ring whole stinking nations;
Which, from their backs, the crows so kindly pick,
Enough to make a Christian sick.

Oh, would some critic crow but eat the pack
Now nestling in my lyric back,
That daily in their hosts increase,
And try to spoil the finest fleece!

SECURITY.

Thus, when a breach is made in some fair town,
 The Volunteers, agog to gain renown,
 Beg hard to enter first, to fall with glory,
 And give Posterity a *beauteous story*;
 While *wiser some*, averse to *making mould*,
 Would rather *tell* the tale, than have it *told*.

SEDUCTION.

Lo, poor deserted Julia! once how fair;
 With cheek so wan and pale, and scatter'd hair;
 Her gentle heart by Love's mad tempest torn!
 She runs, she stops, and wildly stares around!
 Now nails the eye of thought into the ground!
 Now, drown'd in tears, she lifts its beam forlorn;
 Pale as the moon, amidst the midnight storm!
 When rains and driving clouds her face deform!
 She grasps the earth—the sod her fingers tear—
 Now wearied, disappointed, to the skies
 She lifts her lids of woe and plaintive sighs,
 (Soul-piercing sound!) “Alas, he is not here!”
 Rich pearls of sorrow from their fountains stray,
 And drop (too precious for the ground!) away.
 “How could he, cruel, give my heart a blow?”
 She moans—now sits upon the bank and sings;
 Oft breaks her dirge with lengthen'd sighs of woe,
 And, pausing, mutters incoherent things.
 Now plucking lilies from the sod, she cries,
 “Sweet flow'rs, I once was innocent like *you*;
 “The tear, alas! a stranger to these eyes—[knew.”
 “Nor blush my cheek, nor wound my bosom
 Now with a smile, and now with melting wail,
 She whisp'ring tells of Colin's Love the tale.
 Again her mind is on the wing! she starts!
 Hope to her eyes her eagle beam imparts!

Sudden she springs from earth—"He's there, he's
"I see him pass the flood—dear Colin, dear! [there;
"Thy Julia calls thee—'tis thy Julia, stay—
"Thy Julia calls thee—wherefore haste away?
"Thy Julia loves thee—do not, cruel, fly?
"Stay, or thy Julia's heart with grief will *die*—
"If danger urge, that danger let *me* share;
"Thou must not live unwatch'd by Julia's care."

Sweet wretch! in vain her feet the phantom chase!

Wildly she plunges 'mid the torrent's roar—
She shrieks! her arms her fancied Love embrace,
She grasps the gulph—ah! soon to grasp no more.

Lost Maid! in vain the shepherds try to *save*!
Breath'd is her spirit in the whelming wave!
No longer doom'd Life's bitter cup to taste,
Behold her hours of woe for ever past!

Deaf to the song of Flatt'ry, now, her ear!
Deaf to a *Demon's* whispers once so dear!

Cold too the bosom of the once warm maid!
The heart that swell'd with Love's delicious sighs,
Still, in its silent cell of darkness lies,

And dim her eyes in Death's eternal shade.
Those orbs that sparkling bade a world adore,
Ah, doom'd to sparkle, and to *stream* no more!

Lo! on the bank her pale limbs stretch'd along,
Amidst the sorrows of a rural throng!

A sight to strike the voice of Rapture mute,
And wake the *tenderest* string of Pity's lute!

Thee, thee, her murd'rer, Vengeancesoon shall find,
Sure blood-hound, trace thee in the weeping wind;
Pursue thee where the Desert grins with death:

For not to *man* again shalt thou return—

A shrinking world thy Cain-like form shall spurn,
And kneeling curse thee with its keenest breath.

Smote and unburied, shall thy carcase lie:

Afar, affrighted shall the vultures fly;

Of fiends like thee, a *breathless* fiend, afraid;

And, lo! the frowning Genius of the gloom
 Shall shun the Solitude that hails thy doom,
 And bid each savage seek a *distant* shade.

SELFISHNESS.

Thus saw I once a Cuckoo in a cage,
 And Thrush, a very *Purser* of the age!
 Boil'd beef, and cabbage, had the Pair for dinner;
 When, lo, the Thrush (a knowing *Purser-sinner*,)
 Soon as he met a bit of beef, the elf
Sans ceremonie gobbled it *himself*:
 But when a *stump of cabbage*!—chang'd his note,
 He ramm'd it down the gaping *Cuckoo's* throat.

SERVILITY, (1.)

Thus when a little fearful puppy meets
 A noble Newfoundland dog in the streets,
 He creeps, and whines, and licks the lofty brute;
 Curls round him, falls upon his back, and then
 Springs up and gambols—frisks it back agen,
 And crawls in dread submission to his foot;
 Looks up, and hugs his neck, and seems t'intreat
 With ev'ry mark of terror, not to eat him. [him,
 The Newfoundland dog, conscious of his might,
 Cocks high his tail and ears, his state to show;
 Then lifts his leg (a little unpolite)
 And almost drowns the supplicant below.

SERVILITY, (2.)

How pleasant 'tis the Courtier clan to see!
 So prompt to drop to richer men the knee;
 To start, to run, to leap, to fly;
 And gambol in their better's eye!
 And, if expectant of some high employ,
 How kicks the heart against the ribs, for joy!
 How rich the incense to the titled nose!
 How liquidly the oil of *Flatt'ry* flows!
 But should the Nabob turn from sweet to sour,
 Which cometh oft to pass in half an hour,

How alter'd instantly the Courtier clan !
How faint ! how pale ! how woe-begone, and wan !

SHAME.

Shame putt'st me of the Morning much in mind,
Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind ;
So slow her motions ! all so very slow !
And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glow :

But safe deliver'd of her boy, the Sun,
The lusty lad, so proud his race to run,
Mounts high, exulting in his birth ;
Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,
Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

SHEPHERD'S (THE) OLD DOG.

The old Shepherd's Dog, like his master, was grey ;
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue ;
Yet where'er *Corin* went, he was follow'd by *Tray* ;
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
If *Corin* went forth 'midst the tempests and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw *Tray* made his last bed ;
For vain, against death, is the stoutest endeavour ;
To lick *Corin*'s hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah ! clos'd
them for ever.

Not long after *Tray* did the Shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would
bend ;
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor
swain,

“ O bury me, neighbours, beside my old Friend ! ”

SHEPHERD'S PIPE, A PASTORAL.

Lo! the Pipe of poor Colin, mute, mute, how it lies!
 No more to be swell'd by his hopes, or his sighs!
 "Go, leave me!" said he, "since unpriz'd by the
 Then he wistfully flung it away in despair. [Fair,"

Who, like Colin, could give it of rapture the sound,
 Which the echoes with raptures repeated around?
 Or give it, like Colin, a soul to complain?
 And who like the Shepherd e'er gave it in vain?

'Twas here, at the peep of the morn, that he stray'd
 To soothe with its music the ear of the maid!
 'Twas here that he wak'd its sweet voice, to delight
 (Not Philomel's sweeter!) her slumber at night.

But vain were his vows, and the voice of his reed;
 The heart of poor Colin was fated to bleed! [laid,
 See his grave! near yon tree his pale relicks are
 'Mid the bow'r that he planted, of silence and shade.

Ah! blame not the Nymph who was deaf to his tale,
 Since her heart was betroth'd to a Youth of the Vale,
 Come, Virgins, we'll gather the flow'rs of the grove,
 And strew on the victim of Sorrow and Love.

Thus as the Flocks amid the valley feed,
 Behold! the Bellweather, the Rover,
 Like mortals, fickle, takes it in his head
 To taste a neighbouring field of clover!
 He dares th' opposing hedge, he beats it *Hollow*—
 Mounts, leaps, and all the tribes of fleeces follow!

SIGHS.

O cruel Maid, adieu! adieu!
 Thy loss I ever shall deplore;
 A thousand griefs my path pursue,
 And joy shall gild thy path no more.

Lost to the world—of hope bereft—
I view my fate with streaming eyes—
By Love forgot, by Friendship left,
By all deserted but my sighs.

SILENCE, (1.)

Now Silence in the country stalk'd the dews,
As if she wore a flannel pair of shoes,
Lone list'ning, as the Poets well remark,
To falling mill-streams, and the mastiff's bark;
To loves of wide-mouth'd cats, most mournful tales;
To hoot of owls amid the dusky vales,
To hum of beetles, and the bull-frog's snore,
The spectre's shriek, and ocean's drowzy roar.

SILENCE, (2.)

O Silence! to our earth by Wisdom giv'n,
Yet from the *fashionable* circles driv'n;
To breathing Zephyrs, and the limpid stream,
Whose murmurs sweetly sooth the shepherd's dream,
For thee I often sigh, but sigh in vain,
When Folly stuns me with her noisy train.

SILENCE, TO AN OWL.

" Thou solemn Bird on yonder ivy'd tow'r,
" Wilt thou exchange thy nature, Owl, with me?
" Happy to take possession of thy bow'r,
" I here protest I would exchange with *thee*.

" When to his western bed the Sun retires,
" Obeys the curfew, and puts out his fires;
" And Evening, blushful harbinger of Night,
" Gems with the dews of health the drooping flow'r;
" With cooling zephyr fans the sober hour,
" And wakes the * songstress to the fading light;
" Forth, 'mid the deep'ning gloom I pass,
" And tread the moist reviving grass,

* The nightingale.

- " To meet the tribes by Nature made
 " To crawl and wing the world of shade !
 " Ye harmless nations, with averted eyes,
 " The sons of men your silent world despise,
 " Because their eyes no punch-houses behold ;
 " Because no mobs, nor fires, nor thieves appear ;
 " Because no riots with their yells they hear ;
 " No brothels, scenes of sallow fate unfold.

SLEEP.

Now Morpheus (in compassion to mankind,
 Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind) :
 Amus'd with dreams man's ambulating soul,
 To recompense him for the time he stole ;
 Bade the beau dance, his Delia melt away,
 Who bok'd his ears so cruel through the day ;
 Of ancient damsels eas'd the lovesick pains,
 Brought back lost charms, and fill'd their laps with
 Gave placid cuckoldom a constant dame ; [swains ;
 To brainless authors, bread and cheese and fame ;
 Made driv'ling rulers schemes of wisdom plan,
 And Nature's rankest coward kill his man.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

When Night spreads her shadows around,
 I will watch with delight on thy rest ;
 I will soften thy bed on the ground,
 And thy cheek shall recline on my breast.

Love heeds not the storm, and the rain ;
 On *me*, let their fury descend ;
 This bosom shall scorn to complain,
 While it shelters the life of a friend.

What tempts thee to wander away ?
 To *another*, ah ! dost thou depart ?
 Believe me, in time thou wilt say,
 None e'er lov'd thee like Phillida's heart.

Though resolv'd from a Mourner to fly;
To mem'ry thou still shalt be dear:
The winds shall oft waft thee a sigh,
And the ocean convey thee a tear.

SOLDIER AND VIRGIN MARY, A TALE.

A Soldier at Loretto's wond'rous chapel,
To parry from his soul the wrath divine,
That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,
Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine;
Who ev'ry day is gorgeously deck'd out,
In silks, or velvets, jewels, great and small,
Just like a fine young lady for a rout,
A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.
At first the Soldier at a distance kept,
Begging her vote and interest in heav'n:
With seeming bitterness the sinner wept,
Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n;
Dinu'd her two years with Ave-Mary flummery;
Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,
Ev'n with her garter, stocking, or her shoe,
And such like wonder-working mummery.
What answer Mary gave the wheedling sinner,
Who nearly, and more nearly mov'd to win her,
The musty mouth of Hist'ry doth not mention;
And therefore I can't tell but by invention.
One day as he was making love and praying,
And pious Aves, thick as herrings, saying,
And damned sins so manifold confessing,
He drew, as if to whisper, very near,
And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her ear,
Instead of taking the good lady's blessing.
Then off he set with nimble shanks,
Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks:
A hue and cry the thief pursu'd,
Who, to his cost, soon understood
That he was not arriv'd beyond the paw
Of that same long-legg'd tiger, christen'd Law.

With horror did his Judges quake :

As for the tender-conscienc'd Jury,
They doom'd him quickly to the stake,
Such was their dev'lish pious fury.

However, after calling him hard names,
They ask'd if ought he had in vindication,
To save his wretched body from the flames,
And sinful soul from terrible damnation ?

The Soldier answer'd them with much *sang-froid*,
Which seem'd to show, of sin, a conscience void,
That if they meant to kill him, they might kill :
As for the di'mond which they found about him,
He hop'd their Worships would by no means doubt
him,

That Madam *gave* it him from pure good will.

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale :
The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
And his infallibility be heard.

The Pope to all his Counsellors made known
This strange affair—to Cardinals and Friars,
Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.
The question now was banded to and fro,
If Mary had the pow'r to *give* or *no* ?

That Mary *could not* give it, was to say,
The wonder-working Lady wanted pow'r—
This was a stumbling block that stopp'd the way—
This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars low'r.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo !
And keep secure the di'monds that were left ;
They said, she *might*, indeed, the gem bestow,
And consequently it might be no theft :

But then they pass'd immediately an Act,
That ev'ry one discover'd in the fact
Of taking presents from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the Saints of any land,

Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter,
Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear

To need poetical assistance;

Which bids you not let men approach too near,

But keep the saucy fellows at a distance;

Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize

Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their *knees*!

SOLITUDE.

Thou art my Goddess, Solitude—to thee,

Parent of dove-ey'd Peace, I bend the knee!

O with what joy I roam thy calm retreat,

Whence soars the lark amid the radiant hour,

Where many a varied chaste and fragrant flow'r

Turns coyly from Rogue Zephyr's whisper sweet!

Blest Imp! who wantons o'er thy wide domain,

And kisses all the Beauties of the plain:

Where Health so wild and gay, with bosom bare,

And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,

Trips with a smile the breezy scenes along,

And pours the spirit of content in song!

Thus tastes are various, as I've said before—

These damn most cordially what *those* adore.

SOLOMON AND THE MOUSE-TRAP.

A mighty man, *hight* Solomon, one day,

In quest of novelty pursu'd his way;

Like great Columbus, that fam'd navigator,

Who found the world we've lost, across the water.

But rather on a somewhat narrower scale,

Lo! on dry land the Gentleman set sail:

That day it chanc'd to be his will,

To make discoveries at Salt-hill:

Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's house,

Whose hands were both employ'd so clever,

Doing their very best endeavour

To catch that vile free-booter, *Monsieur Mouse*;

Whose death she oft did most devoutly pray for,
Because he eat the meat he could not pay for :

Eager did Solomon so curious clap
His rare round optics on the widow's trap

That did the duty of a cat;
And always fond of useful information;
Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation, [that?"
"What's that!—What, what? hæ, hæ? what's
To whom repli'd the mistress of the house,
"A trap, an't please you, Sir, to catch a mouse."

"Mouse!—catch a mouse!" said Solomon with
glee—

"Let's see—let's see—'tis comical—let's see—

"Mouse!—mouse;"—then pleas'd his eyes began
to roll— [cry'd—

"Where, where doth he go in?" he marvelling

"There," pointing to the hole, the dame reply'd.

"What! here?" cry'd Solomon; "this hole? this
hole?"

Then in he push'd his finger 'midst the wire,
That with such pains that finger did inspire,

He wish'd it out again with all his soul:

However, by a little squall and shaking,

He freed his finger from its piteous taking—

That is to say, he got it from the hole.

"What makes the mouse, pray, go into the trap?"

"Something," he cry'd, "that must their palates
please."

"Yes," answer'd the fair woman, "Sir, a scrap

"Of rusty bacon, or of toasted cheese."

"Oh! oh! said Solomon, oh! oh! oh! oh!

"Yes, yes, I see the meaning of it now:

"The mouse goes in, a rogue, to steal the meat,

"Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat."

Then laugh'd he loudly, stretch'd his mouth a mile,

Which made the muscles of the widow smile.

“ Let’s see, let’s see,” cry’d Solomon—“ let’s see—
“ Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me, let me.”
Then took he up some bacon, and did clap
A little slice so clever in the trap:
Thus did he, by his own sole, sage advice,
Induce himself to bait a trap for mice!

Next day the Man of Wisdom came,
All glorious, to the house of this fair dame,
To know if Master Mouse had smelt to bacon;
When, lo! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
And load those staring optics with surprise,
A real mouse was absolutely taken!

Around the room the captive mouse he bore,
Insulting the poor pris’ner o’er and o’er;
Laughing, and peeping through the wire,
As if his eyes and mouth would never tire!

Six days the Man of Wisdom went
Triumphant to Salt-hill, with big intent
To catch the bacon-stealing-mouse;
Six mice successively proclaim’d his art,
With which, safe pocketed, he did depart,
And show’d to all his much astonish’d house.

But pleasures will not last for aye;
Witness the sequel of my lay;
The widow’s vanity, her sex’s flaw,
Much like the vanity of other people—
A vapour, like the blast that lifts a straw,
As high, or higher, than Saint Martin’s steeple—

For, lo! by this same vanity impell’d,
And to a middle-siz’d balloon,
With gas of consequence sublimely swell’d,
She bursted with th’ important secret soon.

Loud laugh’d the tickled people of Salt-hill;
Loud laugh’d the merry Windsor folks around:

This was to Solomon an ugly pill!

Her fatal error soon the widow found ;
For Solomon relinquish'd mouse-campaign,
Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again !

SORROWS OF THE POOR SOLDIER.

War is a wholesome blister for the back ;
Draining away the humours all so *gross* ;
Else would the Empire be of guts a sack—
A Falstaff—woolsack—an unwieldly Joss.

War yieldeth such rare spirits to a nation !
Giving the blood so brisk a circulation !
A kingdom, and a poet, and a cat,
Should never, never, never be *too fat*.

SORROW, (1.)

Farewell, O farewell to the day,
That smiling with happiness flew !
Ye verdure and blushes of May,
Ye songs of the linnet, adieu !
In tears from the vale I depart ;
In anguish I move from the Fair :
For what are those scenes to the heart
Which Fortune has doom'd to despair ?
With envy I wander forlorn,
At the breeze which her beauty has fann'd ;
And I envy the bird on the thorn,
Who sits watching the crumbs from her hand.
I envy the lark o'er her cot,
Who calls her from slumber, so blest ;
Nay, I envy the nightingale's note,
The Syren who sings her to rest.
On her hamlet *once more* let me dwell—
One look ! (the *last* comfort !) be mine—
O Pleasure, and Delia, farewell !
Now, Sorrow, I ever am *thine*.

SORROW, (2.)

Folks cannot be for ever sniv'ling—no!
With fountain noses that for ever flow—
The world would quickly be undone;
Widows, and lovelorn girls, poor souls, would die;
And for his rich old father, sob and sigh,
And hang himself, *perchance* a *hopeful* son;
And, for their cats that happ'd to slip their breath,
Old maids, so sweet, might mourn themselves to
Sorrow may therefore have her decent day, [death;
And smiling Pleasure come again in play.
No! folks can't brood for ever upon Grief:
Pleasure must steal into her place at last;
Thus then the heart from horror finds relief,
Snatch'd from the cloud by which it is o'ercast.

SPECTRE, THE, OR JENNY'S COMPLAINT.

The night was still and full of fear,
And all the world seem'd dead;
When pond'ring on poor Robin Gray,
I went with sighs to bed.
There, while my heart did heave with grief,
The moon, that wand'rer pale,
In at my window peep'd and shin'd
So faint against the wall.
I clos'd my eye in vain to sleep,
And sigh'd, "Ah! well-a-day!"
For then I dwelt on my dear love,
My buried Robin Gray.
As on my arm I lean'd my head,
All dreary and forlorn,
My hair did drink the briny tears
That down my cheek did mourn.
Sudden a cloud, like ink so black,
The moon's pale face o'ercast;

The window shook, and horror howl'd,
Amid the hollow blast.

But my poor bleeding heart forlorn
Did sink with no dismay,
Since often it had wish'd to *die*
For dear auld Robin Gray.

Now did a spectre form appear,
All aged, pale, and wan;
And, by his visage, I could spy
He was my last auld Man.

Now on my bed-side did he sit,
As harmless as a dove;
And though he had two hollow eyes,
They look'd with tend'rest love.

Forth from their sockets then did rush
Full many a drop of woe;
So from the cave or rugged rock
The pearly waters flow.

"Jesu!" I cry'd, and stretch'd my arms
To clasp him round the waist;
But nought of his poor spectre drear
My longing arms embrac'd.

"Oh! Jenny (then he said) in vain
"Thy arms would clasp me in;
"For Spirits, such as thou behold'st,
"Have neither bones nor skin."

Full on his visage did I gaze,
All hurried with surprise;
And, eager to devour each look,
My soul rush'd through my eyes.

Now did I strive to catch his hand,
That press'd so often mine;
But 'twas in vain—'twas nought but air,
Which made my heart to pine.

"And art thou happy, then," I cry'd,
"In this thy present state?"

He smil'd like Angels then, and said,
" God well hath chang'd my fate.

" Let Innocence, O Jane, be thine,
" And peace shall dwell with thee;
" And when just Heav'n shall call thee hence,
" With Robin thou shalt be."

With that he look'd a sweet farewell,
And rais'd each wetted eye;
Then glided off, and, as he went,
I heard the kindest sigh.

Auld Robin's kindnesses to me,
Whilst we in love did live,
Deserve more *streams* from these sad eyes,
Than they have *drops* to give.

The evening that he sought his grave
Did wear a dismal gloom:
And all who did the burying see,
With eyes so red went home.

The honest tribute of their tears,
I thought was sweetest fame;
And when I die, God grant my bier
Be sprinkled with the same!

The harmless children, too, in bands,
Did pour their little sighs,
And on the coffin near the grave
They strain'd their wat'ry eyes.

And when into the earth below
His corpse at length was giv'n,
They look'd towards each other's eyes,
And sigh'd, " He's gone to Heaven."

Then on his grave they sat them down,
And lisp'd his name with praise,
Till all the little wights did wish
To be auld Robin Gray's.

STUTTERING.

The broken language such a mouth affords
 Are heads and tails, and legs and wings of words,
 That give imagination's laughing eye
 A lively picture of a gible't pye.—

SULTAN AND HIS DOG.

A mighty Sultan of the East,
 On every dainty us'd to feast :
 (How different from the beggar and his bone!)
 Who drank, too, Burgundy, I ween :
 For every thing *in style* was seen,
 Becoming one who sat upon a *throne*.

It chanc'd that War, all powerful war,
 So apt the wisest schemes to mar,
 And change the master to the humble *slave*,
 Fix'd on the Sultan his steel claws,
 Clapp'd an embargo on his jaws,
 And *words, hard words*, instead of victuals, gave.

The King was *beat*—to prison sent, in short—
 Coarse was his fare, the coarsest sort :
 A jug of milk was sent to him for dinner :
 Enter a dog, who, while the King
 Was musing on some *lofty thing*,
 Stole sliely to the milk, the thievish sinner ;
 Forc'd in his head, and lapp'd *each drop*, no doubt,
 But could not get his head felonious out.

So off, with his jugg'd jowl, the rascal ran,
 The Monarch, sniiling, mark'd the theft,
 And of his dinner though bereft,
 With much good-humour thus began :

“ Fortune's a *fickle* Dame : but *yesterday*
 “ An hundred Camels scarce could bear
 “ My *quantities* of kitchen-ware,
 “ And now a *Cur* can carry it away !

SUN, ODE TO THE.

O thou, bright Ruler of the day,
 To whom unnumber'd millions pray,
 And, kneeling, deem thee all divine;
 Eternal foe of inky Night,
 Who putt'st all her imps to flight,
 Receive the Poet's grateful line.

I own I love thy early beam,
 That gilds the hill, and vale, and stream,
 And trees, and cots, and rural spires;
 And, happy, 'mid the vallies' song,
 I listen to the minstrel throng,
 And, thankful, hail thy genial fires.

Yet, lo! the Lords of this huge place (London)
 Care not three straws for thy bright face.

Nay, thy rich lamp with curses load,
 When thou gett'st up, they go to bed;
 And when the nightcap's on *thy* head,
 They stare, and flit like owls abroad.

The Footmen too, with winking eyes,
 Abuse thy journey up the skies;
Messieurs Postillions, *Mesdames* Cooks—

Content to lie a-bed all day,
 They hate, alas! thy rising ray,
 And curse thy all-observing looks.

Vex'd to their houses to be driv'n,
 The Great retire from routs, their heav'n,
 And break up in a horrid passion,
 And cry, "In *times of old*, indeed,
 "The *tasteless world* a sun might need,
 "But now the fool is out of fashion.

"About his business let him go,
 "And light on *other* systems throw,
 "Vulgars! that never wax-lights handle;
 "Nay, while a *mutton* light remains,
 "A *sun* with us no credit gains,
 "But yields to ev'ry *farthing candle*."

SUN, HYMN TO THE, (2.)

O sacred fount of life to All!
 Before thy glorious beam we fall,
 And strike with raptur'd hand the lyre;
 To thee we lift our wond'ring eyes;
 To thee the hymn of morn shall rise,
 And bless thy mounting orb of fire.

Hail to that Orb, from whose rich fountain flow
 Beams that illumè and glad the world below.
 Unseen by thee had Nature mourn'd;
 No smile her Æthiop cheek adorn'd;
 Pale Night had spread her spectr'd reign,
 And death-like Horror rul'd the scene.

All hail the beams that Night destroy,
 And wake an op'ning world to joy!
 Bright spreading o'er the vast of gloom,
 That chase the spectres to their tomb.

SUN AND PEACOCK.¹

A Peacock, mounted on a barn one day,
 Blest with a *quantum sufficit* of pride,
 All consequence amid the solar ray,
 Spread with a strut his circling plumage wide.

"Good morrow, (quoth the Coxcomb,) Master Sun;

"Your brassy face has greatly been admir'd—

"Now pray, Sol, answer me—I'm not in fun—

"What is there in it to be so desir'd?

"If I have any eyes to see,

"And, that I have, is clear to me,

"My tail possesses far more splendid grace,

"By far more beauty than your Worship's face."

The Sun look'd down with smiles upon the fowl,
 Supposing it at first an owl:

And thus with gravity reply'd, "Sir, know,

"That though unluckily my *Worship's face*

"Seems far beneath your *tail* in splendid grace,

"Still to *my face* that glitt'ring *tail* you owe."

" Poh ! (quoth the Peacock) Master Sun,
 " Your *Highness* loves a bit of *fun*."
 " I beg your pardon," answer'd Sol again—
 " And, if you please, I'll condescend to show
 " How much to *me* you ev'ry moment owe
 " The boasted beauties of your waving train."
 " Agreed, with all my soul !" the Bird reply'd,
 In all the full blown insolence of pride ;
 " To credit such a tale I'm not the noddy :
 " Prove that the glorious plumage I display
 " Owes all its happy colours to thy ray,
 " D-m'me I'll tear my feathers from my body."
 The challeng'd Sun in clouds withdrew
 His flaming beams from ev'ry view,
 And o'er the world a depth of darkness spread :
 The bats their churches left, to wing the air ;
 The cocks, and hens, and cows, began to stare,
 And sulky went all supperless to bed ;
 For not an almanack had op'd its lips
 About so very wondrous an eclipse.
 The Peacock too, amongst the rest
 Of marv'ling fowl and staring beast,
 Turn'd to his feathers with some doubt,
 Amaz'd to find his hundred eyes put out ;
 Indeed all nature appear'd as black
 As if old Sol had popp'd into a sack.
 Pleas'd with his triumph, from a cloud,
 The Sun, still hiding, call'd aloud,
 " Well ! can ye merit to *my face* allow ? [eyes ?
 " What's now your colour ? where your hundred
 " The mingled radiance of a thousand dies ? [now ?"
 " Speak, Master Peacock, what's your colour
 " What colour !" quoth the Bird, as much asham'd
 As courtiers high by loss of office tam'd—
 " To own the truth, much-injur'd Phœbus, know,
 " I'm not one atom better than a *crow*.

" I see my folly--pity my poor train ;
 " And let thy goodness bid it shine again."
 Tyrants of *eastern* realms, whose subjects' noses,
 Like a smith's vice, your iron pow'r incloses ;
 Who treat your people just like dogs or swine ;
 The meaning of my tale, can ye divine ?
 If *not*, go try to *find* it, I beseech ye,
 And do not let your angry subjects *teach* ye.

SAINTS.

Yet, 'tis not strange, that *Kings* should lose repute,
 Consid'ring man's so *nat'rally* a brute.

Ev'n Saints themselves have lost their reputation :
 Rome formerly had thirty thousand gods ;
 And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds, [tion.

They own scarce *one* through all the Romish na-
 Alas! who now believes in sticks and stones,
 Old rags, and hair, and nails, and marrow bones ?

Saint Agnes, that sweet lady, void of sin,
 Was stripp'd, poor gentlewoman, to her skin,

And, for religion, carried to the stews ;
 When, as the lady was so bare,

God gave her such a quantity of hair,
 As reached unto her very shoes. -

When to the bawdy-house arriv'd the Dame,
 An angel from above commission'd came,
 And spread around her such a heav'nly light,
 As dazzled every body's sight.

However a young officer, a buck,
 Wishing prodigiously to have a *look*,
 Dash'd forth, to pierce the middle of the light,
 Meaning to violate the Dame so good ;

Which meaning, when the Devil understood,
 He choak'd the wanton Rogue out-right.

Such is the tale! true ev'ry crumb ;
 Now, no more heeded than Tom Thumb.

SATIRE ON ROYAL FAVOUR, (1.)

To have Kings lean familiar on one's shoulder,
 Becoming thus the royal arm-upholder,

A heart of very stone must glad!

Oh! would some King so far himself demean,
 As on *my* shoulder but for *once* to lean,

Th' excess of joy would nearly make me mad!
 How on the honour'd garment I should dote,
 And think a glory blaz'd around the coat!

Blest, I should make this coat my coat of arms,
 In fancy glitt'ring with a thousand charms;

And show my children's children o'er and o'er:
 "Here, Babies," I should say, "with awe behold

"This coat—worth fifty times its weight in gold:

"This very very coat your grandsire wore!

"Here," pointing to the shoulder, I should say,

"Here Majesty's *own* hand so sacred lay:" [utter;

Then p'rhaps repeat some speech the King might
 As—"Peter, how go the sheep a score? what?
 what?

"What's cheapest meat to make a bullock fat?

"Hæ? hæ? what, what's the price of country
 "butter?"

Then should I, strutting, give myself an air,

And deem my house adorn'd with immortality;

Thus should I make my children, calf-like, stare,

And fancy grandfather a man of quality:

And yet, not stopping here, with cheerful note,

The Muse should sing an *ode* upon the coat.

SATIRE ON CYNTHIA, (2.)

Cynthia, the Dryads are in tears,

Because thou visit'st not their groves;

The Graces grieve, and Cupid swears,

And very sullen look the Loves.

The Naiads through the vales declare,

No rill of theirs shall purl away;

The Lark too scorns to mount in air,
 And vows to keep his nest all day.
 The Sun resolves to hide his head,
 And blot his lustre from the skies;
 Yet that were little loss indeed,
 While we possess'd that pair of eyes.
 Well then, to *pique* thee, from each lay,
 From all my lines I'll blot thy *name*.
 "Aye, do," I hear thee smiling say,
 "And blot what only gives them *fame*."

SECLUSION, TO DELIA.

Ah, foolish Delia! since you hate
 That people of your charms should prate;
 Give *me* that face, that air divine,
 And in exchange accept of *mine*.
 Thus shall I gain my heart's desire,
 And set a raptur'd world on fire—
 You'll too be pleas'd, (no longer doubt ye)
 As folks won't say one word about ye.

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Do, Hoy, inform me—who is she on board,
 That seems the Lady of a first-rate Lord,
 With stomach high push'd forth as if in scorn,
 Like craws of ducks and geese o'ercharg'd with
 Dress'd in a gorgeous damask gown, [corn;
 Which roses, like the leaves of cabbage, crown;
 With also a bright petticoat of pink,
 To make the eye from such a lustre shrink?
 Yes, who is she, the Patagonian dame,
 As bulky as of Heidelberg the tun;
 Her face, as if by brandy taught to flame,
 In blaze superior to the noonday sun—
 With fingers just like sausages, fat things;
 And loaded much like curtain rods with rings?

Yes, who is she that with a squinting eye
 Surveys poor passengers who sick'ning sigh ;
 Sad, pale-nos'd, gaping, puling, mournful faces ;
 Deserted by the blooming, smiling Graces ;
 That, reaching o'er thy side, so doleful throw
 The stomach's treasure to the fish below ?
 'Tis Madam Bacon, proud of wordly goods,
 Whose first spouse shav'd and bled—drew teeth,
 made wigs ;

Who having by her tongue destroy'd poor Suds,
 Married a wight that educated pigs !

But, hark ! she speaks ! extremely like a man !
 Raising a furious tempest with her fan—

“ Why, Captain, what a beastly ship ! good God !

“ Why, Captain, this indeed is very odd !

“ Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings !

“ For heav'n's sake, Captain, stop the creatures'
 sp-w-gs.”

Now, hark ! the Captain answers—“ Mistress Ba-

“ I own I can't be with *such matters* taken. [con,

“ I likes not vomitings no more than *you* ;

“ But if so be that gentlefolks be sick,

“ A woman hath the bowels of *Old Nick*, [Jew.”

“ Poor souls, to bung their mouths—'twere like a

Majestic Mistress Bacon speaks agen !

“ *Folks* have no bus'ness to make others sick :

“ I don't know, Mister Captain, what you mean

“ About your Jews, and bowels of *Old Nick* :

“ If all your cattle will such hubbub keep,

“ I know that I shall leave your stinking ship.

“ Some folks have dev'lish dainty guts, good Lord !

“ What bus'ness have such cattle here aboard ?

“ *Such gang indeed* to foreign places roam !

“ 'Tis more becoming them to sp-w at home.”

But, hark ! the Captain *properly* replies—

“ Why, what a breeze is here, G-d d-mn my eyes !

" God bless us, Mistress Bacon ! who are *you* ?

" Zounds, *Ma'am*, I say *my* passengers shall *sp-w.*"

SELIMA, MIRZA'S COMPLAINT TO.

Where is the Nymph of Sardi's green domain,
The Nymph whom every Bard of Persia sings ?

To find the wand'rer out, and sooth my pain,
Sweet bird of morn, to Mirza lend thy wings.

But wherefore seek the Nymph of Sardi's vale,
Who sullen flies where Horar's waters roll ;
Scorns all my complaints, that mourn along the gale,
And scorns the surge of grief, that sinks my soul ?

Ah ! can that cheek, where Beauty's summer dwells,
Retain a smile, whilst Mirza's sorrows flow ?

Ah ! can that heart, that every softness swells,
Forbear to heave on Mirza's songs of woe ?

Come, like the morn, pure virgin of delight,
And, blushing, chase the cloud of Mirza's fears ;

Come, like the sun upon the dews of night,
And, with thy radiance, smile away my tears.

SERVILITY TO KINGS.

Lo ! when from Windsor mighty Kings arrive,
Like London mack'rel, all alive !

Terrenes of flatt'ry are prepar'd so hot
By courtiers—a delicious pepper-pot ;
Which, to be sure, the royal maw devours,
Kings boasting very strong digestive pow'rs.

A Pointer thus, lock'd up a week,
Half starv'd, and longing for a steak ;
Behold him now turn'd loose so wild to eat—
Gods ! how he gobbles down the broth and meat !
Yes, flatt'ry-soups are all prepar'd so hot,
As I have hinted, a fine pepper-pot :

Side-dishes too, of curtsies, bows, and scrapes,
With stare and wonder in all sorts of shapes ;
Attentions darting from the full stretch'd eye,
That not a royal glance may pass unheeded by.

SIGNIOR SQUALINI AND LORD —.

- A Lord, most musically mad,
 Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
 Ask'd a squeal eunuch to his house one day;
 A poor old *semivir*, whose throat
 Had lost its love-resounding note,
 Which Art had giv'n, and Time had stol'n away.
- "Signior Squalini," with a solemn air,
 The Lord began, grave rising from his chair,
 Taking Squalini kindly by the hand—
 "Signior Squalini, much I fear
 "I've got a most unlucky ear,
 "And that 'tis known to all the music band.
- "Fond of abuse each fiddling coxcomb carps;
 "And, true it is, I don't know flats from sharps;
 "Indeed, Signior Squalini, 'tis no hum;
 "So ill doth music with my organs suit,
 "I scarcely know a fiddle from a flute,
 "The hautbois from the double drum.
- "Now, though with Lords, a number, of this nation,
 "I go to Op'ras, more through fashion
 "Than for the love of music, I could wish
 "The world might think I had some little taste,
 "That those two ears were tolerably chaste;
 "But, Sir, I am as stupid as a fish.
- "Get me the credit of a *Cognoscente*,
 "Gold sha'n't be wanting to content ye."
 "Bravissimo! my Lor," replied Squalini,
 With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity;
 "De nobleman muss never look de ninny."—
 "True," grunts the noble Lord, with German
 gravity.
- "My Lor, ven men vant money in der purse,
 "Dey do no vant de vorld to tink them *poor*;
 "Because, my Lor, dat be von shabby curse;
 "Dis all same ting wid ignorance, my Lor,"

"Right," cried his Lordship in a grumbling tone,
Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone.

"But first I want some technicals, Signor."—

Bowing, the Eunuch answer'd—"Iss, my Lor;

"I teash your Lordship queekly, queekly all—

"Dere vat be call de *sostenuto* note,

"Dat be ven singer oppen vide de troat, [squawl;

"And den for long time make de squawl, squawl,

"Mush long, long note, dat do continue while

"A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

"My Lor, der likewise be de *cromatique*,

"As if de singer vas in greef, or sick,

"And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine:

"De high, oh, dat musician call *soprano*;

"De low voice, *basso*; de soff note, *piano*—

"*Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marchesi shine.

"Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know—

"*Allegro*, quick; *Adagio*, be de slow;

"*Pomposo*, dat be manner make de roar:

"*Maestoso*, dat be slow, grand, nobel ting,

"Mush like de voice of Emperor, or de King;

"Or you, my Lor,

"When in de House you make de grand oration,

"For save, my Lor, de noble Englis nation.

"*Du Capo*, dat's, my Lor, begin again,

"And end, my Lor, wid de first strain."

"Signor Squalini," cried the happy Lord,

"The Op'ra is begun, upon my word—

"*Allons*, Signor, and hear me—mind,

"As soon as ever you shall find

"A singer's voice above or under pitch,

"Just touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch."

"Iss, iss, my Lor, (the Eunuch strait reply'd,)

"My Lor, I sheet close by your Lordship side;

"And den, accordin to your Lordship wish,

"I give your Lordship elbow littel twish."

Now to the Op'ra, music's sounds to hear,
 The old Castrato and the noble Peer
 Proceeded—Near the orchestra they sat,
 Before the portals of the singers' throats!
 The critic couple mousing for bad notes
 With all the keenness of a hungry cat.

Now came an *out-of-tunish* note—
 The Eunuch twitch'd his Lordship's coat: ["Psha!"
 Full-mouth'd at once his Lordship roar'd out
 Sudden the orchestra, amaz'd, turn round,
 To find from whence arose the critic sound,
 When, lo! they heard the Lord, and saw!
 The Eunuch kept most silyly twitching;
 His frowning Lordship all the while,
 (Not in the cream of courtly style)
 Be-dogging this poor singer, that be-bit~~ching~~ing;
 Uniting, too, a host of damning *pshas*,
 Reap'd a most plenteous harvest of applause;
 Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful skill,
 And, though the Eunuch's dead, remains so still.

SIMPLICITY, OR THE CURATE.

How difficult, alas! to please mankind!
 One or the other ev'ry moment *mutters*:
 This wants an eastern, that a western wind;
 A third, petition for a southern, utters.
 Some pray for rain, and some for frost and snow:
 How can Heav'n suit *all* palates?—I don't know.
 Good Lamb, the Curate, much approv'd,
 Indeed by all his flock *belov'd*,
 Was one dry summer begg'd to pray for rain:
 The Parson most devoutly pray'd—
 The pow'rs of pray'r were soon display'd;
 Immediately a *torrent* drench'd the plain.
 It chanc'd that the Churchwarden, Robin Jay,
 Had of his meadow not yet *sav'd* the hay:
 Thus was his hay to *health* quite past restoring.

It happen'd too that Robin was from home ;
 But when he heard the story, in a foam
 He sought the Parson, like a lion roaring.

" Zounds ! Parson Lamb, why, what have you been doing ?

" A pretty storm indeed ye have been brewing !

" What ! pray for *rain* before I *sav'd* my hay !

" Oh ! you're a cruel and ungrateful man !

" I that for ever help you all I can ;

" Ask you to dine with me and Mistress Jay,

" Whenever we have something on the spit,

" Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit ;

" Send you a goose, a pair of chicken,

" Whose bones you are so fond of picking ;

" And often too a cag of brandy !

" You that were welcome to a treat,

" To smoke and chat, and drink and eat ;

" Making my house so very handy !

" You, Parson, serve one such a scurvy trick !

" Zounds ! you must have the bowels of Old Nick.

" What ! bring the flood of Noah from the skies,

" With *my* fine field of hay before your eyes !

" A numscull, that I wer'n't of this aware !—

" Curse me but I had stopp'd your pretty pray'r !"

" Dear Mister Jay ! (quoth Lamb) alas ! alas !

" I never thought upon your field of grass."

" Lord ! Parson, you're a fool, one might suppose—

" Was not the field just underneath your *nose* ?

" This is a very pretty losing job !"—

" Sir," quoth the Curate, " know that Harry Cobb

" Your Brother Warden join'd, to have the pray'r."—

" Cobb ! Cobb ! why this for Cobb was only *sport* :

" What doth Cobb own that any rain can *hurt* ?"

Roar'd furious Jay as broad as he could stare.

"The fellow owns, as far as I can *lurn*,
"A few old houses only, and a barn; [him?
"As that's the case, zounds! what are show'rs to
"Not Noah's flood could make *his* trump'ry *swim*.

"Besides—why could you not for *drizzle* pray?
"Why force it down in *buckets* on the hay?
"Would I have play'd with *your* hay such a freak?
"No! I'd have stopp'd the weather for a week."

"Dear Mister Jay, I do protest
"I acted solely for the best;
"I do affirm it, Mister Jay, indeed.
"Your anger for this *once* restrain,
"I'll never bring a drop again
"Till you and all the Parish are *agreed*."

SIMPLICITY.—TO DELIA.

Delia, thou really dost not know thy worth—
Nature has made a very idle blunder,
To give thee roses, lilies, and so forth,
Eyes, dimples, merely to excite our *wonder*.

See *other* girls, of far inferior charms!
Behold them spreading through the world alarms,
With not one quarter of thy ammunition;
Dark'ning the dang'rous air with dreadful darts;
Transfixing Lovers' livers, heads, and hearts,
Putting the beaux into a sad condition;

Whilst thou, so idle, mak'st not *Man* thy game,
As though the *creature* were not worth thy aim,
But, Delia, come—on *me* thy prowess try;
Let loose the lightnings of thy coal-black eye;
Attack, pursue—I like the dang'rous strife—
Sweet Nymph, 'tis ten to one thou lay'st me low;
Yet do not *kill* me, my dear gen'rous foe,
But make me *pris'ner* to *thy* arms for life.

SIR J. BANKS AND THE FLEAS.

One morning, at his house in Soho-Square,
 As, with a solemn, awe-inspiring air,
 Amidst some royal sycophants he sat ;
 Most manfully their masticators using,
 Most pleasantly their greasy mouths amusing
 With coffee, butter'd toast, and birds-nest chat ;
 In Jonas Dryander, the fav'rite, came,
 Who manufactures all Sir Joseph's fame— [say?]"
 " What luck ?" Sir Joseph bawl'd—" say, Jonas,
 " I've boil'd just fifteen hundred," Jonas whin'd ;
 " The dev'l a one chang'd colour could I find."
 Intelligence creating dire dismay !

Then Jonas curs'd, with many a wicked wish,
 Then show'd the stubborn fleas within the dish.
 " How !" roar'd the President, and backward fell—
 " There goes, then, my hypothesis to hell !"—
 And now his head in deep despair he shook ;
 Now clos'd his eyes ; and now upon his breast,
 He, mutt'ring, dropp'd his sable beard unblest ;
 Now twirl'd his thumbs, and groan'd with piteous
 look.

Now gaining speech, the parasitic crowd
 Leap'd up, and roar'd in unison aloud :

" Heav'ns ! what's the matter ! dear Sir Joseph,
 pray ?"

Dumb to their questions the Great Man remain'd :
 The Knight, deep pond'ring, nought vouchsaf'd to
 Again the *Gentlemen* their voices strain'd : [say,
 Sudden the President of Flies, so sad,
 Strides round the room, with disappointment mad,
 Whilst ev'ry eye enlarg'd with wonder rolls ;
 And now his head against the wainscot leaning,
 " Since you *must* know, *must* know (he sigh'd) the
 meaning,
 " Fleas are not lobsters, d-mn their souls !"

SKITTLE-PLAYING, OR GOOD FRIDAY, A TALE.

Sir Harry, a high priest, and deep divine,
 Ambitious much 'mid *modern* Saints to shine,
 On a Good Friday ev'ning took an airing:—
 Not far had he proceeded, ere a sound
 Did the two ears of this *good* priest *astound*;
 Such as loud laughs, commix'd with some small
 swearing.

Now in an orchard peep'd the Knight so sly,
 With such a staring, rolling, frenzied eye;
 Where, lo! a band of rural swains were blest:—
 Too proud to *join* the *crew*, he wav'd his hand,
 Beck'ning to this unholy playful band—
 Forth came a *boy*, obedient to the Priest.

“What wicked things are ye all doing here,
 “On this most solemn day of all the year?”
 “Playing to skittles,” said the simple lad.
 “Playing at skittles!—Devils, are ye mad?
 “For *what*?”—“A Jack-ass, Sir,” the boy replies—
 “A *Jack-ass*!” roars the Priest, with wolf-like eyes:
 “Run, run, and tell them Heav'n will not be sham-
 m'd—
 “Tell them this instant, that they'll all be *damn'd*!”
 “I *wull*, Sir Harry—*iss*, I *wull*, Sir Harry”—
 Then off he set th' important news to carry,
 To warn them what dread torments would ensue:
 But suddenly the scamp'ring lad turn'd round,
 And thus, with much simplicity of sound,
 “Sir Harry, must the *Jack-ass* be *damn'd* too?”

SMILING BAR-MAID, ODE TO A.

Sweet Nymph, with teeth of pearl, and dimpled
 And roses that would tempt a saint to sip, [chin,
 Daily to thee so constant I return;

Whose smile improves the coffee's ev'ry drop,
 Gives tenderness to ev'ry steak and chop,
 And bids our pockets at expences spurn.

What Youth, well powder'd, of pomatum smelling,
 Shall on thy lovely bosom fix his dwelling?

Perhaps the Waiter, of himself so full!
 With *thee* he means the coffee-house to quit;
 Open a tavern, and become a *cit*,
 And proudly keep the head of the *Black Bull*.

Nymph of the roguish smile, which thousands seek,
 Give me another, and *another* steak;
 A *kingdom* for another steak, but giv'n
 By *thy* fair hand, that shames the snow of heav'n.

Give me a glass of punch, O smiling lass,
 And let thy luscious lip embalm the glass—
 Touch it, and spread a charm around the brim:
 Health to thy beauties, Nancy, and may Time
 Ne'er meddle with thy present healthful prime,
 Thy ringlets spoil, and eyes of di'monds dim.

Lo, from each box thy lute-ton'd voice to hear,
 Youth nimbly turns him round, with wanton leer:

Nay, wrinkled Age himself, with locks so white,
 Findeth *within* a kind of bastard fire,
 Whose mouth, poor cripple, wat'ring with desire,
 Opes toothless on thy beauties in delight.
 Now for thy lamb-like flesh he seems to hunger!
 He feels himself a pair of ages younger!

Tell me again, O Nymph, *whose* happy arms
 Are doom'd, for life, to circle those bright charms,
 And to that bosom give brave girls and boys?

That lucky lot, alas! will ne'er be *mine*—
 A gaze, a squeeze, perchance a kiss divine,
 Must form the bounds, O Nancy, of my joys.

Yet if rich favours, far beyond a smile,
 So kind, thy Poet's moments to beguile,

Thou wishest to bestow !—in Love's name *give* 'em;
And, thankful, on my *knees* will I *receive* 'em.

SMOKING, OR THE KING AND BRICKMAKER.

A King, near Pimlico, with nose and state,
Did very much a neighb'ring brick-kiln hate,
Because the kiln did vomit nasty smoke;
Which smoke—I can't say very nicely bred—
Did very often take it in its head [choke.
To blacken the Great House, and try the K—to

His sacred Majesty would, sputt'ring, say,

Upon a windy day,

" I'll make the rascal and his brick-kiln hop—

" P—x take the smoke—the sulphur !—zounds !—

" It forces down my throat by pounds;

" My belly is a downright blacksmith's shop."

One day, he was so pester'd by a cloud—

He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud :

" Go," roar'd his M——y unto a Page,

Work'd, like a lion, to a dev'lish rage,

" Go, tell the rascal who the brick-kiln owns,

" That, if he dares to burn another brick,

" Black all my house like hell, and make me sick,

" I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones."

Off Billy Ramus set, his errand told :

On which the Brickmaker, a little bold,

Exclaim'd, "*He* break my bones, good Master Page,

" *He* say my kiln shan't burn another brick,

" Because it blacks his house, and makes him

" Billy, go, give my love to Master's rage, [sick !

" And say, more bricks I am resolv'd to burn;

" And if the smoke his Worship's stomach turn,

" Tell him to stop his mouth and snout :

" Nay more, good Page; his M——y shall find

" I'll always take th' advantage of the wind,

" And, dam'me, try to smoke him out."

SONGS.

TO CYNTHIA.

The Youth by Love and Hope betray'd,
 Who breathes his ardent vows in vain,
 Learns to forget the scornful Maid,
 And bravely breaks her galling chain.
 "Farewell (he cries) a fruitless flame;
 "A Nymph less cruel let me find;
 "The world holds many a blooming Dame;
 "An *equal* Chloe may be kind."
 But, ah! how hard the Lover's fate,
 Who feels the triumph of *thine* eye!
 What Virgin shall *his* fires abate,
 And sooth *his* bosom's hopeless sigh?
 For, lo! the Loves, to make thee fair,
 Agreed with ev'ry charm to part;
 And all the Virtues too declare,
 They robb'd *their own* to grace *thy* heart.

TO NEPTUNE, FROM SUSAN.

Good Lord! when I think of the storm,
 And, old Neptune, thy horrible spleen,
 That endeavour'd to make of this form
 A feast for the fish at nineteen!
 It had giv'n my poor heart some alarms,
 As well as some grief to my spark,
 To have found, that, instead of *his* arms,
 I had fill'd up the mouth of a *shark*.
 Dear Neptune, a Sweetheart is mine—
 Not a handsomer England possesses:
 Shouldst thou bury these limbs in thy brine,
 They will lose a whole world of caresses.
 Oh! afford me one glance of my lover—
 Oh! grant but one kiss from my swain;
 Thou shalt drown me a thousand times over,
 If ever I trust thee again.

TO PHILLIDA:

Dear Phillida, do not my passion despise ;
Ah ! wherefore disdain all my vows and my sighs ?
Can cruelty dwell with the dove ?
O Phillida ! think not I mean to deceive,
Whatever I tell thee, with safety believe ;
For Truth is the daughter of Love.

Of beauty and grace thou hast got such a store ;
The eye that beholds thee at once must *adore*,
Nor wish from thine altar to rove :
Distrust not, I beg thee, the pow'r of thy smile ;
The swain who now woos thee is void of all guile ;
And Truth is the daughter of Love.

Yet, Phillida, let me confess in thine ear,
I would fly from thy charms, which so much I re-
But their magic forbids me to move : [vere,
And yet, as *inconstancy* governs the Fair,
Perhaps thou mayst *smile*, and thus end my despair ;
Hope too is the daughter of Love.

ANACREONTIC.

Who dares talk of hours ? Seize the bell of that
Seize his hammer, and cut off his hands : [clock ;
To the bottle, dear bottle, I'll stick like a rock,
And obey only Pleasure's commands.

Let him strike the short hours, and hint at a bed—
Waiter, bring us more wine—what a whim !
Say that Time, his old master, for *Topers* was made,
And not jolly *Topers* for *him*.

ANACREONTIC.

O far from me those lightnings dart !
On others bid thy beauty shine :
Beyond the hopes of this sad heart,
I view that peerless form, to pine.

Whilst ev'ry shepherd sings her praise,
 'Tis mine of Sylvia to *complain*;
 Made a poor pris'ner while I gaze,
 I feel in ev'ry smile a chain.

ANACREONTIC.

What danger lurks in those bright eyes!
 Lo! by their fire thy Poet dies:
 Yet bravely let me meet my doom—
 And since to *thee* I owe my death,
 I beg thee, with my parting breath,
 To let thy bosom be my tomb.

ANACREONTIC.

Ah! wherefore did I daring gaze
 Upon the radiance of thy charms?
 And, vent'ring nearer to their rays,
 How dar'd I clasp thee in my arms!
 That kiss will give my heart a pain,
 Which thy sweet pity will deplore:
 Then, Cynthia, take the kiss again,
 Or let me take ten thousand more.

SONNET TO KISSING.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
 Not a pleasure in nature is missing;
 May his soul be in Heav'n, he deserv'd it, I'm sure,
 Who was the first inventor of kissing.
 Master Adam, I verily think, was the man,
 Whose discov'ry will ne'er be surpast;
 Well, since the sweet game with *creation* began,
 To the *end of the world* may it last!

- SPEECH of the *Louse* to the *King*, when found on his
Plate.

" Know, mighty Monarch, I was born and bred
 " Deep in the burrows of a Page's head;

" There took I sweet Lousilla unto wife,
" My soul's delight—the comfort of my life :
" But, on a day, your Page, Sir, dar'd invade
" Cowslip's sweet lips, your faithful dairy maid ;
" Great was the struggle for the short-'liv'd bliss ;
" At length he won the long-contested kiss !—
" Lo ! mid the struggle, thus it came to pass ;
" Down dropp'd my wife and I upon the lass ;
" From whence we crawl'd (and who's without ambition ?
" Who does not wish to better his condition ?)
" To *You*, dread Sir, where, lo ! we lov'd, and fed,
" Charm'd with the fortune of a royal head ;
" Where, safe from nail and comb, and blustering
" We nestled in your little lock behind ; [wind,
" Where many a beauteous baby plainly proves,
" Heav'n, like a King's, can bless a Louse's loves ;
" Where many a time, at court, I've join'd your
" Grace,
" And with you gallop'd in the glorious chace ;
" Lousilla, too, my children, and my nits,
" Just frighten'd, sometimes, out of all their wits.
" It happen'd, Sir, ah ! luckless, luckless day !
" I foolish took it in my head to stray—
" How many a father, mother, daughter, son,
" Are oft by curiosity undone !
" Dire wish ! for 'midst my travels, urg'd by Fate,
" From you, O King, I fell upon your plate !
" Sad was the precipice !—and now I'm here,
" Far from Lousilla and my children dear !
" Who now, poor souls ! in deepest mourning all,
" Groan for my presence, and lament my fall.
" Such is the history of your loyal Louse,
" Whose presence breeds such tumult in the house."

SPLENDOR, FALLACIOUS.

O nymph ! of Fortune's smiles beware,
Nor heed the Syren's flatt'ring tongue ;

She lures thee to the haunts of Care,
Where Sorrow pours a ceaseless song.

Ah ! what are all her piles of gold ?
Can those the hosts of Care control ?
The splendor which thine eyes behold
Is not the sunshine of the soul.

To Love alone thy homage pay,
The Queen of ev'ry true delight ;
Her smiles with joy shall gild thy day,
And bless the visions of the night.

SPORT, JUVENILE, OR THE FROGS.

A thousand frogs, upon a summer's day,
Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting ev'ry face ;—
They show'd their gold-lac'd clothes with pride,
In harmless sallies frequent vied,
And gambol'd through the water with a grace.

It happen'd that a band of boys,
Observant of their harmless joys,
Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport :
One frenzy seiz'd both great and small ;
On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
Meaning to splash them, not to do them hurt.

Lo, as old authors sing, ' the stones 'gan pour,'
Indeed an Otaheite show'r !
The consequence was dreadful, let me tell ye ;
One's eye was beat out of his head,
This limp'd away, that lay for dead ;
Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongst the smitten, it was found
Their beauteous Queen receiv'd a wound ;
The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye :
At length King Croak got up, and thus begun :
" My lads, you think this very pretty fun !

" Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops ;
" Have warmly complimented all our chops :
" To *you* I guess that these are pleasant stones !
 " And so they might be to us frogs,
 " You damn'd young good-for-nothing dogs,
" But that they are so hard they break our bones."

STABILITY IN LOVE, (1.)

Ah ! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,
 That a coldness will creep o'er my heart ;
That a sullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
 When thy beauty begins to depart.
Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
 And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,
 Which it ought to review with delight ?
Upbraiding, shall Gratitude say with a tear,
 " That no longer I think of those charms
" Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
 " And faded at length in my arms ?"
Why yes ! it may happen, thou Damsel divine :
 To be honest—I freely declare,
That e'en *now* to thy converse so much I incline,
 I already forget thou art fair.

STABILITY IN LOVE, (2.)

How happy was my morn of love,
 When first thy beauty won my heart :
How guiltless of a wish to rove !
 I deem'd it more than death to part !
Whene'er from *thee* I chanc'd to stray,
 How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That spread with flow'rs my distant way,
 And show'r'd delight on ev'ry scene !
But Fortune, envious of my joys,
 Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms ;

From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
 And gives thee to another's arms.
 Yet, though *my* tears are doom'd to flow,
 May tears be never Laura's lot!
 Let Love protect *thy* heart from woe;
 His wound to *mine* shall be forgot.

STANZAS.

TO BELLA.

Ah! tell me not that I am old,
 And bid me quit the billing dove;
 Tho' many years have o'er me roll'd,
 My heart is still alive to love.
 Then tell me not that I am old.
 When Beauty's blush delights no more,
 And Beauty's smile and sparkling eye;
 When these no longer I adore,
 Then Pity yield the Bard a *sigh*.
 I will not quarrel to be told,
 Son of Apollo, thou art old.

TO CHLOE, (1.)

Chloe, a thousand charms are thine,
 That give my heart the constant sigh!
 Ah! wherefore let thy Poet pine,
 Who canst with ease his wants supply?
 Oh, haste, thy charity display;
 With *little* I'll contented be;
 The kisses which thou throw'st away
 Upon thy *dog*, will do for *me*.

TO CHLOE, (2.)

Ah! tell me not that I grow old,
 That love but ill becomes my tongue;
 Chloe, by me, thou ne'er wert told,
 Sweet damsel! that thou wert *too young*.

TO CHLOE, (3.)

Chloe, no more must we be billing—
There goes my last, my poor last shilling :
Vile Fortune bids us part !
Yet, Chloe, this my bosom charms,
That, when thou'rt in another's arms,
I still possess thy *heart*.

Fortune's a whimsical old Dame,
And possibly may blush with shame
At this her freak with *me* :
But should she smile *again*, and offer,
Well fill'd with gold, an ample coffer,
I'll send the key to *Thee*.

TO DELIA.

While poets pour their happiest lays,
And call thee ev'ry thing divine ;
Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
To *censure* be the province mine.
Though born with talents to surprise,
Thou seldom dost those pow'rs display :
Thus seem they trifling in thine eyes !
Thus heav'n's best gifts are thrown away !
Though rich in charms, thou know'st it not ;
Such is thine ignorance profound :
And then such cruelty thy lot,
Thy sweetest smile inflicts a *wound*.

TO LADY E. ON THE DEATH OF HER PIG CUPID.

O dry that tear, so round and big ;
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind !
Death only tastes a single Pig—
Your Lord and Son are still behind.

TO MISS H. OF BATH.

" Alas, alas, I've lost a day !"
 Good Titus once was heard to say,
 And sorely, sorely to repent it—
 What was it made the Emp'ror groan ?
 I'd give a good round sum, I own,
 To be inform'd how 'twas he spent it.
 Dear Titus, quickly leave thy tomb ;
 Enter of Harrington the room,
 Whom Music and each Grace reveres—
 I'll answer for't thou wilt not say,
 " Alas, alas, I've lost a day ;"
 But, " Gods ! I've found *five hundred years* ! "

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Lone Minstrel of the moonlight hour,
 Who charm'st the silent list'ning plain,
 A hapless Pilgrim treads thy bow'r,
 To hear thy solitary strain.
 How soothing is the song of woe,
 To *me*, whom Love hath doom'd to pine !
 For, 'mid those sounds that plaintive flow,
 I hear *my* sorrows mix with *thine*.

FROM ANACREON TO HIMSELF.

On fragrant myrtles let me lie,
 And Love, my slave, the wine supply.
 Too soon we seek the Stygian gloom :
 Time flies ; and, since to dust we go,
 Why idly bid the incense flow,
 And spill the juice upon the tomb ?
 Ah ! rather let me quaff the *wine*,
 And bid the rose my brows entwine,
 While youth, while health, the bosom warm—
 Then pr'ythee, Love, delight my heart,
 Ere Death dispatch his certain dart,
 And bring a Chloe to my arms.

STERILITY.—TO CELIA.

Envy must own that thou art passing fair
Love in thy smiles, and Juno in thy air :

Yet, Celia, if with Gods I may be free,
I think that Jove commits a sort of sin,
By stripping all the Graces to the skin,
Merely to make a *nonpareille* of thee.

When Nature sent thee blooming from above,
She meant thee to support the cause of Love—

To keep alive a beautiful creation :
Thy graces hoarded, girl, thou must be told,
Are really like the sordid Miser's gold,
Worthless, for want of circulation.

Behold ! a guinea, by a proper use,
Another pretty guinea will produce ;
And thus, O peerless girl, thy beauty
May bring the *cent. per cent.* within the year ;
That is, another beauty may appear,
If properly it minds its duty.

Of wonder, lo ! thou puttest on the stare—
It seems a dark and intricate affair ;
Thou wantest a good, able, sound, adviser :
Well, then, my dear, at once agree,
As *chamber-counsel* to take me ;
I know none better qualified, nor wiser.

STORM DESCRIBED.

Thus in Western India, Jove ordains
At times an aspect wild of hurricanes :
Dark grows the sky, with gleams of threat'ning red :
All nature dumb, the smallest zephyr dead—
Bird, beast, and mortal, trembling, pausing, still,
Expectant of the tempest's mighty will.
Tremendous pause ! when, lo ! by small degrees,
Light melts the mass ; with life returns the breeze ;

And Danger, on his cloud, who scowl'd dismay,
Moves sullen with his congregated glooms away.

ST. THOMAS'S THUMB.

In France, some years ago—some twenty-three,
At a fam'd church, where hundreds daily jostle,
I wisely paid a priest six sols to see
The thumb of 'Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,
The rabble rais'd its eyes, like ducks in thunder;
Because in virtues it was vastly rich,
Had cur'd possess'd of devils, and the itch;
Work'd various wonders on a scabby pate;
Made little sucking children strait

Though crook'd like rams horns by the rickets;
Made people see, though blind as moles;
And made your sad hysteric souls

As gay as grasshoppers and crickets.
Lo! had the Priest *permitted*, with their kisses,
The mob had smack'd this holy thumb to pieces.

Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apostle's thumb—
But, mum!—

It play'd as well of miracles the trick,
Although a painted piece of rotten stick!

SWEETS OF AMBITION.

Lo, thus the Lad, in base Saint Giles's born,
Blest with a barrow, first begins to bawl;
Where Plenty, ah! exalteth not her horn—
Potatoes the poor barrow's *little all*.

At length, succeeding by a *lucky cry*,
And Fortune's fav'ring smile, the Lad can buy
A basket!—nay, *two* baskets for his barrow;
To which he hangs the baskets with much pride,
With endive, celery, and greens beside— [row—
Yes with much pride, that warms his inmost mar-

With all the gaping energy of song,
Proudly he rolls his whole estate along !

Ambition still inspires his panting heart ;
And now sublime he rises to a *cart*,

But not without a *Jackass*, let me say :
A Jack is harness'd—on the cart he mounts—
Looks round—elate, his cabbages he counts,
And triumphs in his Partner's Brudenell-bray.

He stops not here—Ambition goads his soul
To bid his orb in loftier regions roll.

In Covent Garden, lo ! a shop he gains ;
Pines, nect'rines, plums, and apricots, and peaches,
Behold ! his laudable ambition reaches ;
And now the *Jackass* and the *cart* disdains.

An Ass's *ditty* wounds his *nicer* ear,
Bringing to mind his late and humble sphere :
Archbishop-like, he *tow'rs* within his stall—
Looks on the barrow, cart, and basket crew,
With all the consequence of man, askew,
And, for a pack of beggars, damns them *all*.

SYLVIA.—ANACREONTIC.

How canst thou smile at my despair,
And bid me *other* nymphs adore ?
Shew me a girl but *half* so fair,
And I will trouble thee no more.

Hide then that neck, and lip, and eye,
Since thus resolv'd to seek pursuit ;
For Love will follow, like the fly,
That always seeks the *fairest* fruit.

SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.

Dear girl, I'm up to ears in love ;
The fact, a thousand follies prove ;
Yes, yes, I feel the dart !
Well ! now I'm wounded, give the cure ;
Thou'rt not a cruel girl, I'm sure,
So try to ease the smart.

"Lord bless us! it is all a lie,"

I hear thee with emotion cry,

"I'm sure there's nothing in't:"

Indeed there is, I'm sore afraid,

Nay, take the symptoms, sceptic Maf,

That make it plain as print.

From those dear lips, delicious bliss,

If saucy coxcombs steal a kiss,

My eyes so jealous roll:

Aside, I call the puppies names,

My heart is *Ætna*-like in flames,

Consuming to a coal.

I cannot bear to be *alone*;

I yawn, I sigh, I gape, I groan,

And writhe as if with pain:

Now on a sudden seize a book,

Just half a minute in it look,

Then fling it down again.

Now ruminating wild, I walk;

Nod to myself, and smile, and talk;

Now hunt for something lost;

Now sit, jump up—now stare, now wink

On some deep problem seem to think—

Now vacant as a post,

Now full resolv'd to visit thee,

To take a social cup of tea,

And give my heart a plaster;

I draw my watch, not over cool,

Call him a little limping fool,

And bid him travel faster.

Now bustling round the room, here, there,

I try to find my hat; and swear,

And wish him damn'd, and dead;

Now raging from my inmost soul,

I roar, "What thief my hat hath stole?"

Then find it on my head.

Nay, nay, I'd *marry* thee, my dear—
 Love's symptoms now *too plain* appear;
 There's no-body can miss it:
 Yet if these symptoms are not love,
 And *this* the passion fail to prove,
 Why, what the devil is it?

TASTE, DIFFERENCE OF.

How varied are our tastes! Dame Nature's plan,
 All for *wise* reasons, since the world began:
 Yes, yes, the good old Lady acted right:
 Had things been *otherwise*, like wolves and bears,
 We all had fall'n together by the ears—

One object had produc'd an endless fight.

Nettles had strew'd Life's path instead of *roses*;
 And multitudes of mortal faces,
 Printed with histories of bloody noses,
 Had taken leave of absence of the Graces.

Now interrupting not each other's line,
 You ride *your* hobby-horse, and *I* ride *mine*—
You press the blue-ey'd Chloe to your arms,
 And *I* the black-ey'd Sappho's browner charms;
 Thus situated in our different blisses,
 We squint not envious on each other's kisses.

Thus tastes are various, as I've said before—
These damn most cordially what *those* adore.

TEMPERAMENT.

My passions are the children (easy creatures)
 Of Moderation! boast the Mother's features,
 And Mother's chaste simplicity, the dove;
 Can sleep upon the humble sod, and swill,
 With great good glee, the valley's lucid rill,
 And batten on the berries of the grove.

Look at yon groupe of sucking pigs—how blest!
 What makes them so?—clean straw to form a nest!
 So *slight* a thing their happiness composes!

What dialogue! how arch they squint *about*!
 Now bury their sweet heads—now pull them *out*,
 And toss the wisps so white upon their noses.
 These pigs are just my passions, that can draw
 Mirth and contentment from a simple straw.

TEMPTATION, ODE TO.

O nymph with all the luxury of skin,
 Pea-bloom breath, and dimpled chin;
 Rose cheek, and eyes that beat the blackest sloe;
 With flaxen ringlets thy soft bosom shading,
 So white, so plump, so lusciously-persuading;
 And lips that none but mouths of cherubs know!

Oh, leering, lure me not to Charlotte-street,
 That too, too fair seducing form to meet;
 Then shall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
 And die, yes, die perhaps upon my face!

Ah! cease to turn, and look, and leer, and smile,
 My too imprudent senses to beguile!

Ah! keep that taper leg so tempting from me;
 Ah! form'd to foil a Phidias's art,
 So much unlike that leg in ev'ry part;
 By me abhorr'd indeed, and christen'd *gummy*.

In vain I turn around to run away:

Thine eyes, those basilisks, command my stay:

Whilst through its gauze thy snowy bosom peep-
 Seems to that rogue interpreter, my eye, [ing,
 To heave a soft, desponding, tender, sigh—

Like gossamer, my thoughts of goodness sweeping.

Abound, I say, abound in grace, my feet;
 And do not follow her to Charlotte-street.

Alas! alas! you have no grace, I see,
 But wish to carry off poor struggling *me*:

Yes, the wild bed of Beauty wish to seek;
 Yet, if ye do—to make your two hearts ake,
 A sweet, a sweet, revenge I mean to take;

For, curse me, if you shall not stay a week.

Yet let me not thus pond'ring, gaping, stand ;
 But, lo ! I am not at my own command :
 Bed, bosom, kiss, embraces, storm my brains,
 And, lawless tyrants, bind my will in chains.
 O lovely Lass ! too pow'rful are thy charms,
 And fascination dwells within thy arms.

TENDENCY OF FAT.

Painters and poets never should be fat—
 Sons of Apollo ! listen well to that :
 Fat is foul weather, dims the fancy's sight :
 In poverty, the wits more nimbly muster :
 Thus stars, when pinch'd by frost, cast keener
 On the black blanket of Old Mother Night. [lustre
 Your heavy fat, I will maintain,
 Is perfect birdlime of the brain ;
 And, as to goldfinches the birdlime clings,
 Fat holds ideas by the legs and wings.
 Fat flattens the most brilliant thoughts,
 Like the buff-stop on harpsichords or spinnets—
 Muffling their pretty tuneful throats,
 That would have chirp'd away like linnets.
 Not only fat is hurtful to the Arts,
 But love, at fat—ev'n Love Almighty starts :
 Love hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy, fellows,
 Panting and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows.

TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.

At Rome, each hour, are horrid actions done !
 By *thee* approv'd, thou dar'st not Pope, deny :
 Yes, yes, the lawless places are well known,
 Where youth for venal pleasures madly fly,
 Bargain for beauteous charm, and pick, and cull it
 As at a poult'rer's *Betty* turns a pullet.
 I like examples of a wicked act—
 Take, therefore, Reader, from the Bard a fact.

An old *Procuress* groaning, sighing, dying,
A rake-hell enters the old Beldame's room—

"Hæ, mother! thinking on the day of doom?"

"Hæ—dam'me, slabb'ring, whining, praying,
crying?"

"Well, mother! what young filly hast thou got

"To give a gentleman a little trot?"

"O Captain, pray, your idle nonsense cease,

"And let a poor old soul depart in peace!"

"What wicked things the dev'l puts in your head!"

"Where can you hope to go when you are dead?"

"How now, old Beldame?—shamming Heav'n with
praying! [ing;

"Come, come, to bus'ness—don't keep such a bray—

"Let's see your stuff—come, Beldame, show your
ware;

"Some little Phillis, fresh from country air?"

"O Captain, how *unpiously* you prate!

"Well, well, I see there's no resisting fate;

"Go, go to the next room, and there's a bed—

"And such a charming creature in't—such grace!"

"Such sweet simplicity! and *such* a face!—

"Captain, you are a devil—you are, indeed.

"I thank my stars that nought *my* conscience twits;

"Which to my parting soul doth joy afford.

"O Captain! Captain! what, for nice young *Tits*,

"What will you do, when I am with the Lord?"

TEN FOR ONE—ANACREONTIC.

Fie, Sylvia! why so gravely look,

Because a kiss or two I took?

Those luscious lips might thousands grant—

Rich rogues that never feel the want.

So little in the kiss I see,

A hundred thou may'st take from *me*.

But, since, like misers o'er their store,

Thou hat'st to give, though running o'er,

I scorn to cause the slightest pain,
 So pr'ythee take them back again ;
 Nay, with good int'rest be it done—
 Thou'rt welcome to take *ten for one*.

THRIFT AT ST. JAMES'S.

Sill was the Palace, save where some poor fly,
 With thirst just ready to drop down 'and die,
 Buzz'd faint petitions to his Maker's ear,
 To show him one small drop of dead small beer ;
 Save where the cat, for mice, so hungry watching,
 Swore the lean animals were scarce worth catching ;
 Save where the dog so gaunt, in grumbling tone,
 By dreams deluded, mouth'd a mutton bone ;
 Save where, with throats to sounds of horror strain'd,
 Crickets of coughs and rheumatisms complain'd,
 Lamenting sore, amid a Royal hold,
 " How hard that crickets should be kill'd by cold !"

TIME, (1.)

When once a woman's handsome, smart and clever,
 In God's name let her bloom for ever [hand,
 Ah ! could I snatch Time's ploughshare from his
 Who, with that ease a farmer skirts his land,
 Furrows so cruelly o'er the fairest face !
 Relentless as a Mohawk, on he goes,
 Cuts up the lily and the rose, [grace—
 Roots up each wavy curl, and bends the neck of
 Ah ! could I simply do but this,
 The sweetest lips would give me many a kiss.
 By raising, then destroying, like a Turk,
 It seems as though Time did not like his work ;
 As though he wanted something *better* still,
 Than e'er was manufactur'd at his mill.

TIME, PETITION TO, (2.)

Too long, O Time, in *Bien-séance's* school,
 Have I been bred, to call thee an old fool ;
 Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
 That I have always *thought* thee so :

Full old art thou, indeed, to have more sense :
Then, with an idle custom, Time, dispense.

Thou really actest now like little misses,
Who, when a pretty doll they make,
Their curious fingers itch to take

The pretty image all to pieces :

Thus, after thou hast form'd a charming Fair,

Thou canst not quit the Syren for thy soul,
Till, meddling, thou hast spoil'd the bloom and air,
And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.

But now forbear such doings, I desire ;
Hurt not the form that all admire :

Oh, never with white hairs her temple sprinkle !
Oh, sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom !
And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,
Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

TIME, TO CYNTHIA, (3.)

O Time, 'tis childish, let me say,
To give, then take a grace away ;
The Damsel from her charms to sever,
So pleas'd to keep them all *for ever*.

When Cynthia *tires* with conq'ring hearts,
And says, " O Time, *receive* my darts ;"
Her beauties are a lawful prize—
Then take the lightnings of her eyes.

Pluck all the roses from her cheek,
And root the lilies from her neck ;
Her dimples seize, her smile, her air,
And with them make a thousand *fair*.

TIME, TO CYNTHIA, (4.)

Ah, what an envious rogue is Time,
Who means one day to crop thy prime
This were a barb'rous deed, I vow :

If thus the Tyrant can behave,
Lord, let us disappoint the knave,
And let me take those beauties now.

TINKER AND MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling Tinker,
On Fortune's various tricks a constant thinker,

Pass'd in some village near a Miller's door;
Where, lo! his eye did most astonish'd catch
The Miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,
Deform'd, and monstrous ugly, to be sure.

Struck with th' uncommon form, the Tinker *started*,
Just like a frighten'd horse, or murd'rer carted,

Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope:
Turning his brain about in a brown study,
(For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy)

" 'Sbud! (quoth the Tinker) I have now some
hope;

" Fortune, the jade, is not far off, perchance!"—
And then began to rub his hands and dance.

Now all so full of love, o'erjoy'd he ran,
Embrac'd and squeez'd Miss Grist, and thus began:

" My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet Miss Grist,

" Now may I never mend a kettle more,

" If ever I saw one like *you* before!" [kiss'd.

Then, " nothing loth," like Eve, the nymph he

Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss Grist
Thought opportunity should not be miss'd;

Knowing that prudery oft lets slip of joy:

Thus was Miss Grist too *prudent* to be *coy*.

For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce

To flout a swain, when offers are but scarce.

Soon won, the Nymph agreed to join his bed,

And, when the Tinker chose, to church he led.

Now to the Father the brisk Lover hied,

Who at his noisy mill so busy plied.

" Ho! Master Miller!" did the Tinker say—

Forth from the cloud of flour the Miller came:

" Nice weather, Master Miller!—charming day—

" God's very kind:"—the Miller said the *same*.

- " Now, Miller, possibly you may not guess
 " At this same business I am come about:
 " 'Tis this then—know, I love your daughter Bess:—
 " There, Master Miller!—now the riddle's out.
 " I'm not for mincing matters, Lord! d'y'e see—
 " I *likes* your daughter Bess, and she likes *me*."
 " Poh!" quoth the Miller, grinning at the Tinker,
 " Thou dost not mean to marriage to persuade her;
 " Ugly as is the Dev'l I needs must think her, [her.
 " Though, to be sure, 'tis said, 'twas *me* that *made*
 " No, no, though she's my daughter, I'm not *blind*:
 " But, Tinker, what hath now possess'd thy mind?
 " Thou'rt the first offer she has met, by *Gad*—
 " But tell me, Tinker, art thou drunk, or mad?"
 " No—I'm not drunk, nor mad," the Tinker cried,
 " But Bet's the maid I wish to make my bride;
 " No girl in these two eyes doth Bet excel."
 " Why, fool, (the Miller said) Bet hath a *hump*!
 " And then her *nose*!—the nose of my old pump."
 " I know it, (quoth the Tinker,) know it well."
 " Her *face* (quoth Grist) is freckled, wrinkled, flat;
 " Her mouth as wide as that of my Tom Cat;
 " And then she squints a thousand ways at once—
 " Her waist, a corkscrew; and her hair, how red!
 " A downright bunch of carrots on her head—
 " Why what the dev'l is got into thy sconce?"
 " No dev'l is in *my* sconce," rejoin'd the Tinker;
 " But, Lord! what's that to *you*, if *fine* I think her?"
 " Why, man, (quoth Grist) she's fit to make a Show,
 " And therefore sure I am that thou must banter!"
 " Miller, (replied the Tinker) right! for know,
 " 'Tis for that *very thing*, a Show, I want her."

THOMAS, SONG TO, FROM DOLLY THE COOK.

Dear Thomas, I pity thy love;
 But, Thomas, thou wilt not *expire*:
 Like a ladle of dripping 'twill prove
 That I frequently fling on the fire.

It makes a most wonderful blaze,
 And frightens the chimney no doubt;
 Sets the family all in amaze;
 But, Thomas, it quickly goes out.
 Before we were married a year,
Mighty Love, he would lose all his forces;
 And the musical tongue of thy *Dear*
 Would yield to the neigh of thy horses.
 I believe that thou thinkest sincere,
 This *sweet passion* would last all thy life;
 But too many can tell with a tear,
 They have thought the same thing of a *wife*.
 Too often we find, to our cost,
 That the Passions are easily cloy'd;
 That the object which pleases us *most*
 Is the *object* that ne'er was *enjoy'd*.
Love-matches may do very well,
 In worlds where folks never want meat;
 But in this, 'tis with sorrow I tell
 We are looking for somewhat *to eat*.
 Dear Thomas, then let me alone
 To my roasting, and boiling, and carving;
 I don't like to live on a *bonz*—
 Lord! nothing's more dismal than *starving*;
 To thy stable then stick all thy life;
 That will bring thee thy meat ev'ry day:
 A houseful of brats and a wife—
 What would they?—*why take it away*.

THRALE AND THE DRAYMAN.

"Conscience has nought to say to Trade,"
 Says Slander—happy to degrade.
 I'll prove it otherwise, by good old Thrale,
 Great in the annals of good beer;
 An ocean too, the Brewer's sphere,
 Himself the master—the important whale.
 I own that consciences are ninnies,
 Dupes unto fascinating guineas;

Indeed, so 'witching are their splendid faces!
 Shillings, and pence too, let me say,
 Can lead *some* consciences astray,
 For *these* are not without their *winning* graces.

Now for my tale—The Drayman Mat,
 Wishing to peep into the vat,
 And view the sea of boiling foaming wort;
 When lo! (a very serious matter)
 His star—of most malignant nature— [for't;
 Sous'd him plump in; who did not *thank* him
 For loud the Drayman roar'd, and vainly toil'd;
 And, like a chicken, soon the *man* was boil'd!
 I say, indeed, extremely like a chicken;
 As tender quite—but not so pleasant picking.
 Lord! what was done? Attend—you'll hear:
 Compassionating the poor beer,
 The Brewer scorn'd to give it a *bad name*:
 Not to a single soul he told it,
 But, like the former, calmly sold it;
 When, strange to tell, it won immortal fame.

A customer, call'd Peter Pot,
 Whose lucky, very lucky lot
 Was to be favour'd with this christian beer,
 Proceeds to Thrale's—proclaims its praise:
 "Ne'er drank such beer in my *born* days!"
 "A glorious, glorious brew! liked *ev'ry where*—
 "So pleas'd were folks—Sir, hundreds I can name;
 "So let me always have the *very same*.
 "Your name is up, Sir; you may lie abed—
 "You've hit the nail at last upon the head."
 "Well, Master Pot," quoth Master Thrale,
 "I'm glad the beer had such a sale—
 "Depend on't, it shall be my constant plan
 "To make the next as *near* it as I can."

What could be fairer? Yet, God wot,
 This answer pleas'd not Peter Pot.

"As *near* it as you *can!*" cried Pot—
 "Why not the *very same?*—why *not?*
 "Put in the same materials, and 'twill *do.*"
 "Damme," quoth Thrale, enrag'd, "dost think
 "I'll make my conscience always *wink,*
 "And boil a Drayman *ev'ry time I brew?*"

TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A Groupe of Topers at a table sat,
 With punch that much regales the thirsty soul:
 Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
 Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.
 At length those flies got drunk, and, for their sin,
 Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in;
 And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
 Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd!
 Wanting to drink—one of the men
 Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
 And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
 He put in ev'ry mother's son agen.
 Up jump'd the bacchanalian crew on this,
 Taking it very much amiss—
 Swearing, and in the attitude to *smite*:
 "Lord!" cried the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,
 "Though I don't like to swallow flies,
 "I did not know but *others might.*"

TRAVELLER AND JUPITER.

A certain Traveller, in ancient days,
 When gods and goddesses were thick as hops,
 Wishing, as he was beating the highways,
 For something dainty to amuse his chops,
 Knelt down to Jupiter, and thus began:
 "O Jupiter, as I'm an honest man,
 "I'll keep my word, if thou wilt grant my pray'r;
 "Amidst my travels, let me *something* find—
 "Little or much, good, bad, of any kind,
 "I *vow* to thee, thy godship *half* shall share."

He had not walk'd a mile, before he found
A handsome bag of filberts on the ground;
At sight of which, his lips with rapture smacking,
Plump down he squats, and falls at once to cracking.

To cut my story short, he crack'd and eat
From ev'ry nut, each atom of the meat;

When, gravely gathering up the shells, he cries,
"Jove, sacred have I kept my word—for see,

"The *better* half indeed I leave to *thee*,

"The *shells*, O mighty Ruler of the skies!"

"There are they all, great Jove—survey 'em:

"Shouldst thou suspect my honour—*weigh 'em!*"

TREACHERY.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage espies

A linnet or canary-bird, so sweet;

The scoundrel lifts, so sanctified, his eyes,

Contriving how the warbler's back to greet:

Hesquints, and licks his lips, stalks round and round,

Twinkling with mischief fraught his tiger tail;

Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound;

Looks up with hungry wishes to assail;

When sudden enters master with a roar,

And kicks the scheming murd'rer to the door.

TRISTIA, OR THE SORROWS OF PETER PINDAR.

No Nymph of quality on Peter calls;

No Lesbia fond of sparrows and the dove;

And bid me make them melting madrigals,

And say, "sweet Peter sing us songs of love!"

The man who carries Punch about the streets,

His scolding wife, the baker, and the devil,

With fair rewards from all spectators meet,

And to his poverty each purse is civil.

The man who leads his camel up and down,

Where sports a grinning monkey on his hump,

Dines princely, such the favour of the town,

And never mourns like me in doleful dump.

The man who leads about a dancing bear,
 Or dancing dogs, *good living* never lack,
 While *I*, who lead the Muses, (fate severe!)
 Can neither treat my belly or my back.

The clowns of thirty pounds a year (no more)
 Laugh at the sons of song, and scornful pass us;
 "One little *rood* of dirty land," they roar,
 "Is worth a *thousand acres* of Parnassus."

TRUTH, (1.)

Oh! what an inexperience'd thing is youth!
 How very little knowest thou of Truth!
 Truth for a very dang'rous Dame believe:
 Too oft, alas! the fairest forms deceive:
 Mid Winter's shiv'ring *scene* the simple hare
 Finds in the purest snow a fatal snare:
 Forth as she scuds, to feed at early day,
 The treach'rous *softness* tells her winding way:
 Where'er it feels her feet, the fair Betrayer
 Informs the treach'rous Poacher where to slay her.
 The Muse that tells plain truth with edge-tools
 sports:—

Go, deal in fiction, Man, and flatter Courts.

TRUTH, (2.)

Faith Truth! to towns and courts a stranger grown,
 And now to rural swains almost unknown,
 Whose company was once their prudent choice;
 Who once, delighted, listen'd to her voice;
 When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,
 And Constancy went hand in hand with Love!
 Sweet Truth, who steals through lonely shades
 And mingles with the turtle's note her song; [along,
 Whilst Falsehood, rais'd by sycophantic tricks,
 Unblushing, flaunts it in a coach and six.

TRUTH, (3.)

Truth is a tow'ring Dame—divine her air;
 In native bloom she walks the world with *state*:
 But Falsehood is a meretricious Fair,
 Painted and mean, and shuffling in her gait;

Dares not look up with Resolution's mien,
But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen;
For ever haunted by the Ghost of Doubt!
Trembling for fear the world will find her out.

TRUTH IN LOVE—TO CHLOE.

Chloe, I live, and live for *thee alone*;
'Trust me, there's nought worth living for beside:
Nought for thine absence, Chloe, can atone, [pride.
Though Phœbus shines, and Nature pours her
Lo! full of innocence the lambkins bleat;
The brooks in sweetest murmurs purl along;
The lark's, the linnet's voices too, are sweet—
But what are these to Chloe's tuneful tongue?
With ev'ry balm, the breath of Zephyr blows;
But thine can yield a thousand times more blisses:
I own the fragrance of the blushing rose,
But, ah! how faint to balm of Chloe's kisses!
Ye Gods! I mark thy frown, and scornful eye,
And now the bridling chin of scorn I see:
And now I hear thee, so contemptuous, cry,
"What are my kisses, saucy Swain, to thee?"
True, dearest Chloe—yet each kiss divine,
Which dwelleth on thy lips so very teasing,
Would quickly change its nature were it *mine*,
And *rapt'rous* prove—*superlatively pleasing*!
Love is a *gen'rous* God, and 'tis his pleasure
To see the *gold* he gives in *circulation*—
Then cease to *hoard* such *quantities* of treasure,
And be afraid to put him in a *passion*.
Thy beauties should the angry God *divide*,
And throw amongst thy sex, 'twould be alarming;
And not a little mortify thy pride,
To meet, dear Chloe, ev'ry woman *charming*.

TRUTH AND FLATTERY.

Flatt'ry's the turnpike-road to Fortune's door—
Truth is a narrow lane, all full of quags,
Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rage.

And workhouses—sad refuge for the poor!
 Flattery's a mountebank so spruce—gets riches:
 Truth, a plain Simon Pure, a Quaker Preacher,
 A moral-member, a disgusting teacher,
 That never got a sixpence by her speeches!

TWO MICE IN A TRAP, ODE TO.

So, Sir and Madam, you at length are taken,
 After your dances over cheese and bacon,
 And tasting ev'ry dainty in your way;
 Now to my question answer, if you please—
 Speak, did ye *make* the bacon or the cheese?
 What sort of a defence d'ye set up, pray?

I see ye are two lovers by your eyes;
 I hear ye are two lovers by your sighs:
 But what avail your looks, or what avail
 Your sighs so soft, or what indeed your tears,
 Or what your parting agonies and fears,
 Since Death must pay a visit to your jail?

Ay, you may kiss and pant, and pant and kiss,
 And put your pretty noses through the wire;
 Ay, peep away, sweet Sir and gentle Miss;
 No more the moon shall mark your am'rous fire,
 Around the loaded pantry pour the ray,
 And guide your gambols with her silver day.
 Your prison-door now, culprits, let me ope—
 Now, now! you're off! it is a *lucky* hop.

TYRANNY.

Now let my soul enjoy the hour!
 See Night her grisly spectres pour!
 The clock proclaims her at her highest noon;
 Lone Silence shall my work befriend;
 Her shoes of cygnet down shall lend;
 The cloud's black mantle muffle the pale moon.
 Oh! would kind Night extend th' *eternal* shade,
 And help in Murder's cause my panting breath!
 For, lo! to Murder with his reeking blade,
 The beam of Morning seems the gloom of death.

Lo, where the Innocents repose,
 Our longing hands shall scatter woes,
 And Fear shall whiten ev'ry haggard face.
 Sly to the pillow will we creep,
 Dash with rude arm the bonds of Sleep,
 And drag a *husband* from a *wife's* embrace.
 In vain shall Terror lift her suppliant cries—
 My heart, a rugged rock, the sound defies.

TYRANTS, AN ODE TO.

Who, and *what* are ye, sceptred bullies?—speak,
 That millions to *your* will must bow the neck,
 And, ox-like, meanly take the galling yoke?
 Philosophers your ignorance despise ;
 E'en Folly, laughing, lifts her maudlin eyes,
 And freely on your *wisdoms* cracks her joke.
 How dare ye on the men of labour tread,
 Whose honest toils supply your mouths with bread ;
 Who, groaning, sweating, like so many hacks,
 Work you the very clothes upon your backs ?
 Clothes of *calamity*, I fear,
 That hold in ev'ry stitch a tear.
 Tyrants with all your wonderful dominion,
 Ye ar'n't a whit like God, in my opinion ;
 Though *you* think otherwise, I do presume :
 Hot to the marrow with the *ruling* lust,
 Fancying your crouching subjects so much *dust*,
 Your *lofty selves* the mighty sweeping broom.
 Are *these* the *Beings* to bestride a world ?
 To *such* sad beasts has God his creatures hurl'd ?
 Men want not *Tyrants*—overbearing knaves ;
Despots that rule a realm of *slaves* ;
 Proud to be gaz'd at by a *reptile* race :
 Charm'd with the music of their clanking chains,
 Pleas'd with the fog of State that clouds their brains,
Who cry with all the impudence of face,

And read the fable of the *Frogs*, the fools.

THE FROGS AND JUPITER.

The Frogs, so happy, 'midst their peaceful pond,
Of *Emp'rors* grew at once extremely fond;

Yes, yes, an *Emp'ror* was a *glorious thing* :
Each really took it in his addle pate
'Twould be so *charming* to exchange their state !
An *Emp'ror* would *such* heaps of blisses bring !

Sudden out hopp'd the-Nation on the grass,
Frog-man and yellow wife, and youth and lass,

A numerous tribe, to knuckle down to Jove,
And pray the gods to send an *Emp'ror* down,
'Twas such a pretty thing, th' Imperial Crown !
So form'd their pleasures, honours, to improve.

Forth from his old blue *weather-box*, the skies,
Jove briskly stepp'd, with two wide-wond'ring eyes :
" Mynheers," quoth Jove, " if ye are wise, be
quiet ;

" Know when you're happy"—but he preach'd
They made the most abominable riot ; [in vain ;
" An *Emp'ror*, *Emp'ror*, yes, we *must* obtain."

" Well, *take one*," cried the God, and down he
swopp'd

A monstrous piece of wood, from whence he chopp'd
Kings for the gentlefolks of ancient days :

Stunn'd at the sound, the frogs all shook with dread ;
Like dabchicks, under water push'd each head,
Afraid a single nose so pale to raise.

At length *one* stole a peep, and then a *second*,
Who, shily winking to a *third* frog, beckon'd ;

And so-on, till they all obtain'd a peep ;

Now nearer, nearer edging on they drew,
And finding nothing terrible, nor new,

Bold on his Majesty began to *leap* :

Such hopping this way, that way, off and on !

Such croaking, laughing, ridiculing fun !

In short, so very shameless were they grown,

So much of grace and manners did they lack,

One little villain saucily squats down,
And, with a grin, defil'd the Royal Back.

Now unto Jove, they, kneeling, pray'd again,

" O Jupiter, this is so sad a beast,

" So *dull* a Monarch—so devoid of brain!

" Give us a king of *spirit*, Jove, at least."

The god complied, and sent them Emp'ror Stork,

Who with his loving subjects went to work ;

Chas'd the poor sprawling imps from pool to pool,

Resolv'd to get a handsome belly full.

Now gasping, wedg'd within his iron beak,

Did griggling scores most lamentably squeak :

Bold push'd the Emp'ror on, with stride so noble,

Bolting * his subjects with majestic gobble.

Again the croaking Tribe began to pray,

'Midst hoppings, scramblings, murder, and dismay.

" O save us, Jove, from this inhuman Turk !

" O save us from this Imp of Hell !" [Stork—

" Mynheers," quoth Jove, " pray keep thy *Emp'ror*

" Fools never know when they are *well*."

UGLINESS, ODE TO.

Daughter of Hecate, thou'rt undone !

Joy to my soul, thine empire falls :

No more, thou hobbling envious *Crone*,

Thy pow'r the female world appalls.

With smiles the Queen of Love appears,

No longer trembling for the Graces :

No more thy rude attack she fears,

On faultless forms and fairest faces.

Beauty will never lose her prime,

Nor mourn her losses, as of *yore* !

* A term to be found in the Hampshire Dictionary, implying a rapid deglutition of bacon, without the *sober ceremony* of mastication. It is, moreover, to be observed, that Hampshire servants, who are bacon-bollers, have always less wages than bacon-chewers.

Defeated, too, thy brother Time,
The God of wrinkles, wounds no more.

See Age display her iv'ry rows!
Her lip preserves its purple bloom!
Her bosom heaves with Alpine snows,
And kisses breathe the rich perfume!

The furrow'd cheek, and hoary head,
No longer now, as usual, greet;
And, what our Grandmother's all dread,
The nose and chin no longer meet.

Time's pow'r the good old Grannies *brave*,
And, ogling, dart their am'rous fire;
Decline with graces to the grave,
And with the blush of health *expire*!

UNWORTHINESS.

But *souls* in *common* are a dreary waste,
By brambles, thistles, barb'rous docks, disgrac'd;
That need the ploughshare, harrow, and the fire—
Some souls are caves of filth and spectred gloom,
That want a window and a broom
To yield them light, and clear the mire.

When honours lift th' unworthy fool on high,
On Fortune how with fierce contempt I scowl!
She hangs a dirty cloud upon the sky,
And with an eagle's pinion imp an owl.

Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky hours*,
And ribbons, 'stead of ropes, their backs adorn—
Thus crawls the Toad amid the fairest flow'rs,
And with the Lily drinks the dews of morn.

VANITY.

Sweet Girl, the man's a downright fool,
That asks for constancy in love—
Variety's a charming school:
How nat'ral for the heart to rove!

A form like thine can never cloy—
 And, lo ! thy graces, what a plenty !
 Then tell me, why should *one* enjoy
 The beauties that suffice for *twenty* ?

VANITY OF GREATNESS.

Ah me ! *sic transit gloria mundi*—
 Such things will *be* till moon and sun die,
 And Earth our ashes, our pale embers cover :
 And really when we sum up *all*,
 What's life ?—A blast—a little squawl.—
 Death's calm must come at last, and all *is over*—
 All in our tombs in peace—not *one*
 To read "*Hic jacet*" on the *stone*.

VARIETY, AVIDITY FOR.

You've seen a flock of starlings, to be sure,
 A hundred thousand in a mess, or more,
 Who fortunately having found
 A lump of horse-litter upon the ground,
 Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung ;
 Then, Lord, what doings ! Heav'ns, what admiration !
 What joy, what transport 'midst the speckled nation !
 How busy ev'ry beak, and ev'ry tongue !
 All talking, gabbling, but none list'ning,
 Just like a group of gossips at a christ'ning :
 Let but a *cowdab* show its grass-green face,
 They're *up*, without so much as saying grace ;
 And lo ! the busy flock around it pitches ;
 Just as upon the lump before,
 They gabble, wonder, and adore !
 And equal *brother* Martyn's* speeches. [priety
 These starlings show the world, with great pro-
 Mad as March hares or curlews for variety.

* A much-admired speaker in the House of Commons, who, *nem. con.* was baptized the *Starling* Martyn.

VERSATILITY.

O Versatility, I hold thee dear !

The Proteus pow'r be mine to take each shape ;
Skip like a Will-o'-wisp—be here, be there—

Now the grave moralist, and now an ape.

Now roar the savage of the Lybian shade,

Where horror listens to the shrieking ghost ;

Now Pompey in Belinda's bosom laid,

Or whining, pawing, for a piece of toast.

Now roll the Monarch of the stormy deep,

The flound'ring terror of the finny race ;

Now the slim eel, of ponds so lucid, creep ;

Now leap a salmon, and now glide a plaice.

Thrice happy change of soul-delighting song !

This were my talent, blest would Peter be !

But who, alas ! is thus divinely strong ?

Shakespeare, that envied pow'r I mark in thee.

VERSATILITY OF FORTUNE.

Sad loit'ring Fortune, thou art come too late :

Ah ! wherefore give me not thy smiles before,

When all my youthful passions in a roar,

Rare hunters, fearless leap'd each five-bar gate ?

Unknown by thee, how often did I meet

The loveliest forms of nature in the street,

The fair, the black, and lasting brown !

And, while their charms enraptur'd I survey'd,

This pretty legend on their lips I read—

“ Kisses, O gentle shepherd, for a crown.”

How oft I look'd, and sigh'd, and look'd again,

Upon the smiling Loves of ev'ry Phillis !

How wish'd myself a cock, and her a hen,

To crop at once her roses and her lilies !

Not only *gratis*, but with perfect ease—

Without so much as, “ Madam, if you please.”

" At Otaheité," I have said with tears,
 " No gentleman a jail so horrid fears
 " For taking loving liberties with lasses :
 " Soon as they heard how Love in England far'd,
 " The glorious Otaheitans all were scar'd,
 " And call'd us Englishmen a pack of asses.
 " But they, indeed, are heathens—have no souls,
 " But such as must be fried on burning coals.
 " But I'm a *Christian*, and abhor a rape :
 " Yet, if a lass would *sell* her lean and fat,
 " I'm not so great an enemy to *that*—
 " Though *that* might whelp a little kind of scrape ;
 " Since 'tis believ'd e'en *simple fornication*
 " May step between a man and his salvation."
 Damn'd Fortune ! thus to make the poet groan ;
 To offer *now*, forsooth, thy shining pieces ;
 For *now* my passions nearly all are flown,
 Departed to my nephews and my nieces.

VILLAGE COURTSHIP.

Joanny, my dear, wut ha poor Hob
 Vor I'm upon a coortin job—

Gadswunds ! Iss leek thee, Joan ;
 I'd fert vor thee—Iss, that Iss wud ;
 Iss love thee well, as pigs love mud,
 Or dogs to gna a bone.

What thoff Iss ban't so hugeous smart,
 Forsooth leek voaks that go to curt,

Voakes zay I'm perty vitty :
 Lord, Joan, a man may be *alive*,
 Ha a long puss, and kep a wive,
 That ne'er zeed Lundun zitty.

A man may ha the best o'hearts,
 Although no chitterlins to's sharts,

And lace that gentry uze ;
 Theed'st vend me honest—Iss, rert down,
 Altho' thee hadsn't got a gown,
 Nor stockings vath ner shoozæ.

Now, Joanny, pr'ythee dant now blish ;
Vor zich, Iss wudd'n gee a rish ;

Dant copy voakes o' town :
No, Joan, don't gee thy zel an air,
An ren and squat, just leek a hare,
And think I'll hunt thee down.

No, that's dam voalish, let me zay ;
No—dant ren off, and heed away,
Leek paltriges in stubble :

No, no, the easiest means be best ;
Iss can't turmoil, an looze one's rest ;
Iss can't avoard the trouble.

Now, Joan, beleek, thee waantst to know,
About my houze-keppin and zo,

Bevore thee tak'st the nooze—
Why vlesh an dumplin ev'ry day ;
But az vor *Zunday*, let me zay,
We'll ha a gud vat gooze.

Now break thy meend, zay "dun an dun ;"
I'll make thee a good husband, mun ;

And, Joan, I'll love thee dearly ;
Iss waant do leek our neighbour Flail,
That huffth his wive, and kickth her tail,
And drashth her just leek barley.

Joanny, Iss now have broke *my* meend ;
Zo speak, and let the bisness eend,

And dant stand shilly shally ;
But if thee wutt'n—Lord, lay't alone ;
Go hang thy zel vor me, mun, Joan ;
I'll curt thy zester *Mally*.

VIRTUE AND MERIT.

Some start in youth, some sin at bald fourscore ;
But known—the voice of Fame is heard no more.
Virtue's pure Robe with dirt I scorn to load,
Or offer incense to embalm a *Toad*.
Let talents, virtues, meet my happy eyes ;
I ask not, truly, from what soil they rise.

If 'mid the lorn cold vale of Want they spring,
 The Muse shall hen-like spread her fost'ring wing;
 Or Grandeur's sun-clad mountain, to their glory,
 My verse (though scarce-believ'd) shall tell the
 Give me the riches, and I'll find the soul [story :
 To lead poor pining Merit from her hole.
 Friend to the Arts, were George's millions mine,
 What heav'nly Maid in poverty should pine?
 For lab'ring Genius, palaces should rise;
 Not for Court-sycophants, the carrion flies:
 These would I flay—and change at once the scene;
 To taste the attic Nymph, restore her reign;
 With Raphaels, Titians, the glad world renew,
 And lead a second Angelo to view;
 Bid, for our Board of Works, Palladios spring,
 And cast a ray of glory round a King.

VIRTUES, ODE TO THE.

Ah, Virtues, ye are pretty-looking creatures;
 But then so meek and feeble in your natures!—

Thou charming Chastity now, *par exemple*,
 Who guard'st the luscious lip and snowy breast,
 And all that maketh wishing shepherds blest,
 Forbidding thieves on sacred ground to trample.

Appear but Love, the savage, all is lost;
 Faint, trembling, blushing, thou giv'st up the ghost:

Lo, there's an end of all thy mincing care!
 The field so guarded, in the Tyrant's pow'r;
 Each fence torn down, despoil'd each mossy bow'r,
 All, all is rudely plunder'd, and laid bare.

Virtues, ye *blunder'd* on the world, I fear—
 Design'd, I ween, for some more *gentle* sphere.

I know your parentage and education—
 Born in the skies—a lofty habitation;
 But for a *perfect* system were intended,
 Where people never needed to be *mended*.
 How could ye think the Passions to withstand,
 Those roaring Blades, so out of all command.

Whose slightest *touch* would pull ye all to pieces?
They are Goliahs—you but *little* Misses!
 Then pray go home again, each *pretty* Dear—
 Ye but *disgrace* yourselves by coming *here*.

VIRTUOSO, HIS PRAYER.

O thou, whose wisdom plann'd the skies,
 And form'd the wings of butterflies,
 Attend my humble pray'r!
 Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
 Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
 And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, would be the best of news :
 Then might thy servant pick and choose
 For such a glorious heap:
 Forth to the world I'd boldly rush,
 Put all Musæums to the blush,
 And hold them all dog cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taste ;
 The flies on *him* were thrown to waste,
 Nay, met with strong objection :
 But had thy servant, Lord, been there,
 I should have made, or much I err,
 A wonderful collection !

Since monsters are my great delight,
 With monsters charm thy servant's sight,
 Turn feathers into hair :
 Make legs where legs were never seen,
 And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
 As broad as saucers stare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
 Oh ! let thy pow'r supply with paws,
 Adorn'd with human nails ;
 In value more to make them rise,
 Transplant, from all their heads, their eyes,
 And place them in their tails.

And if thou wisely wouldst contrive
 To make me butterflies alive,

To fly without a head;
 To skim the hedges and the fields,
 Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields;
Such wonders were indeed!

VULGARITY.

Build not, alas! your popularity
 On that beast's back yclep'd *Vulgarity*;
 A beast that many a booby takes a pride in;
 A beast beneath the noble Peter's riding.
 How should the man with appetite unchaste,
 Stuffing on carrion dead his hound-like paunch,
 Judge of an ortolan's delicious taste,
 Or feel the flavour of a dainty haunch?
 Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,
 How should *he* judge of Claret or Tokay?

WAGGONER AND JUPITER.

A luckless waggon roll'd into a slough— [brow;
 Clod scratch'd his head, and growl'd, and knit his
 But what avail'd it?—Fast the waggon lay.
 Now Clod imagin'd, like an idle lout,
 A pray'r or two might help the pris'ner out;
 Then unto Jupiter he howl'd away.
 "How now! you lazy lubber!" cried the god—
 "Clap to the wheel your shoulder, master Clod;
 "And (mind me) let your horses be well flogg'd."
 Clod took th' advice, exerted all his strength:
 The waggon mov'd, and mov'd; and, lo! at length,
 Forc'd from the quagmire, on again it jogg'd.

WAR, (1.)

Say, didst thou * fear that Britain was too blest,
 Of Peace thou most delicious pest?
 How shameful that this pin's-head of an Isle,
 While half the Globe's in grief, should wear a smile!

* Thomas Paine.

How dares the Wren amidst his hedges sing,
While Eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

Oh, must the scythe of Desolation sleep,
So keen for carnage, stay its mighty sweep,
And Havock on his hunter drop his lash;
Spurr'd, arm'd, and ripe to storm with groans the
To chase an empire, and enjoy the cry, [sky,
The cry of millions—what a glorious crash!

What pity thy combustibles were bad!
How Death had grinn'd delight, and Hell been glad,
To see our liberties o'erturning;
And War, whose expectation tiptoe stood,
Ready for hills of slain, and seas of blood,
Who drops his death's-head flag, and puts on
mourning!

WAR, (2.)

Ah! Peace, thy triumph now is o'er!
Thy cheek so cheerful smiles no more;
Thine eye with disappointment glooms!
Our Music shall be Nature's cry;
Our ears shall feast on Pity's sigh—
Lo, haggard Death prepares his tombs!
Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;
The full proud spirit of Rebellion feel!
Son of Sedition, daring Paine,
While speech endues thy treason tongue,
Bid the roof ring with damned song,
And Erebus shall echo back the strain.

WAR SATIRIZED.

War is a wholesome blister for the back,
Draining away the humours all so gross;
Else would the Empire be of guts a sack—
A Falstaff—woolsack—an unwieldy Joss.
War yieldeth such rare spirits to a nation!
Giving the blood so brisk a circulation!

A kingdom, and a poet, and a cat,
Should never, never, never be *too fat* !

WATER, HOLY.

Thus when a host of grasshoppers and rats,
By men undaunted, unabash'd by cats,
In hopping and in running legions pours,
Affrights the Papists, and their grass devours ;
Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
A Bishop boldly meets the buccaneers ;
Sprinkles his holy water on the sod,
And drives and damns them in the name of God !

WEDLOCK AND CELIBACY.

The world was never wickeder than now—
Wedlock abus'd—her bond pronounc'd a jail ;
A wife call'd vilely ' ev'ry body's cow,
' A canister, or bone to a dog's tail !'
What dare not knaves of this degen'rate day
Of marriage, decent hallow'd marriage, say ?
" Wedlock's a heavy piece of beef, the rump !
" Returns to table hash'd, and stew'd, and fried,
" And in the stomach much to lead allied,
" A hard, unpleasant, undigested, lump.
" But fornication ev'ry man enjoys—
" A smart anchovy sandwich—that ne'er cloy—
" A *bonne bouche* men are ready to *devour*—
" Swallowing a neat half dozen in an hour.
" Wedlock," they cry, " is a hard pinching boot,
" But fornication is an easy shoe—
" The first wont suit ;
" It will not do.
" A girl of pleasure's a light fowling-piece—
" With this you follow up your game with ease :
" That heavy lump, a *wife*, (confound her!)
" Makes the bones crack,
" And seems, upon the sportman's breaking back,
" A lumb'ring eighteen-pounder.

' One is a summer-house, so neat and trim,
 ' To visit afternoons for Pleasure's whim ;
 " So airy, like a butterfly so light :
 " The *other*, an old castle with huge walls—
 " Where Melancholy mopes amid the halls,
 " Wrapp'd in the doleful dusky veil of Night."

WHITE SATIN PETTICOAT, *Verses to one spoiled by a
 Cup of Coffee spilt by P. P.*

O fair protectress of the fairest Maid,
 How shall the Poet for this crime atone ?
 So lately blest as thou, I'm sore afraid
 I have no recompence to offer !—*none* !
 But Molly parts with thee with pitying eye !
 Then from this moment do not *dare complain* :
 Nay, more—the Nymph surveys thee with a *sigh* !
 Then *boast* !—the *envy* thou of ev'ry swain.

WIDOW OF EPHEBUS.

Balm are the sighs for breathless Husbands shed !
 And *Pearl* the eye-drops that adorn the Dead !
 At Ephesus (a handsome town of Greece)
 There liv'd a Lady—a most lovely Piece !
 In short, the charming *toast* of all the town :
 In Wedlock's *velvet* bonds had liv'd the Dame—
 Yes ! brightly did the torch of Hymen flame,
 When Death, too cruel, knock'd her husband
 down.

This was indeed a lamentable stroke !
 Prudentia's gentle heart was nearly broke !
 Tears pea-like trickle, shrieks her face deform—
 Sighs, sighs succeeding, leave her snowy breast—
 Winds, call'd hysterical, expand her chest,
 As tho' she really had devour'd a *storm*.

Now, fainting, calls she on her poor dead Love,
 How like the wailings of the widow'd Dove !

All Ephesus upon the wonder gaz'd !
 Men, women, children, really were amaz'd,
 'Tis true, a few old *Maids* abus'd the pother—
 "Heav'ns! if one husband dies, why take another!"
 Said they—contemptuous cocking up their nose :
 "Ridiculous enough! and what about?"
 "To make for a *dead husband* such a rout!
 "There are as fine as *he*, one might suppose.
 "A body would presume, by grief so mad,
 "Another husband was not to be *had*;
 "But men are not so very scarce indeed—
 "More than are *good* there are, God mend the
 breed!"

Such was the conversation of old *Maids*,
 Upon this husband's visits to the shades.
 At length her Spouse was carried to the tomb;
 And poor Prudentia mop'd amid the gloom.
 One little lamp, with solitary beam,
 Shew'd the dark coffin that contain'd her Dear,
 And gave a beauteous sparkle to each tear,
 That rill-like dropp'd—or rather like a *stream*.
 Resolv'd was she amid this tomb to sigh;
 To weep, and wail, and groan, and starve, and die—
 No comfort! no! no comfort would she take:
 Her Friends beheld her anguish with great pain,
 Begg'd her to try amusement, but in vain—
 "No! she would perish, perish for his sake!"

Her flaxen tresses all dishevell'd flow'd—
 Her vestments loose—her tucker all abroad,
 Revealing *such* fair swelling orbs of woe!
 Her lids, in swimming grief, now look'd on high,
 Now downward droop'd, and now she pour'd a sigh,
 How *tuneful*, on her dear pale Spouse below.

Who would not covet death for such sweet sighs,
 And be bewail'd by *such* a pair of eyes?
 It happen'd that a Rogue, condemn'd to death,
 Resign'd (to please the Law) his roguish breath,

And near the vault did this same felon swing :
For fear the Rogue's relations, or a friend,
Might steal him from the rope's disgraceful end,
A smart young Soldier watch'd the thief and
string.

This Son of Mars, upon his silent station,
Hearing, at night, a dismal lamentation,
Stole to the place of woe—that is, the tomb—
And, peeping in, beheld a beauteous face,
That look'd with such a charming tragic grace,
Displaying sorrow for a husband's doom.

The Youth most nat'rally express'd surprise,
And scarcely could he credit his two eyes :

“ Good God, Ma'am !—pray, Ma'am, what's the
matter here ?

“ Sweet Ma'am be comforted—you *must*, you *shall* !

“ At times misfortunes e'en the *best* befall—

“ Pray stop your grief, Ma'am, *save* that precious
tear.”

“ Go, Soldier, leave me !” sigh'd the Fair again,
In *such* a melting melancholy strain,

Casting her eyes of woe upon the Youth—

“ I *cannot*, *will* not live without my love !”

And then she threw her glist'ning eyes above,

That swam in tears of constancy and truth.

“ Madam !” rejoin'd the Youth, and press'd her

“ Indeed you shall not my advice withstand ; [hand,

“ For heav'n's sake don't stay here to weep and

“ Pray take refreshment !” Off at once he set, [howl !

And quickly brought the Mourner drink and meat ;

A bottle of Madeira, and a fowl ;

And bread and beer,

Her heart to cheer.

“ Ah ! gentle Youth, you bid me eat in vain !

“ Leave me ! oh, leave me, Soldier, to complain !

“ Yes, sympathising Youth, withdraw your wine !

" My *sighs* and *tears* shall be *my* only food—

" Thou knowest not my Husband kind and good,

" For whom this heart shall ever, ever pine!"

" What! howl for ever for a breathless *clod*!

" Ma'am, you *shall* eat a leg of fowl, by G—!"

With that he clapp'd wine, fowl, bread, beer, and

Without more ceremony, on the pall. [all,

" Well, Soldier, if you *do insist*," quoth she,

All in a saint-like, sweet, complying, tone,

" I'll *try* if Grief will let me pick a *bone*!

" Your health, Sir,"—" Thank you kindly,

Ma'am," quoth he.

And now, whate'er philosophers may think,

Sorrow is much oblig'd to *meat* and *drink*.

Prudentia found it so: a *gentler* sigh

Stole from her lovely breast—a *smaller* tear,

Containing *less* of anguish, did appear

Within the pretty corner of her eye;

Her eye's dark cloud dispersing too apace,

(Just like a cloud that oft conceals the Moon,)

Let out a brighter lustre o'er her face,

Seeming to indicate *dry weather* soon.

Now Mars's Son a minute left the Dame,

To see if all went well with Rogue and rope;

But, ere he to the fatal gibbet came,

The Knave had deem'd it proper to *elope*.

In short, attendance on the Lady's grief

Had lost him his companion, the hang'd Thief,

Whose Friends had kindly filch'd him from the

Quick to the Lady did the Soldier run: [string:

" Madam, I shall be hang'd, as sure's a gun!

" O Lord! the Thief's gone off, and I shall swing!

" Madam, it was the royal declaration,

" That, if the Rogue was carried off,

" Whether by *soft* means or by *rough*—

" No matter—I should take his situation.

"Cheer up, my gallant Friend," replied the Dame,
 "Squeezing his hand and smoothing down his
 face—
 "No, no, you shan't be hang'd, nor come to shame ;
 "My husband here shall take the Fellow's place—
 "Nought but a lump of clay can he be counted !
 "Then let *him* mount!"—and lo! the Corpse was
 mounted.

Made a good thief—nay, so complete,
 The people never smelt the cheat.

Now from the Gibbet to the Tomb again;
 Haste, arm-in-arm, the Soldier and the Fair ;
 Exchange for kisses, and the Turtle's strain,
 Sad hymns of *Death*, and ditties of *Despair*.

WIFE, THE, OR THE HECTIC.

Lo! midst the hollow-sounding vault of Night,
 Deep coughing by the taper's lonely light,
 The hopeless Hectic rolls his eye-balls, sighing ;
 "Sleep on," he cries, and drops the tend'rst tear;
 Then kisses his wife's cherub cheek so dear : [ing :
 "Blest be thy slumbers, Love! though I am dy-
 "Ah! whilst *thou* sleepest with the sweetest breath,
 "I pump, for life, the putrid well of death!
 "I feel of Fate's hard hand th'oppressive pow'r ;
 "I count the iron tongue of ev'ry hour,
 "That seems in Fancy's startled ear to say—
 "Soon must thou wander from thy wife away."
 "Dread sound! too solemn for the soul to bear,
 "Murm'ring deep melancholy on my ear:
 "And sullen—ling'ring, as if loth to-part,
 "And ease the terrors of my fainting heart.
 "Yet, though I pant for life, sleep *thou*, my dove ;
 "For well thy constancy deserves my love."

And, lo! all young and beauteous, by his side,
 His soft, fresh-blooming, incense-breathing, bride,
 Whose cheek the dream of rapt'rous kisses warms,

Anticipates her spouse's wish so good ;
 Feels Love's wild ardours tingling thro' her blood,
 And pants amidst a *second* husband's arms ;
 Now opes her eyes, and turning round her head,
 " Wonders the filthy fellow is not dead ! "

Wig of Judge Buller and Mrs. Robinson's Handkerchief.

A Handkerchief, that long had press'd
 The snows of Laura's swelling breast,
 O'er which fair scene full many a longing lover,
 With panting heart, and frequent sighs,
 And pretty modest leering eyes,
 Had very often been observ'd to hover—

This Handkerchief, to Kitty giv'n,
 Was forc'd at length to leave its heav'n,
 For a Jew clothes-man's most unchristian bag :
 O what a sad reverse, poor soul !
 To sweat in such a horrid hole,

Cramm'd in with ev'ry sort of dirty rag !

" Pray, who are *you* ? " the plaintive 'Kerchief
 Perceiving a rough neighbour at her side : [cried,

" You smell as though your master was a pig—

" What are ye ? tell me, stinking creature."——

" Ma'am,"

The hairy neighbour grave replied, I am

" That *worthy* man's, the mild Judge Buller's
So sweetly tender ! that, when'er he dies, [Wig."
 Mercy will weep to blindness both her eyes.

" Indeed, Sir ! " quoth the 'Kerchief—" Strange
 " our fate !

" Alas ! how diff'rent were we both of late !

" Now stuff'd in this abominable place !

" What will become of us at last ? O dear !

" Something more terrible than this, I fear ;

" Something that carries horrible disgrace."

" Madam," rejoin'd the Wig, " don't cry ;
 " No cause have you indeed to sigh ;
 " So trust for once a Wig's prophetic words—
 " *My* fate is to be just the same, I find ;
 " Still for a Scarecrow's head design'd,
 " To frighten thieves—I mean the birds.
 " But, luckier, *you* so chang'd will rise,
 " A fav'rite of ten thousand eyes ;
 " Not burnt (as you suppose perhaps) to tinder ;
 " Chang'd to the whitest paper—happy leaves,
 " For *him*, the Bard who like a god conceives,
 " The great, th' immortal Peter Pindar."
 " La, Sir, then what a piece of news !
 " God bless, I say, God bless the Jews—
 " I wish my dear dear Mistress did but know it :
 " Her hands then I shall happy touch again ;
 " For Madam always did maintain
 " That Mister Pindar was a *charming* Poet."

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, AND THE BAILIFF.

As well as I can recollect,
 It is a story of fam'd William Penn,
 By bailiffs oft beset, without effect,
 Like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen—
 William had got a private hole to spy [do ?]
 The folks who came with writs, or " How d'ye
 Possessing, too, a penetrating eye,
 Friends from his foes the Quaker quickly knew.
 A bailiff in disguise one day,
 Though not disguis'd to our friend Will,
 Came, to Will's shoulder compliments to pay,
 Conceal'd, the catchpole thought, with wond'rous
 skill.
 Boldly he knock'd at William's door,
 Drest like a gentleman from top to toe,
 Expecting quick admittance, to be sure—
 But no !

Will's servant Nathan, with a strait-hair'd head,
 Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not *ran*—
 "Master at home?" the Bailiff, sweetly said—
 "Thou canst not speak to him," replied the man.
 "What," quoth the Bailiff, "won't he seemethen?"
 "Nay," snuffled Nathan, "let it not thus strike
 "Know, verily, that William Penn [thee;
 "Hath seen thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

WINDSOR GARDENERS, or the progress of *Admiration*.

When first their Majesties to Windsor went,
 Lo! almost ev'ry curious mouth was rent—

With what?—with gaping on the Royal Pair:
 Indeed from East and West and North and South,
 Arriv'd large cargoes both of eye and mouth,
 To feast on Majesty their gape and stare.

Amongst the thousands full of admiration,
 Appear'd fair Windsor's Gard'ning Nation,

Blazing with Loyalty's bright torches:
 They humbly came their Majesties to greet,
 Begging their Majesties to come and treat,

On ev'ry sort of fruit, their grand Allforches.
 The Couple smil'd assent, and ask'd grand questions,
 Resolv'd to gratify their grand digestions.

Forth went his Majesty, so condescending—

Forth went our gracious Queen, the fruits com-

Munching away at a majestic rate: [mending—

The Gardeners saw themselves bespread with glory;

Told unto all the ale-houses the story;

Which houses did again the tale relate.

Yes, they were all so pleas'd that their *poor things*

Should find such favour in the mouths of Kings—

So happy at the sudden turn of fate,

As though they all had found a fine estate.

With awe deep stricken were the Gard'ners mute—

So sharp they ey'd them as they ate their fruit—

Marv'ling to find that such as wear a crown

Had actions very much like *theirs* in eating ;
And that they mov'd, when pines and nect'rines-
greeting,

Their jaws, like other people, *up* and *down* ;
And that, like many *folks*, they ate a *deal*—
Making (that is to say) a ploughman's meal.

And now the Gard'ners, all so glorious, wanted
To send to Majesty rare things—'twas granted.

Both horse and foot so labour'd to embark it !
So much indeed unto their Graces came,
In consequence of this most loyal flame,

The palace look'd like Covent-Garden Market.

And, lo ! their Majesties went forth each day,
Their compliments to dainty fruits to pay :

The Gardeners met them with best looks and
And then the royal reputation rais'd— [bows ;
The vegetable wisdom highly prais'd

Of George the glorious, and his glorious Spouse.

Reader, prepare to drop thy jaw with wonder !

Prepare thee now to hear a sound like thunder !

The Gardeners, lo ! with Majesty grew *tir'd* !

No more their gracious visitors *desir'd* !

In short, when Monarchs did themselves display,

The Gardeners, *bonâ fide*, ran away.

WISDOM FROM THE DOVE.—TO CHLOE.

Let Sorrow seek her native night,

For why should mortals court the tear ?

Joy, Joy, should wing each moment's flight,

And Echo nought but rapture hear.

I'll gather wisdom from the dove,

And make my life a life of love.

While Youth sits sparkling in thine eyes,

And lips are rich with many a kiss ;

Aloud the voice of Nature cries,

" I form'd those charms alone for bliss :

" Go, Nymph, learn wisdom from my dove,

" And by thy life a life of love."

WOMAN, (1.)

Dame Nature, from her store so kind,
To bulls the guardian horns assign'd,
And arm'd with hoofs the bounding steed;
Teeth to the lion's jaws she gave;
Fins to the tenant of the wave;
And cloth'd the little hare with speed.
But what should Nature grant the Fair?
Grant!—Beauty's fascinating air:
With this the Charmer takes the field,
And bids the world to Woman yield.

WOMAN, MASCULINE, (2.)

The masculine I like not in a wife,
Such heroines, in a matrimonial strife,
Might hammer from one's *tender* head *hard* notes:
I own my delicacy is so great,
I cannot in dispute, with rapture, meet
Women who look like men in petticoats.
Oft in a learn'd dispute upon a cap,
By way of *answer* one might have a *slap*—
P'rhaps on a simple petticoat or gown—
Nay! possibly on Madam's being *kiss'd*!
And really I would rather be knock'd down
By weight of argument, than weight of fist.
I like not dames whose conversation runs
On battles, sieges, mortars, and great guns:
The *milder* Beauties win *my* soften'd soul,
Who look for fashions with desiring eyes:
Pleas'd when on *têtes* the conversations roll, [sighs,
Cork rumps, and merry-thoughts, and lovers'

WORLD.

This world's a charming world, I do declare—
The man who *understands* it, I suppose,
May, with a *modicum* of sense and care,
Convert with ease each *thorn* into a *rose*.

But folks *become* such *idiots*, or are *born*,
They change life's fragrant rose into a thorn ;
On ev'ry smile of sunshine fling a cloud,
And then on *cruel* Fortune cry aloud.

WYNTER—BALLAD ON.

Loud blowe the wynds with blustering breath,
And snows fall cold upon the heath,
And hill and vale looke drear ;
The torrents foam with headlong roar,
And trees their chilly loads deplore,
And droppe the icy tear.

The little birdes, with wishfull eye,
For almes unto my cottage flye,
Sith they can boaste no hoarde :
Sharpe in myne house the pilgrims peep,
But Robin will not distance keepe,
So percheth on my boarde.

Now on the cradle doth he hye,
And kenneth down, with connyng eye,
Upon my babe below ;
And finding comfort in my cote,
He tweedles forth a simple note,
And shakes his wings of snow.

Come in, ye little minstrels sweete,
And from your feathers shake the sleete,
And warme your freezing bloode :
No cat shall touch a single plume ;
Come in, sweete choir—nay, fill my room,
And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,
And hoppe and doe what pleasant seems,
And be a joyfull throng,
Till Spring cloath the naked grove ;
Then go and build your nests and love,
And thank me with a song.

YOUNG CUCKOO, NURSED BY A HEDGE-SPARROW,
ODE TO.

Ah, whining, anxious, restless bird !

Thou art a fool, upon my word :

Now on the bush, and now upon the ground ;

Now hov'ring o'er my head, and saying

Such bitter things—now begging, praying ;

Poor wretch, surveying me so sharp all round.

Imploring me to leave the nest,

Where all thy dearest wishes rest.

How busy thou in catching grub and fly,

As soon as dewy morning paints the sky ;

Now twitt'ring near the nest such strains of joy,

Proclaiming to the world a hopeful boy !

Great is thy triumph in thy fancied child !

Immense thy pride—thy ecstasy how wild !

Yet not one trait of thee doth he display :

Indeed thou never didst *beget* the youth ;

And more—to tell thee an unpleasant truth,

His *father* will be here the First of May.

Nor *singular* art thou—for, lo !

A little gamesome Knight *we* know,

Who fosters children—loves them to distraction ;

Shews them about from morn to night,

Drinking such draughts of rich delight

From ev'ry feature—so much satisfaction !

Sees his *own* eyes, *own* mouth, *own* lip, *own* ear,

Own nose, *own* dimple, in each pretty Dear !—

But who's the *real* parent ?—Am'rous John,

Good-natur'd fellow, made them *ev'ry one*.

YOUTH IN AGE, (1.)

Ah ! tell me not that I am old,

And bid me quit the billing dove ;

Though many years have o'er me roll'd,

My heart is still alive to love.

Then tell me not that I am old.

When Beauty's blush delights no more,
 And Beauty's smile and sparkling eye;
 When these no longer I adore,
 Then Pity yield the Bard *a sigh*.
 I will not quarrel to be told,
 Son of Apollo, thou art old.

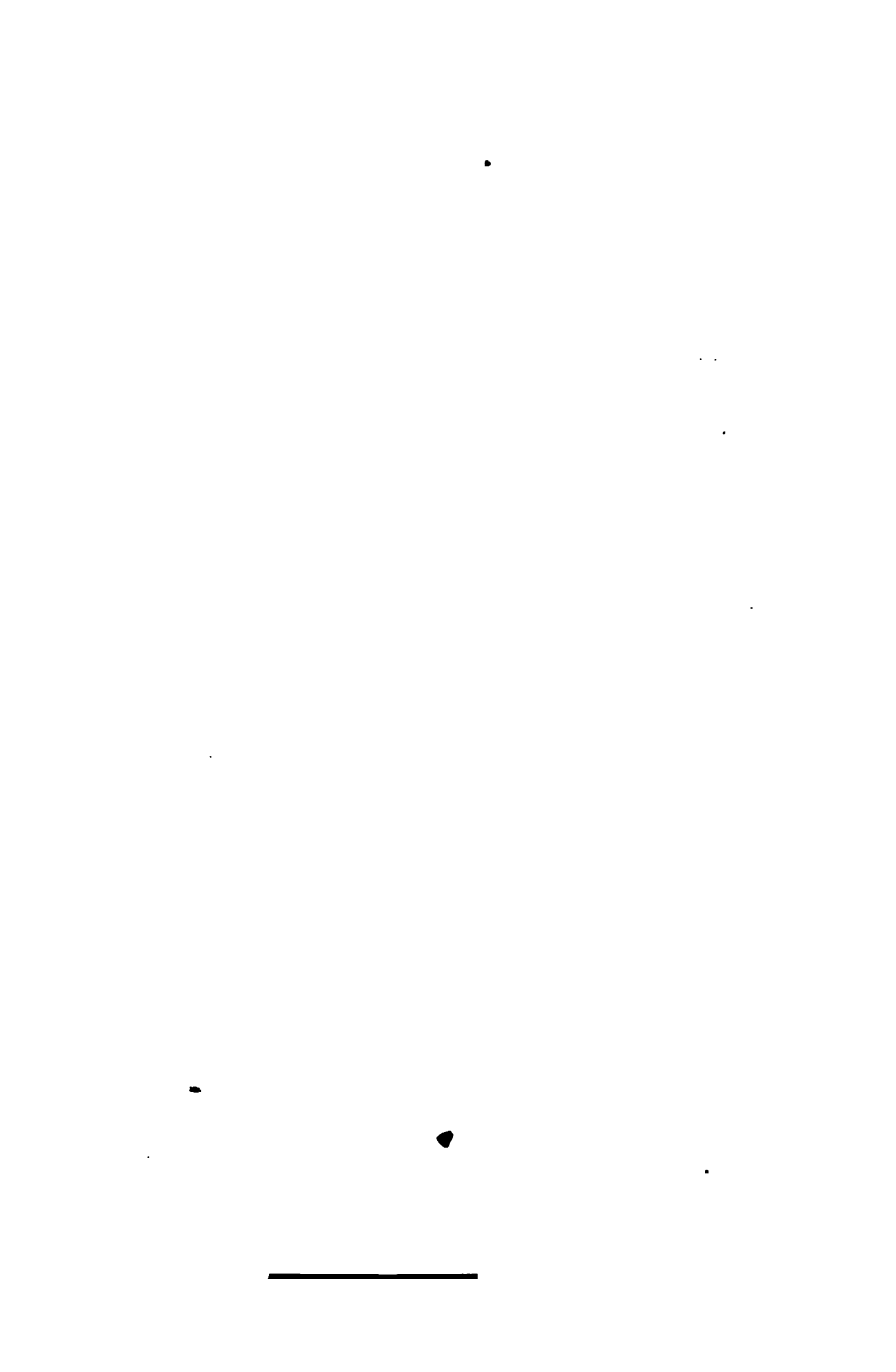
YOUTH IN AGE, (2.)

Ah! say not that the Bard grows old—
 For what to me are passing years?
 I feel not Age's palsied cold—
 To-day like yesterday appears.
 When Beauty beams, the world is gay!
 What mortal is not *then* alive?
 Thus kindling at its magic ray,
 Fourscore leaps back to *twenty-five*.

THE END.

Those Readers who have been gratified with the Perusal of this Work are respectfully informed, that the Whole of the Works of Peter Pindar may be had, in Five Volumes 8vo. at £2. 12. 6; or in Four Volumes 12mo. at £1. 11. 6, on application to Mr. T. Tegg, Apollo Library, No. 111, Cheapside, or at any respectable Bookseller's in the Kingdom.







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